THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES.

J. MOYES, PRINTER,
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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS

LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY

THE REV. EDWARD MANGIN, M. A.

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE STREET;
AND JAMES CARPENTER, OLD BOND STREET.

1811.

PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

IN A SERIES

OF

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES.

THE two former volumes of PAMELA met with a success greatly exceeding the most sanguine expectations: And the Editor hopes, that the letters which compose these, will be found equally written to Nature; avoiding all romantic flights, improbable surprises, and irrational machinery; and that the passions are touched, where requisite; and rules, equally *new* and *practicable*, inculcated, throughout the whole, for the *general conduct of life:* And, therefore, he flatters himself, that they may expect the good fortune, which *few continuations* have met with, to be judged not unworthy the *first* part; nor disproportioned to the more exalted condition in which Pamela was destined to shine, as an affectionate *wife*, a faithful *friend*, a polite and kind *neighbour*, an indulgent *mother*, and a beneficent *mistress;* after having in the two former volumes supported the character of a dutiful *child*, a spotless *virgin*, and a modest and amiable *bride*.

The reader will easily see, that in so great a choice of materials, as must arise from a multitude of important subjects, in a married life, to such geniuses and friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B——, the Editor's greatest difficulty was how to bring them within the compass which he was determined not to exceed. And it having been left to his own choice, in what manner to digest and publish the letters, and where to close the work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other avocations, to have carried the piece no farther than the two former volumes.

It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an explanation of the reasons whereby he was provoked into a necessity of altering his intention. But he is willing to decline saying any thing upon so well known a subject.

The Editor has been much pressed with importunities and conjectures, in relation to the person and family of the gentlemen, who are the principal persons in the work. All he thinks himself at liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the story has its foundation in truth: and that there was a necessity, for obvious reasons, to vary and disguise some facts and circumstances, as also the names of persons, places, &c.

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PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

We arrived here last night, highly pleased with our journey, and the occasion of it. May God bless you both with long life and health, to enjoy your sweet farm, and pretty dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful hearts too uneasy in the possession of it, by your modest diffidence of your own worthiness: for, at the same time that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his condition, as that it will give any one cause to censure it as the effect of a too partial and injudicious kindness for the parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every light that he can shine in to the most obliged and sensible heart?) holds his kind purpose of fitting up the large parlour, and three

apartments, in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when he shall permit me to pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days together; and he has actually given orders for that purpose. And that the three apartments be *so* fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition, than his *own;* for, he says, the plain simple elegance which he will have to be observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture, will be a variety in his retirement to this place, that will make him return to his own with the greater pleasure: and, at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bay-windows he will have preserved, but will not have them sashed, nor the woodbines, jessamines, and vines, that run up against them, destroyed; only he will have larger panes of glass, and convenienter casements, to let in more of the sweet air and light, to make amends for that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers; for he has mentioned three or four times how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us, when, the last evening we stood at the window in our bed-chamber, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near, which took up our delighted attention for above two hours, and charmed us the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind! Never talk, my Pamela, as you frequently do, of obligation to me: one such hour as I now enjoy, is an ample reward

for all the benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole life!

The parlour indeed will be more elegant; though that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new floored. The dear gentleman has already given orders about it, and you will soon have workmen with you to put them in execution. The parlour-doors are to have brass hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch-case: for who knows, said he, my dear, but we shall have still added blessings, in two or three charming boys and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example? And, besides, I make no doubt but I shall entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions, for a day or so.

How am I, every hour of my life, overwhelmed with instances of God Almighty's goodness, and his!—O spare, blessed Father of mercies, the precious life of this excellent man, and increase my thankfulness, and my worthiness! and then—but what shall I say?—Only, that then I may *continue* to be what I am; for more blessed, and more happy, in my own mind, surely I cannot be.

The beds he will have of cloth, because he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly, and because he purposes to be down in the early spring season, now and then, as well as in the latter autumn; and the window curtains of the same: in one room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed-chambers, nor yet of the little room he intends for my use, to withdraw to, when I choose not to join in such company as may happen to fall in: which, my

dear, says he, shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed once in a year or two to see, when I am there, how I live with my Pamela and her parents, and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this: for otherwise, perhaps, they will be apt to think I am ashamed of company I shall always be pleased with.—Nor are you, my dear, continued he, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me; for who will offer to reproach me for marrying, as the world thinks, below me, when they shall see, that such a reproach, as they intend it, is so far from being so to me, that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them; and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were? And how will it anticipate low reflection, when they shall see I can bend my mind to partake with them the pleasures of their humble but decent life!—Ay, continued he, and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind; so that, my dear, added he, I shall reap more benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.

In this generous manner does this best of men endeavour to disclaim (though I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a beneficence which is natural to him; and which, indeed, as I tell him, may be, in one respect, depreciated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his nature) he cannot help it, if he would.—O that it was in my power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but will—and that is *wholly* his:—And what a happiness is it to me, a happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without

reserve; since the dear object of my happiness requires nothing of me but what is consistent with my duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first mover and cause of all his own happiness, of my happiness, and of that of my dear, my ever dear parents!

But whither does the enchanting subject lead me! I am running on to my usual length, though I have not the same excuse for it; for heretofore I had nothing to do but to write. Yet, I am sure, if I do exceed a little, *you* will be pleased with it; and you have, moreover, a right to rejoice with me in the days of my felicity, after your indulgent hearts had been so much pained by a long succession of my fears and my dangers, which only ought to be remembered now, as subjects of thankful exultation, by

Your dutiful and happy DAUGHTER.

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I NEED not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obligations to your honoured spouse: You both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. But still, my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you*, much less to the *'squire*, with the freedom he so often invited us to take: For, I don't know how it is, but though you are our daughter, and are so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents; yet,

when we look upon you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and—I don't know what to call it—that lays a little restraint upon us. And yet we would not, methinks, let our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to set too much by it.

But your merit, and your prudence, my dear daughter, is so much above all we could ever have any notion of: —And to have gentry come only to behold you, and admire you, not so much for your genteelness and amiableness neither, as for your behaviour, and your affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying, you *deserve* to be what you are, makes us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed!—I am sure you have been a good angel to us; since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honoured husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world. But little less, indeed, we should have been, had we only, in some far distant land, heard of our dear child's happiness, and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for!—Thus kindly to be owned, and called father and mother by such a brave gentleman! and thus to be placed, that we have nothing to do, but to bless God, and bless him, and bless you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is such a providence, my dear child, as is too mighty to be borne by us with equalness of temper; and we kneel together every morning, noon, and night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter days, when all that we had to fear was, that, as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome where, not our pride, but our industrious wills, would

have made us wish not to be so;—but to be entitled to a happier lot: For this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear child, and your unhappy brother's children: For it is well known, that, though we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was:—To be sure, partly by my own fault; for, had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and William; for, so unhappy were they, poor lads! that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

But yet the issue has shewn, that (if I may presume to say so,) what I did was not displeasing to God; inasmuch as I have the comfort to see, that my reliance on him, while I was doing what though some thought *imprudent* things, yet not *wrong* things, is so abundantly rewarded, beyond expectation and desert. Blessed be his holy name for it!

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. B——'s lady, say *command;* though, as to my dear *daughter*, I will only say *desire:* And, indeed, I will not, as you wish me not to do, let the one condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my thought: You spoke it in better words, but this was the sense—But you have the gift of utterance; and education is a fine thing, where it meets with such talents to improve upon as God has given you.—But let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stocked farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and which way soever we turn our heads, see blessings upon blessings, and plenty

upon plenty; see barns well stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crowding about us, and all fruitful; and are bid to call all these our own.—And then think, that all is the reward of our child's virtue!—O, my dear daughter, who can bear these things!—Excuse me!—I must break off a little! For my eyes are as full as my heart; and I will retire to bless God, and your honoured husband.

So—my dear child—I now again take up my pen: But reading what I had written, in order to carry on the thread, I can hardly forbear again being in like sort affected.—But do you think I will call all these things my own?—Do you think I will live rent free?—Do you think I would? Can the honoured 'squire believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me?—If his goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving?—Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch neither. He will shew the world, that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his temper, as by his condition. What though I cannot be as worthy of all these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery, without having their rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'squire, to pay to his steward what any other person would pay for this noble stock, and improving farm: And I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health.—I should not be worthy to crawl upon the earth, if I did

not. And what did I say to Mr. Longman, the faithful Mr. Longman? Sure no gentleman had ever a more worthy steward than he: It was as we were walking over the grounds together—and observing in what good order every thing was, he was praising some little contrivances of my own, for the improvement of the farm, and saying, how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. Ay, Mr. Longman, said I, comfortably indeed! But do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?—I can tell you, said he, the 'squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman Andrews—Why, man, he has no occasion for it: He's worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land.—Ad's heartlikins, you must not affront him, I can tell you that! For he's as generous as a prince, where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way.—Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman, said I, I was thinking to make *you* my friend. Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that; nor your dame neither; for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass.—What I can do for you I will, and here's my hand upon it.

Well then, said I, it is this: Let me account to you at the rent farmer Dickens offered, and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the 'squire know it till you can't choose; and I shall be as happy as a prince; for I doubt not, by God's blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides.—Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews, said he, that I would do such a thing?—Would not his honour think, if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another?—Go to, go to, honest

heart, I love thee dearly: But can Mr. B—— do too much for his lady, think'st thou? Come, come, (and he jeered me so, I could not tell what to say to him,) I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this. What, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his honour, would you?—No, good Mr. Longman, said I—it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child—to whom, under God, all this is owing—But some how or other it shall be so.

And so, my dear daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest pleasures to me, to do the good 'squire service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest grandson Thomas is very desirous to come and live with us: The boy is honest, and they tell me, industrious. And cousin Burroughs wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder that all one's relations should wish to partake of our happy lot: and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relationship should be an objection: But yet, I think, one would not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one's relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice, as to my carriage in this my new lot; for I would not for the world be thought an encroacher. And I am sure you have so much prudence, that there is nobody's advice fitter to be followed than yours.

Our blessing (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest child! and may you be as happy as you have made us, (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be, in this life,) conclude us,

Your ever-loving father and mother,

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we not hope to be favoured now and then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great joy to us: Indeed it would.—But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I HAVE shewn your letter to my beloved.—Don't be uneasy that I have; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents: And I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best argument I can use, why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy, without pain or anxiety, all the benefits of your happy lot.

Dear good souls! said he, how does every thing they say, and every thing they write, manifest the worthiness of their hearts! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds; for that you would do, were they not your parents: And tell them, that I am so far from having them believe, that what I have done for them is only the effect of my affection for their daughter, that let them find out another couple as worthy as themselves, and I will do as much for them. Indeed I would not place them, continued the dear obliger, in the *same* county; because I would wish *two* counties to be blessed for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* merit; and *bid* them enjoy

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PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES.

The two former volumes of Pamela met with a success greatly exceeding the most sanguine expectations: And the Editor hopes, that the letters which compose these, will be found equally written to Nature; avoiding all romantic flights, improbable surprises, and irrational machinery; and that the passions are touched, where requisite; and rules, equally *new* and *practicable*, inculcated, throughout the whole, for the *general conduct of life:* And, therefore, he flatters himself, that they may expect the good fortune, which *few continuations* have met with, to be judged not unworthy the *first* part; nor disproportioned to the more exalted condition in which Pamela was destined to shine, as an affectionate *wife*, a faithful *friend*, a polite and kind *neighbour*, an indulgent *mother*, and a beneficent *mistress;* after having in the two former volumes supported the character of a dutiful *child*, a spotless *virgin*, and a modest and amiable *bride*.

The reader will easily see, that in so great a choice of materials, as must arise from a multitude of important subjects, in a married life, to such geniuses and friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B——, the Editor's greatest difficulty was how to bring them within the compass which he was determined not to exceed. And it having been left to his own choice, in what manner to digest and publish the letters, and where to close the work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other avocations, to have carried the piece no farther than the two former volumes.

It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an explanation of the reasons whereby he was provoked into a necessity of altering his intention. But he is willing to decline saying any thing upon so well known a subject.

The Editor has been much pressed with importunities and conjectures, in relation to the person and family of the gentlemen, who are the principal persons in the work. All he thinks himself at liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the story has its foundation in truth: and that there was a necessity, for obvious reasons, to vary and disguise some facts and circumstances, as also the names of persons, places, &c.

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The good old couple, arriving at the Bedfordshire mansion, were received by Mr. B—— with great demonstrations of esteem and respect, and by their beloved daughter with transports of dutiful joy: And having resided there, till every thing was in order for their reception at the Kentish farm, they set out to take possession of it, accompanied by the happy pair, who staid with them a fortnight: And then returning to Bedfordshire, Mrs. B—— writes to acquaint them with their safe arrival, and to the following effect:

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Saturday.—Lady Davers and she take an airing together. Her ladyship's tender behaviour to her. Admires her family management, which she briefly describes. She acquaints her ladyship with the boldness of some unknown admirer, who had put under her cushion at church some verses of Mr. Cowley's. The exemplary delicacy of her sentiments on this occasion. Critically remarks upon the lines, and justly censures the lewd writings of men of genius, whose works may do mischief to the end of time. Lady Davers, after admiring the purity of her notions, accounts for her own passionate behaviour to her formerly at the Hall, and intimates some further mischief she had designed her, had she not escaped out of the window as she did. On their return,

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the countess and Lady Davers enter more particularly into the description of all they admire in Mrs. B——'s family management ..... 233—252

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youngest daughter, Lady Jenny; and she is introduced to Sir Jacob as such; who, in that character, is highly taken with her beauty and behaviour, and rallies his nephew, at his coming in, for not marrying such a fine lady as she 308—321

Thursday.—The countess, at breakfast, discovers to Sir Jacob, that his favourite Lady Jenny is Mrs. B——. His rage and surprise upon it. Mrs. B——'s condescending and moving behaviour to him, quite confounds him with shame, and reconciles him to her. The substance of a conversation begun by Sir Jacob, of the bad precedent Mr. B—— has set to young gentlemen to marry their mothers' waiting-maids. Lady Davers seconds Sir Jacob. Mr. B—— calls upon his spouse to defend him. Her pertinent observation on this head: which yet not answering fully the objection, Mr. B—— undertakes his own defence, and clears up the point to their satisfaction. Mrs. B—— applies in a moving manner to Sir Simon Darnford for his permission to his daughter to visit her..... 321—340

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prudent management, and a proper choice of the objects. Her rule *where*, and where *not*, to bestow her favours 353—364

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Friday.—Their noble guests take leave of them, with regret. The copy of a letter delivered to her by Mr. H——, excusing himself, at her Polly's expense, for his intrigue with her, and to thank her for not exposing him to his aunt. Mrs. B——'s reflections upon it. Her apprehensiveness, on occasion of the circumstance she is in; and instructive reflections on that head. Her favourable observations to Mr. B—— upon Lord Davers's amiable character: he occasionally asserts the necessity of a husband's controlling his wife in some instances, for the sake of the reputation and tranquillity of both ..... 394—407

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or peace of mind. Looks forward to the approaching occasion with great apprehension ..... 408—411

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PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

We arrived here last night, highly pleased with our journey, and the occasion of it. May God bless you both with long life and health, to enjoy your sweet farm, and pretty dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful hearts too uneasy in the possession of it, by your modest diffidence of your own worthiness: for, at the same time that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his condition, as that it will give any one cause to censure it as the effect of a too partial and injudicious kindness for the parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every light that he can shine in to the most obliged and sensible heart?) holds his kind purpose of fitting up the large parlour, and three

apartments, in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when he shall permit me to pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days together; and he has actually given orders for that purpose. And that the three apartments be *so* fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition, than his *own;* for, he says, the plain simple elegance which he will have to be observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture, will be a variety in his retirement to this place, that will make him return to his own with the greater pleasure: and, at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bay-windows he will have preserved, but will not have them sashed, nor the woodbines, jessamines, and vines, that run up against them, destroyed; only he will have larger panes of glass, and convenienter casements, to let in more of the sweet air and light, to make amends for that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers; for he has mentioned three or four times how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us, when, the last evening we stood at the window in our bed-chamber, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near, which took up our delighted attention for above two hours, and charmed us the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind! Never talk, my Pamela, as you frequently do, of obligation to me: one such hour as I now enjoy, is an ample reward

for all the benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole life!

The parlour indeed will be more elegant; though that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new floored. The dear gentleman has already given orders about it, and you will soon have workmen with you to put them in execution. The parlour-doors are to have brass hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch-case: for who knows, said he, my dear, but we shall have still added blessings, in two or three charming boys and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example? And, besides, I make no doubt but I shall entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions, for a day or so.

How am I, every hour of my life, overwhelmed with instances of God Almighty's goodness, and his!—O spare, blessed Father of mercies, the precious life of this excellent man, and increase my thankfulness, and my worthiness! and then—but what shall I say?—Only, that then I may *continue* to be what I am; for more blessed, and more happy, in my own mind, surely I cannot be.

The beds he will have of cloth, because he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly, and because he purposes to be down in the early spring season, now and then, as well as in the latter autumn; and the window curtains of the same: in one room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed-chambers, nor yet of the little room he intends for my use, to withdraw to, when I choose not to join in such company as may happen to fall in: which, my

dear, says he, shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed once in a year or two to see, when I am there, how I live with my Pamela and her parents, and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this: for otherwise, perhaps, they will be apt to think I am ashamed of company I shall always be pleased with.—Nor are you, my dear, continued he, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me; for who will offer to reproach me for marrying, as the world thinks, below me, when they shall see, that such a reproach, as they intend it, is so far from being so to me, that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them; and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were? And how will it anticipate low reflection, when they shall see I can bend my mind to partake with them the pleasures of their humble but decent life!—Ay, continued he, and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind; so that, my dear, added he, I shall reap more benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.

In this generous manner does this best of men endeavour to disclaim (though I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a beneficence which is natural to him; and which, indeed, as I tell him, may be, in one respect, depreciated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his nature) he cannot help it, if he would.—O that it was in my power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but will—and that is *wholly* his:—And what a happiness is it to me, a happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without

reserve; since the dear object of my happiness requires nothing of me but what is consistent with my duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first mover and cause of all his own happiness, of my happiness, and of that of my dear, my ever dear parents!

But whither does the enchanting subject lead me! I am running on to my usual length, though I have not the same excuse for it; for heretofore I had nothing to do but to write. Yet, I am sure, if I do exceed a little, *you* will be pleased with it; and you have, moreover, a right to rejoice with me in the days of my felicity, after your indulgent hearts had been so much pained by a long succession of my fears and my dangers, which only ought to be remembered now, as subjects of thankful exultation, by

Your dutiful and happy DAUGHTER.

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I NEED not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obligations to your honoured spouse: You both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. But still, my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you,* much less to the *'squire,* with the freedom he so often invited us to take: For, I don't know how it is, but though you are our daughter, and are so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents; yet,

when we look upon you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and—I don't know what to call it—that lays a little restraint upon us. And yet we would not, methinks, let our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to set too much by it.

But your merit, and your prudence, my dear daughter, is so much above all we could ever have any notion of: —And to have gentry come only to behold you, and admire you, not so much for your genteelness and amiableness neither, as for your behaviour, and your affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying, you *deserve* to be what you are, makes us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed!—I am sure you have been a good angel to us; since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honoured husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world. But little less, indeed, we should have been, had we only, in some far distant land, heard of our dear child's happiness, and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for!—Thus kindly to be owned, and called father and mother by such a brave gentleman! and thus to be placed, that we have nothing to do, but to bless God, and bless him, and bless you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is such a providence, my dear child, as is too mighty to be borne by us with equalness of temper; and we kneel together every morning, noon, and night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter days, when all that we had to fear was, that, as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome where, not our pride, but our industrious wills, would

have made us wish not to be so;—but to be entitled to a happier lot: For this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear child, and your unhappy brother's children: For it is well known, that, though we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was:—To be sure, partly by my own fault; for, had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and William; for, so unhappy were they, poor lads! that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

But yet the issue has shewn, that (if I may presume to say so,) what I did was not displeasing to God; inasmuch as I have the comfort to see, that my reliance on him, while I was doing what though some thought *imprudent* things, yet not *wrong* things, is so abundantly rewarded, beyond expectation and desert. Blessed be his holy name for it!

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. B——'s lady, say *command;* though, as to my dear *daughter*, I will only say *desire:* And, indeed, I will not, as you wish me not to do, let the one condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my thought: You spoke it in better words, but this was the sense—But you have the gift of utterance; and education is a fine thing, where it meets with such talents to improve upon as God has given you.—But let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stocked farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and which way soever we turn our heads, see blessings upon blessings, and plenty

upon plenty; see barns well stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crowding about us, and all fruitful; and are bid to call all these our own.—And then think, that all is the reward of our child's virtue!—O, my dear daughter, who can bear these things!—Excuse me!—I must break off a little! For my eyes are as full as my heart; and I will retire to bless God, and your honoured husband.

So—my dear child—I now again take up my pen: But reading what I had written, in order to carry on the thread, I can hardly forbear again being in like sort affected.—But do you think I will call all these things my own?—Do you think I will live rent free?—Do you think I would? Can the honoured 'squire believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me?—If his goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving?—Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch neither. He will shew the world, that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his temper, as by his condition. What though I cannot be as worthy of all these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery, without having their rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'squire, to pay to his steward what any other person would pay for this noble stock, and improving farm: And I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health.—I should not be worthy to crawl upon the earth, if I did

not. And what did I say to Mr. Longman, the faithful Mr. Longman? Sure no gentleman had ever a more worthy steward than he: It was as we were walking over the grounds together—and observing in what good order every thing was, he was praising some little contrivances of my own, for the improvement of the farm, and saying, how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. Ay, Mr. Longman, said I, comfortably indeed! But do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?—I can tell you, said he, the 'squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman Andrews—Why, man, he has no occasion for it: He's worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land.—Ad's heartlikins, you must not affront him, I can tell you that! For he's as generous as a prince, where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way.—Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman, said I, I was thinking to make *you* my friend. Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that; nor your dame neither; for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass.—What I can do for you I will, and here's my hand upon it.

Well then, said I, it is this: Let me account to you at the rent farmer Dickens offered, and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the 'squire know it till you can't choose; and I shall be as happy as a prince; for I doubt not, by God's blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides.—Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews, said he, that I would do such a thing?—Would not his honour think, if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another?—Go to, go to, honest

heart, I love thee dearly: But can Mr. B—— do too much for his lady, think'st thou? Come, come, (and he jeered me so, I could not tell what to say to him,) I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this. What, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his honour, would you?—No, good Mr. Longman, said I—it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child—to whom, under God, all this is owing—But some how or other it shall be so.

And so, my dear daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest pleasures to me, to do the good 'squire service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest grandson Thomas is very desirous to come and live with us: The boy is honest, and they tell me, industrious. And cousin Burroughs wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder that all one's relations should wish to partake of our happy lot: and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relationship should be an objection: But yet, I think, one would not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one's relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice, as to my carriage in this my new lot; for I would not for the world be thought an encroacher. And I am sure you have so much prudence, that there is nobody's advice fitter to be followed than yours.

Our blessing (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest child! and may you be as happy as you have made us, (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be, in this life,) conclude us,

Your ever-loving father and mother,

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we not hope to be favoured now and then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great joy to us: Indeed it would.—But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I HAVE shewn your letter to my beloved.—Don't be uneasy that I have; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents: And I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best argument I can use, why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy, without pain or anxiety, all the benefits of your happy lot.

Dear good souls! said he, how does every thing they say, and every thing they write, manifest the worthiness of their hearts! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds; for that you would do, were they not your parents: And tell them, that I am so far from having them believe, that what I have done for them is only the effect of my affection for their daughter, that let them find out another couple as worthy as themselves, and I will do as much for them. Indeed I would not place them, continued the dear obliger, in the *same* county; because I would wish *two* counties to be blessed for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* merit; and *bid* them enjoy

it as their patrimony: And if there can any thing arise, that is more than they themselves can wish for, in the way of life they choose to live, let them look around among their own relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid reasons for rejoicing in the situation they are pleased with. And do you, my dear, continued he, still further enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged hearts, for fear they should deny any comfort to themselves in order to do good to others.

I could only fly to his generous bosom, (for this is a subject which most affects me,) and, with my eyes swimming in tears of grateful joy, and which overflowed as soon as my bold lips touched his dear face, bless God, and bless him, with my whole heart; for speak I could not! But, almost choaked with my joy, sobbed to him my grateful acknowledgments.—He clasped me in his arms, and said, How, my dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your parents! If it be thus to be blessed for conferring benefits so insignificant to a man of my fortune, what joys is it not in the power of rich men to give themselves, whenever they please!—Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for; which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all intellect, and better fitted to receive them.—'Tis too much!—too much, said I, in broken accents: How am I oppressed with the pleasure you give me!—O, sir, bless me more gradually, and more cautiously—for I cannot bear it! And, indeed, my heart went flutter, flutter, flutter, at his dear breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, surely, my dear, my beloved parents, nobody's happiness is so great as mine!—If it proceeds thus from

degree to degree, and is to be augmented by the hope, the charming hope, that the dear second author of your blessings and mine, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind man to us, what a felicity will this be! And if our prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the pleasure to think, that his advances in piety are owing not a little to them, and to the example God shall give us grace to set; then, indeed, may we take the pride to think, we have repaid his goodness to us, and that we have satisfied the debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Thus, then, do I set before you imperfectly, as I am forced to do, the delight your grateful, your honest hearts give us; I say, imperfectly, and well I may; for I might as easily paint sound, as describe the noble, the sublime pleasures, that wind up my affections to even a painful height of rapture on such occasions as this: And I desire, as he often bids *me*, that *you* will take to yourselves the merit of thus delighting us both, and then think with less uneasiness of the obligation you are under to the best of friends.—And indeed it is but doing justice to his beneficent temper, to think, that we have given him an opportunity of exercising it in a way so agreeable to it; and I can tell, by the ardour of his speech, by the additional lustre that it lights up in his eyes, naturally so lively, and by the virtuous endearments, refined on these occasions above what sense can know, that he has a pleasure, a joy, a transport, in doing what he does of this sort, that is its own reward; as every virtuous and noble action must be to a mind that can be delighted with virtue for its own sake, and can find itself enlarged by the power of doing good to worthy objects. Even I, my dear parents, know this by experience, when I can be an humble means to make an honest creature happy, though not related to my-

self; and yet I am but a third-hand dispenser, as I have * elsewhere said of these comforts; and all the light I can communicate, as I once before observed,† like that of the moon, is but borrowed from his sunny radiance.

Forgive me, my dear, my worthy parents, if my style on this subject be raised above that natural simplicity, which is more suited to my humble talents. But how can I help it! For when the mind is elevated, ought not the sense we have of our happiness to make our expressions soar equally? Can the affections be so highly raised as mine are on these occasions, and the thoughts creep groveling, like one's ordinary self? No, indeed!—Call not this, therefore, the gift of utterance, if it should appear to you in a better light than it deserves. It is the gift of gratitude; a gift which makes you, and me too, *speak* and *write*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves.—And thus will our gratitude be the inspirer of joy to our common benefactor; and his joy will heighten our gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as cause and effect to each other's happiness, to bless the dear man who blesses us.—And will it be right then to say, you are uneasy under such (at least as to your wills) returned and discharged obligations? God Almighty requires only a thankful heart for all the mercies he heaps upon the children of men. My dear Mr. B——, who, in these particulars, imitates Divinity, desires no more. You *have* this thankful heart; yes, you have; and that to such a high degree of gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, my dear parents, when your worthy minds would be too much affected with your gratitude, so as to

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* See Vol. II. p. 387. † See Vol. II. p. 257.

lay you under the restraints you mention, to the dear gentleman, and, for his sake, to your dependent daughter; then let me humbly advise you, that you will at such times, with more particular, more abstracted aspirations, than at others, raise your thoughts upwards, and consider who it is that gives *him* the opportunity; and pray for him and for me; for *him*, that all his future actions may be of a piece with his noble disposition of mind; for *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blessed for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a rewarder, in the hands of Providence, of this its dear excellent agent; and then we shall look forward, all of us, with pleasure *indeed* to that state, where there is no distinction of degree, and where the humble cottager shall be upon a par with the proudest monarch.

O, my dear, dear parents! how can you, as in your *postscript*, say—May we not be *favoured* now and then with a letter? Call *me* your daughter, your Pamela—I am no lady to you.—I have more pleasure to be called your comfort, and to be thought to act worthy of the sentiments with which your examples, cautions, and instructions, have inspired me, than in any other thing in this life; my determined duty to our common benefactor, the best of gentlemen and husbands, excepted. And I am sure, God has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered for me all your prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous: And see, O see, my excellent parents! how we are crowned with blessings upon blessings, till we are the talk of all that know us: You for your honesty; I for my humility and virtue; that virtue which God's grace inspired, and your examples and lessons, with those of my

dear good lady, cultivated; and which now have left me nothing to do but to reap all the rewards which this life can afford; and if I walk humbly, and improve my blessed opportunities, will heighten and perfect all in a still more joyful futurity.

Hence, my dear parents, (I mean, from the delight I have in writing to you, a delight which transports me so far above my own sphere,) you'll see, that I *must* write to you, and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great joy to you?—And is there any thing that can add to your joy, think you, that is in the power of your Pamela, that she would not *do?*—O that the lives and healths of my dearest Mr. B——, and my dearest parents, may be continued to me! And who then can be so blest as your Pamela?

I *will* write; *depend* upon it, I will—on every occasion: —And you augment my joys, to think it is in my power to add to your comforts. Nor can you conceive the pleasure I have in hoping that this your new happy lot may, by relieving you from corroding care, and the too wearing effects of hard labour, add, in these your advanced years, to both your days.—For, so happy am I, I can have no grief, no pain, in looking forward, but from such thoughts as remind me, that one day either you from me, or I from you, must be separated.

But it is fit, that we so comport ourselves, as that we should not embitter our present happiness with prospects too gloomy—but bring our minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along —and at last, when all is to be wound up, lie down, and say, *Not mine*, but *thy will be done!*

I have written a great deal; yet have much still to say relating to other parts of your kind, your acceptable letter; and so will soon write again: For I must think every op-

portunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any addition to my name, if that will make you easier,

Your dutiful

PAMELA.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,

I NOW write again, as I told you I should in my last:—But I am half afraid to look back on the copy of it; for your worthy hearts, so visible in your letter, and my beloved's kind deportment upon shewing it to him, raised me into a frame of mind that was bordering on ecstasy: Yet am I sure, I wrote my heart. But you must not, my dear father, write to your poor Pamela so affectingly. Your *steadier* mind could hardly bear your own moving strain, and you were forced to lay down your pen, and retire: How then could I, who love you so dearly, if you had not, if I may so say, *increased* that love by fresh and stronger instances of your worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself!—But I will not again touch upon this subject.

You must know then, that my dearest spouse commands me, with his kind respects, to tell you, that he has thought of a method to make your *worthy hearts* easy; those were his words—And this is, said he, by putting that whole estate, with the new purchase, under your father's care, as I at first intended;* and he shall receive and pay, and

* See Vol. II. p. 340.

order every thing as he pleases; and Longman, who grows in years, shall be eased of that burden. Your father, said he, writes a very legible hand, and he shall take what assistants he pleases: and do you, Pamela, see to that, that this new task may be made as easy and pleasant to him as possible. He shall make up his accounts only to you, my dear. And there will be several pleasures arise to me upon it, continued he: First, That it will be a relief to honest Longman, who has business enough on his hands besides. Next, It will make the good couple easy, that they have an opportunity of enjoying that as their due, which now their too grateful hearts give them so many causeless scruples about. Thirdly, It will employ your father's time more suitably to *your* liking and *mine*, because with more ease to himself; for you see his industrious will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In the fourth place, The management of this estate will gain him more respect and reverence among the tenants and his neighbours; and yet be all in his own way.—For, my dear, added he, you'll see, that it is always one point in view with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own intrinsic merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any other light, than that in which they have been accustomed to appear.

So, my dear father, the instrument will be drawn, and brought you by honest Mr. Longman, who will be with you in a few days, to put the last hand to the new purchase, and to give you possession of your new commission, if you please to accept of it; as I hope you will; and the rather, for my dear Mr. B——'s third reason; and because I know that this trust will be discharged as worthily and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. Longman himself was in it—And better it cannot be. Mr. Longman

is very fond of this relief, and longs to be down to settle every thing with you, as to the proper powers, the method, &c.—And he says, in his usual way of phrasing, that he'll make it as easy to you as a glove.

If you do accept it, my dear Mr. B—— will leave every thing to you, as to rent, where not already fixed, and likewise, as to acts of kindness and favour to be done where you think proper; and he is pleased to say, that, with all his bad qualities, he was ever deemed a kind landlord; and this I can confirm in fifty instances to his honour: So that the old gentleman, said he, need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh methods of proceeding, where things will do without; and he will always have it in his power to befriend an honest man; by which means the province will be entirely such a one as suits with his inclination. If any thing difficult or perplexing arises, continued he, or where a little knowledge in law-matters is necessary, Longman shall do all that: And your father will see, that he will not have in those points a coadjutor that will be too hard-hearted for his wish. For it was a a rule my father set me, and I have strictly followed, that although I have a lawyer for my steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* things, than oppressive ones; and Longman has so well answered this intention, that he was always more noted for composing differences, than promoting law-suits.

I dare say, my dear father, this will be an acceptable employment to you, on the several accounts my dearest Mr. B—— was pleased to mention. And what a charming contrivance is here! God for ever bless his considerate heart for it!—To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself; as well as respected by, and even a benefactor to, all around you! What can one say to all these things?—

But what signifies exulting in one's gratitude for *one* benefit!—Every hour the dear man heaps new ones upon us; and we have hardly time to thank him for one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless degrees, confound one, and throw back one's words upon one's heart before they are well formed, and oblige one to sit down under all with profound silence and admiration.

As to what you mentioned of the desire of cousins Thomas and Roger, to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our dear benefactor's opinion was. He was pleased to say, I have nothing to choose in this case, my dear. Your father is his own master: he may employ whom he pleases; and, if they are not wanting in respect to him and your mother, I think, as he rightly observes, relationship should rather have the preference; and as he can remedy inconveniencies, if he finds any, by all means let every branch of your family have reason to rejoice with him.

But I have thought of this matter a good deal, since I had the favour of your letter; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my advice, you will excuse me, if I give it freely; yet entirely submitting all to your own liking.

In the first place, then, I think it would be better to have *any body* than relations; and that for these reasons:

One is apt to expect more regard from relations, and they more indulgence, than strangers can have reason for.

That where there is such a difference in the expectations of both, it is hardly possible but uneasiness must arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, and to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no end

of impositions: If you dismiss them, it will occasion ill-will. They will call you unkind; and you call them ungrateful; and as, it may be, your prosperous lot will raise you enviers, such will be apt to believe *them* rather than *you*.

Then the world will be inclined to think that we are crowding upon a generous gentleman a numerous family of indigent people; and though they may be ever so deserving, yet it will be said, the girl is filling every place with her relations, and *beleaguering*, as you significantly express it, a worthy gentleman. And this will be said, perhaps, should one's kindred behave ever so worthily. And so,

In the next place, one would not, for *their* sakes, that this should be done; who may live with *less* reproach, and *equal* benefit, any where else: for I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his station, and made independent, at Mr. B——'s expense, if their industry will not do it; although I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that industry, in the way of their callings.

Then it will possibly put others of our relations upon the same expectations of living with you; and this may occasion ill-will among them, if some be preferred to others in your favour.

Then, my dear father, I apprehend that our beloved and honoured benefactor would be under some difficulty, from his natural politeness, and regard for you and me.—You see how kindly, on all occasions, he treats you both, not only as the father and mother of his Pamela, but as if you were his own father and mother. And if you had any body as your servants there, who called you cousin, or

grandfather, or uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the foot of common servants, though they might nevertheless think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I am sure I shall always think *myself*) with his commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a difficulty upon *them*, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him* and to *me*, for *his* sake? For, otherwise, (believe me, I hope you will, my dear father and mother,) I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest relation I have. But in the world's eye, to every body but my best of parents, I must, if I have ever so much reluctance to it, appear in a light that may not give discredit to his choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will have it in your power, without the least injury to our common benefactor, to do kinder things by any of our relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little money to put them in a way, if any thing offers that you think will be to their advantage. You can fit out my female cousins to good reputable places. The younger you can put to school, or, when fit, to trades, according to their talents; and so they will be of course in a way to get an honest and creditable livelihood.

But, above all things, one would as much discourage as one could, such a proud and ambitious spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by favour instead of merit; and this the rather, for that, undoubtedly, there are many more happy persons in low than in high life, take number for number, all the world over.

I am sure, although four or five years of different life had passed with me, I had so much pride and pleasure in the thought of working for my living with you, my dear

parents, if I could but get honest to you, that it made my confinement the more grievous to me, and even, if possible, aggravated the apprehensions attending it.

But I must beg of you not to harbour a thought, that these my reasons proceed from the bad motives of a heart tainted with pride on its high condition. Indeed there can be no reason for it, to one who thinks after this manner: —The greatest families on earth have some among them who are unhappy and low in life; and shall such a one reproach me with having twenty low relations, because they have, peradventure, not above five? or with ten, because they have but one, or two, or three?—Or should I, on the other hand, be ashamed of relations who had done nothing blameworthy, and whose poverty (a very necessary state in the scale of beings) was all their crime, when there is hardly any great family but has produced instances of persons guilty of bad actions, *really* bad, which have reduced them to a distress we never knew? Let the person who would reproach me with *low birth*, which is no disgrace, and what I *cannot help*, give me no cause to retort upon him *low actions*, which *are* a disgrace to any station, the more so the higher it is, and which he *can help*, or else I shall smile with contempt at his empty reproach: And, could I be half so proud *with* cause, as he is *without*, glory in my advantage over him.

Let us then, my dear father and mother, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last day, will judge of us all: and then the honest peasant will stand fairer in our esteem than the guilty peer.

In short, this shall be my own rule.—Every one who acts justly and honestly I will look upon as my relation, whether he be so or not; and the more he wants my assistance, the more entitled to it he shall be, as well a-

to my esteem: While those who deserve it not, must expect nothing but compassion from me, and my prayers, were they my brothers or sisters. 'Tis true, had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus: But if it be a right way of thinking, it is a blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of reproach to me, which one day will be matter of justification.

Upon the whole, then, I should think it advisable, my dear father and mother, to make such kind excuses to the offered services of my cousins, as your better reason shall suggest to you; and to do any thing else for them of *more* value, as their circumstances may require, or occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing them, and having them about you, will add any one comfort to your lives, I give up entirely my own opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever dear parents,

Your dutiful and happy DAUGHTER.

The copy of this letter I will keep to myself, till I have your answer to it, that you may be under no difficulty how to act in either of the cases mentioned in it.

LETTER V.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

How shall I do to answer, as they deserve, your two last letters! Surely no happy couple ever had such a child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at words like your

words; and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the thankfulness of our hearts, on the kind office your honoured husband has given us; for no reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our minds in the notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so!—Happy shall I be, if I can! But I see the generous drift of his proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the nature of my employment, and in my mind too, overloaden, as I may say, with benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. Longman, shall with still greater pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall be wanting in ability; I doubt I shall: But I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's grace, will be within my own capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my own power to do good to those who shall deserve it: and I will take *double* pains to find out the true merit of such as I shall recommend to favour, and that their circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing, my dear daughter, let me desire, that I may make up my accounts to Mr. Longman, or to his honour himself, when he shall make us so happy as to be here with us. I don't know how—but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my accounts to you: For so well known is your love to us, that though you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing world might think it was like making up accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest child, get me off this difficulty, and I can have no other; for already I am in hopes I have hit

upon a contrivance to improve the estate, and to better the condition of the tenants at the same time; at least not to worst them; and which, I hope, will please every body: But I will acquaint Mr. Longman with this, and take his advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear child, or to your spouse.—If I could act for his interest, as not to be a burden, what happy creatures should we both be in our own minds! We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and, so far as shall be consistent with our new trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good wishes and prayers for the happiness of you both.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by the reasons you give for not taking to us any of our relations. Every one of those reasons has its force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the amount of forty shillings at one time, I will take your direction in it, that your wise hints of making every one continue their industry, and not to rely upon favour instead of merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier*, as well as *better*, men and women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred pounds a year in good comings-in, it would not do without industry; and with it, one may do with a quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear child, your reasons are so good, that I wonder they came not into my head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the matter: But yet it ran in my own thought, that I could not like to be an encroacher:—For I hate a dirty thing; and, in the midst of my distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it!

You rejoice our hearts beyond expression at the hope you give us of receiving letters from you now and then: To be sure it will be the chief comfort of our lives, next to seeing you, as we are put in hope we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear child, don't let us put you to inconvenience neither. Pray don't: You'll have enough upon your hands without—To be sure you will.

The workmen have made a good progress, and wish for Mr. Longman to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your condition. You have weathered the first dangers; and, but for your fine clothes and jewels, we should not see any difference, indeed we should not, between our dear Pamela, and the much-respected Mrs. B——. But God has given you too much sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember in your former writings, a saying of the 'squire's, speaking of you, my dear child, that it was for persons who were not used to praise, and did not deserve it, to be proud of it.* In like sort one may say, it is for persons of little sense to be proud; but you, my dear child, every one sees, are *above* it: And that, methinks, is a proud word, is it not? If one was not—I don't know how, half stupid, I believe—one would be raised by your high style of writing. But I should be more than half stupid, I am sure, to aim at it.

Every day brings us instances of the good name his honour and you, my dear child, have left behind you in this country. Here comes one, and here comes another, and a third, and a fourth; and Goodman Andrews, cries one; and, Goody Andrews, cries another—(and some call

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* See Vol. II. p. 139.

us Mr. and Mrs. but we like the other full as well)—When heard you from his honour? How does his lady do?—What a charming couple are they!—How lovingly they live!—What an example do they give to all about them!—Then one cries, God bless them both! and another cries, *Amen;* and so says a third and a fourth; and all say, But when do you expect them down again?—Such a one longs to see them—and such a one will ride a day's journey, to have but a sight of them at church.—And then they say, How this gentleman praises them, and that lady admires them!—O my dear child, what a happiness is this! How do your poor mother and I stand fixed to the earth to hear both your praises, our tears trickling down our cheeks, and our hearts heaving as if they would burst with joy, till we are forced to take leave in half words, and, hand in hand, go in together to bless God, and bless you both!—O, my daughter, what a happy couple have God and you made us!

Your poor mother is very anxious about her dear child. I will not touch upon a matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, though the time may be some months off, she every hour prays for your safety and happiness, and for all the increase of felicity that his honour's generous heart can wish for. That is all we will say at present: Only that we are, with continued prayers and blessings, my dearest child,

Your loving father and mother,

J. AND E. ANDREWS.

Yet one word more!—and that is—our *duty* to your honoured husband. We must say so now; though he forbade us so often before. You cannot, my dear child, imagine how ashamed I was to have my poor

letter shewn to him. I hardly remember what I wrote; but it was from my heart, I'm sure; so I needed not to keep a copy; for an honest mind must always be the same, in cases that cannot admit of change, such as those of my thankfulness to God and to him. But don't shew him all I write: for I shall be afraid of what I say, if I think any body but our daughter sees it, who knows how to allow for her poor parents' defects.

LETTER VI.

LADY DAVERS, TO MRS. B———.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I HAD intended to have been with you before this; but my lord has been a little indisposed with the gout, and Jackey has had an intermittent fever; but they are pretty well recovered; and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are returned from your Kentish expedition.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your papers. You have given us, by their means, many a delightful hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charmed with you. Lady Betty, as well as her noble mamma, has always been of our party, whenever we have read your accounts. She is a dear generous lady, and has shed many a tear over them, as indeed we all have; and my lord has not been unmoved, nor Jackey neither, at some of your distresses and reflections. Indeed, Pamela, you are a charming creature, and an ornament to

your sex. We wanted to have had you among us a hundred times, as we read, that we might have loved, and kissed, and thanked you.

But, after all, my brother, generous and noble as he was, when your trials were over, was a strange wicked young fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the trap he had laid for your virtue.

I can assure you my lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint idea of your person. I tell him, and tell them all, that you are the finest girl, and the most improved in person and mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid, although they should imagine all they can in your favour, from my account of you, that they will be disappointed when they see you, and converse with you. But one thing more you must do for us, and then we will love you still more; and that is, you must send us the rest of your papers, down to your marriage at least; and farther, if you have written farther; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, though we know in general what has passed.

You leave off* with an account of an angry letter I wrote to my brother, to persuade him to give you your liberty, and a sum of money; not doubting but his designs would end in your ruin, and, I own it, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your merit and excellence; nor could I, but for your letters so lately sent me, have had any notion of either.—I do not question but, if you have recited my passionate behaviour to you when I was at the Hall, I shall make a ridiculous

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* See Vol. II. p. 52, and 352.

figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the pleasure you *have* given me, and will still farther give me, if you comply with my request.

Lady Betty says, it is the best story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the conclusion of it in your own words. She says, now and then, What a hopeful brother you have, Lady Davers!—O these intriguing gentlemen!—What rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine husband of him, had I received your proposal! The *dear Pamela* would have run in his head, and, had I been the first lady in the kingdom, I should have stood but a poor chance in his esteem; for you see his designs upon her began * early.

She says, You had a good heart to go back again to him, when the violent wretch had driven you from him on such a slight occasion: but yet, she thinks, the reasons you give † in your relation, and your love for him, (which then you began to discover was your case,) as well as the event, shewed you did right.

But we will tell you all our judgments, when we have read the rest of your accounts. So pray send them, as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself sister till then,)

Your affectionate, &c.

B. DAVERS.

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* See Vol. I. p. 86. † See Vol. II. p. 46.

LETTER VII.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,

You have done me great honour in the letter your ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor papers were in the least diverting to you, and to such honourable and worthy persons as your ladyship is pleased to mention. I could wish, my dear lady, I might be favoured with such remarks on my conduct, so nakedly set forth, (without any imagination that they would ever appear in such an assembly,) as may be of use to me in my future life, and make me, by that means, more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be, of the honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest lady, favour me so far. I am prepared to receive blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect praise so much from my *actions* as from my *intentions;* for, indeed, these were always just and honourable. But why, even for these, do I talk of praise, since, being prompted by impulses I could not resist, it can be no merit in me to have been governed by them?

As to the papers following those in your ladyship's hands, when I say that they must needs appear impertinent to such judges, after what you know, I dare say your ladyship will not insist upon them: yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my dangers and trials were happily at an end: so that they only contain 'the conversations that passed 'between your ladyship's generous brother and me; his

'kind assurances of honourable love to me; my acknowledgments of unworthiness to him; Mrs. Jewkes's respectful change of behaviour towards me; Mr. B——'s reconciliation to Mr. Williams; his introducing me to the good families in the neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable intentions. A visit from my honest father, who (not knowing what to conclude from the letter I wrote to him before I returned to your honoured brother, desiring my papers from him) came in great anxiety of heart to know the worst, doubting I had at last been caught by a stratagem that had ended in my ruin. His joyful surprise to find how happy I was likely to be. All the hopes given me answered, by the private celebration of our nuptials—An honour so much above all that my utmost ambition could make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your ladyship's arrival, and anger, not knowing I was actually married, but supposing me a vile wicked creature; in which case I should have deserved the worst of usage. Mr. B——'s angry lessons to me, for daring to interfere, though I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful manner, between your ladyship and himself. The most acceptable goodness and favour of your ladyship afterwards to me, of which, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful sense. My return to this sweet mansion, in a manner so different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy for four years, in paying my duty to the best of mistresses, your ladyship's excellent mother, to whose goodness, in taking me from my poor honest parents, and giving me what education I have, I owe, under God, my happiness. The joy of good Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and all the servants, on this occasion. Mr. B——'s acquainting me with Miss Godfrey's affair, and presenting

'to me the pretty Miss Goodwin, at the dairy-house. Our 'appearance at church, the favour of the gentry in the 'neighbourhood, who, knowing your ladyship had not dis- 'dained to look upon me, and to be favourable to me, 'came the more readily into a neighbourly intimacy with 'me; and still so much the more readily, as the continued 'kindness of my dear benefactor, and his condescending 'deportment to me before them, (as if I had been worthy 'of the honour done me,) did credit to his own generous 'act.'

These, my lady, down to my good parents setting out to this place, in order to be settled, by my honoured benefactor's bounty, in the Kentish farm, are the most material contents of my remaining papers: And though they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally matters of course, after what your ladyship has with you; *as* the joy of my fond heart can be better judged of by your ladyship, than described by me; and as your ladyship is acquainted with all the particulars that can be worthy of any other person's notice but my dear parents, I am sure your ladyship will dispense with your commands; and I make it my humble request that you will.

For, madam, you must needs think, that *when* my doubts were dispelled; *when* I was confident all my trials were over; *when* I had a prospect before me of being so abundantly rewarded for what I had suffered; *when every* hour rose upon me with new delight, and fraught with fresh instances of generous kindness from such a dear gentleman, my master, my benefactor, the son of my honoured lady; your ladyship must needs think, I say, that I must be *too* much affected, my heart must be *too* much opened; and especially as it then (relieved from its

past anxieties and fears, which had kept down and damped the latent flame) first discovered to me impressions, of which before I hardly thought it susceptible.—So that it is scarce possible that my *joy* and my *prudence*, if I were to be tried by such judges of delicacy and decorum as Lord and Lady Davers, the honoured countess, and Lady Betty, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled, as were to be wished: Although, indeed, the continued sense of my unworthiness, and the disgrace the dear gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous goodness to me, always went hand-in-hand with my *joy* and my *prudence*; and what these considerations took from the *former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier, and more equal to myself, than otherwise it was possible such a young creature as I could have been.

Wherefore, my dear good lady, I hope I stand excused, and shall not bring upon myself the censure of being disobedient to your commands.

Besides, madam, since you inform me, that my good Lord Davers will attend your ladyship hither, I should never dare to look his lordship in the face, if all the emotions of my heart on such affecting occasions, stood confessed to his lordship; and, indeed, if I am ashamed they should to your ladyship and to the countess, and Lady Betty, whose goodness might induce you all three to think favourably, in such circumstances, of one who is of your own sex, how would it concern me, that the same should appear before such gentlemen as my lord and his nephew? —Indeed I could not look up to either of them in the sense of this.—And give me leave to hope, that some of the scenes in the letters your ladyship had, were not read to gentlemen.—Your ladyship must needs know which I mean, and will think of my two grand trials of all.—For

though I was the innocent subject of wicked attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's opinion for what I could not help; yet, for your dear brother's sake, as well as for the decency of the matter, one would not, when one shall have the honour to appear before my lord and his nephew, be looked upon, methinks, with that levity of eye and thought, which, perhaps, hard-hearted gentlemen may pass upon one, by reason of those very scenes, which would move pity and concern in a good lady's breast, for a poor creature so attempted.

So, my dear lady, be pleased to let me know if the gentlemen *have* heard all.—I hope they have not.—And be pleased also to point out to me such parts of my conduct as deserve blame: Indeed I will try to make a good use of your censure, and am sure I shall be thankful for it;—for it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the honour I have, of being exalted into such a distinguished family, and the right the best of gentlemen has given me to style myself

Your ladyship's most humble,

And most obliged servant,

P. B———.

LETTER VIII.

FROM LADY DAVERS—IN REPLY.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

You have given us all a great disappointment in declining to oblige me with the sequel of your papers. I was a little out of humour with you at first—I must own I was

—For I cannot bear denial, when my heart is set upon any thing. But Lady Betty became your advocate, and said, She thought you very excusable; since, no doubt, there might be many tender things, circumstanced as you were, which might be well enough for your parents to see, but for nobody else; and relations on our side least of all, whose future intimacy, and frequent visits, might give occasions for raillery and remarks, that might not be always agreeable. I regarded her apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great baulk to her, that you did not comply with my request. But now, child, when you know me more, you will find, that if I am obliged to give up one point, I always insist on another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing; in which last case I know how to take my measures, and resent.

Now, therefore, this is what I insist upon: That you correspond with me in the same manner you did with your parents, and acquaint me with every passage that is of concern to you; beginning with your accounts how you spent your time, both of you, when you were in Kent; for, you must know, we are all taken with your duty to your parents, and the discretion of the good couple, and think you have given a very edifying example of filial piety to all who shall hear your story; for if so much duty is owing to parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is a power to add to the natural obligation, all the comforts and conveniencies of life? We people in upper life, you must know, love to hear our gratitude and unexpected benefits operate upon honest minds, who have little more than plain artless nature for their guide; and we flatter ourselves with the hopes of many a delightful hour, by your

means, in this our solitary situation, as it will be, if we are obliged to pass the next winter in it, as my lord and the earl threaten me, and the countess, and Lady Betty, that we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you joy or trouble: and if my brother carries you to town, for the winter, while he attends parliament, the advices you will be able to give us of what passes in London, and of the public entertainments and diversions he will take you to, as you will relate them in your own artless and natural observations, will be as diverting to us, as if we were at them ourselves. For a young creature of your good understanding, to whom all these things will be quite new, will give us, perhaps, a better taste of them, their beauties and defects, than we might have before. For we people of quality go to those places, dressed out and adorned in such manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many parts of the public entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right judgment of it: And, indeed, we, some of us, behave with so much indifference to the entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see; and as if our view was rather to trifle away our time, than to improve ourselves by attending to the story or the action.

See, Pamela, I shall not make an unworthy correspondent altogether, for I can get into thy grave way, and moralize a little now and then: And if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all restraint, as if you were writing to your parents, (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be,) then I am sure we shall have truth and nature

from you; and these are things which we are generally so much lifted above by our conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one letter; and yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your answer, which you may give to both together; and am, mean-time,

Yours, &c.

B. DAVERS.

LETTER IX.

DEAR PAMELA,

I AM very glad thy honest man has let thee into the affair of Sally Godfrey. But pr'ythee, Pamela, give us an account of the manner in which he did it, and of thy thoughts upon it; for that is a critical case; and according as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him: For I would not make mischief between you for the world.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying part of your conduct: for he loves the child; and will judge of you by your conduct towards it. He dearly loved her mother; and, notwithstanding her fault, she well deserved it: for she was a sensible, ay, and a modest lady, and of an ancient and genteel family. But he was heir to a noble estate, was of a bold and enterprising spirit, fond of intrigue.—Don't let this concern you—You'll have the greater happiness and merit too if you can hold him—And, 'tis my opinion, if any body can, you will. Then he did not like the young lady's mother, who sought artfully to entrap him. So that

the poor girl, divided between her inclination for him, and her duty to her designing mother, gave into the plot upon him; and he thought himself—vile wretch as he was, for all that—at liberty to set up plot against plot, and the poor lady's honour was the sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him. I hope you received the child kindly.—I hope you had presence of mind to do this. For it was a nice part to act; and all his observations were up, I dare say, on the occasion.—Do let me hear how it was: there's my good Pamela, do. And write, I charge you, freely, and without restraint; for although I am not your mother, yet am I *his* elder sister, you know—and as such—come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me—*your* sister, and so entitled to expect a compliance with my request: for is there not a duty in degree, to elder sisters from younger?

As to our remarks upon your behaviour, they have been much to your credit, I can tell you that: But, nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested correspondence with me, consult Lady Betty, and will go over your papers again, and try to find fault with your conduct; and if we can see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our minds.

But, beforehand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the whole.

So, Pamela, you see I put myself upon the same foot of correspondence with you.—Not that I will promise to answer every letter: No, you must not expect that.—Your part will be a kind of narrative purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight or ten letters, as it may happen, before I return one: but such a part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our

opinion of your proceedings, and relations of things.—And as you wish to be found fault with, as you say, you shall freely have it, (though not in a splenetick or ill-natured way,) as often as you give occasion. Now, you must know, Pamela, I have two views in this. One is, to see how a man of my brother's spirit, who has not denied himself any genteel liberties, (for it must be owned he never was a common town rake, and had always dignity in his roguery,) will behave himself to you, and in wedlock, which used to be freely sneered at by him: The next, that I may love you more and more, which it will be enough to make me do, I dare say, as by your letters I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by conversation: so that you can't be off, if you would.

I know, however, you will have one objection to this; and that is, that your family affairs will require your attention, and not give you the time you used to have for this employment. But consider, child, the station you are raised to does not require you to be quite a domestic animal. You are lifted up to the rank of a lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an example, as will derive upon you the ill-will and censure of other ladies.—For will any of our sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such works as either must be a reproach to herself, or to them?—You'll have nothing to do but to give orders. You will consider yourself as the task-mistress, and the common herd of female servants, as so many negroes directing themselves by your nod; or yourself as the master-wheel, in some beautiful piece of mechanism, whose dignified grave motion is to set a-going all the under wheels, with a velocity suitable to their respective parts.—Let your servants, under your direction, do all that relates to household management: They cannot

write to entertain and instruct, as you can: so what will you have to do?—I'll answer my own question. In the first place, endeavour to please your sovereign lord and master: and let me tell you, any other woman in England, be her quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, To receive and pay visits, in order, for his credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, you will have time upon your hands (as your monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a brazen face as he has been) to write to me, in the manner I have mentioned, and expect; and I see plainly, by your style, that nothing can be easier for you, than to do this.

And thus, and with reading, may your time be filled up with reputation to yourself, and delight to others, till a fourth employment puts itself upon you; and that is, (shall I tell you in one word, without mincing the matter,) a succession of brave boys, to perpetuate a family that has for many hundred years been esteemed worthy and eminent, and which being now reduced, in the direct line, to him and me, *expects* it from you; or else, let me tell you, (nor will I baulk it,) my brother, by descending to the wholesome cot—Excuse me, Pamela,—will want one apology for his conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more—but to let you know what is expected from you, and to encourage you in the prospect that is already opening to you both, and to me, who have the welfare of the family I sprung from so much at heart, although I know this will be attended with some anxieties to a mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as yours seems to be.

O but this puts me in mind of your solicitude for fear

the gentlemen should have seen every thing contained in your letters—But this I will particularly speak to in a third letter, having filled my paper on all sides: And am, till then,

Yours, &c.

B. DAVERS.

You see, and I hope will take it as a favour, that I break the ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected correspondence between us.

LETTER X.

FROM THE SAME.

And so, Pamela, you are very solicitous to know, if the gentlemen have seen every part of your papers? I can't say but they have: Nor, except in regard to the reputation of your saucy man, do I see why the parts you hint at might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shewn.

I can tell you, Lady Betty, who is a very nice and delicate lady, had no objection to any part, though read before men: only now and then crying out—O the vile man!—See, Lord Davers, what wretches you men are!—And, commiserating you, Ah! the poor Pamela!—And expressing her impatience to hear on, how you escaped at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your escape. And now and then, O Lady Davers, what a vile brother you have!—I hate him perfectly.—The poor girl cannot be made amends for all this, though he has married her. Who,

that knows these things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his advantages of person, mind and fortune?—And such like expressions in your praise, and condemning him, and his wicked attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every tittle of your danger; how near you were to ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any measures to effect his vile purposes, even daring to attempt you in the presence of a *good* woman, which was a wickedness that every *wicked* man could not be guilty of; I say, except one had known these things, one should not have been able to judge of the merit of your resistance, and how shocking those attempts were to your virtue, insomuch that life itself was endangered by them: Nor, let me tell you, could I, in particular, have so well justified him for marrying you, (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty temper of mind,) if there had been room to think he could have had you upon easier terms.

It was necessary, child, on twenty accounts, that we, your and his well-wishers and relations, should know that he had tried every stratagem, and made use of every contrivance, to subdue you to his purpose, before he married you: And how would it have answered to his intrepid character, and pride of heart, had we not been particularly let into the nature of those attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all, that you have deserved the good fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful treatment he can possibly shew you?

Nor ought you to be concerned who sees any the most tender parts of your story, except, as I said, for *his* sake: for it must be a very unvirtuous mind, that can form any other ideas from what you relate, than those of terror and

pity for you. Your expressions are too delicate to give the nicest ear offence, except at him.—You paint no scenes but such as make his wickedness odious; and that gentleman, much more lady, must have a very corrupt heart, who could, from such circumstances of distress, make any reflections, but what should be to your honour, and in abhorrence of such actions. Indeed, child, I am so convinced of this, that by this rule I would judge of any man's heart in the world, better than by a thousand declarations and protestations. I do assure you, rakish as Jackey is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord Davers has formerly lived, (for he has been a man of pleasure,) they gave me, by their behaviour on these tenderer occasions, reason to think they had more virtue, than not to be very apprehensive for your safety; and my lord several times exclaimed, That he could not have thought his brother such a libertine neither.

Besides, child, were not these things written in confidence to your mother? And bad as his actions were to you, if you had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been room for any one, who should have seen what you wrote, to imagine they had been still worse? —And how could the terror be supposed to have had such effects upon you, as to endanger your life, without imagining you had undergone the worst that a vile man *could* offer, unless you had told us, what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a bound, as it were, to one's apprehensive imaginations of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your purity, though you could not help it.

Moreover, Pamela, it was but doing justice to the libertine himself to tell your mother the whole truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but that he

could stop short of the execution of his wicked purposes, which he apprehended, if pursued, would destroy the life, that, of all lives, he would choose to preserve; and you owed also thus much to your parents peace of mind, that, after all their distracting fears for you, they might see they had reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated daughter. And one cannot but reflect, now all is over, and he has made you his wife, that it must be a satisfaction to the wicked man, as well as to yourself, that he was not more guilty than he *was*, and that he took no more liberties than he *did*.

For my own part, I must say, that I could not have accounted for your fits, by any descriptions short of those you give? and had you been less particular in the circumstances, I should have judged he had been still *worse*, and your person, though not your mind, less pure, than his pride would expect from the woman he should marry; for this is the case of all rakes, that though they indulge in all manner of libertinism themselves, there is no class of men who exact greater delicacy than they, from the persons they marry; though they care not how bad they make the wives, the sisters, and daughters of others.

I have run into length again; so will only add, (and send all my three letters together,) that we all blame you in some degree for bearing the wicked Jewkes in your sight, after the most impudent assistance she gave to his lewd attempt; much less, we think, ought you to have left her in her place, and rewarded her: for her vileness could hardly be equalled by the worst actions of the most abandoned procuress.

I know the difficulties you labour under, in his arbitrary will, and in his intercession for her: but Lady Betty rightly observes, that he knew what a vile woman she was, when

he put you into her power, and no doubt employed her, because he was sure she would answer all his purposes; and that therefore she should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there, and in having her put upon a foot in the present, on your nuptials, with honest Jervis.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have had *one* struggle for her dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your virtue, must have thought this a natural consequence of it, if he was in earnest to reclaim.

I know not whether you shew him all I write, or not: but I have written this last part in the cover, as well for want of room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please. Though, if you think it will serve any good end, I am not against shewing to him all I write. For I must ever speak my mind, though I were to smart for it: and that nobody can, or has the heart to make me do, but my bold brother. So, Pamela, for this time, adieu.

LETTER XI.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY GOOD LADY,

I AM honoured with your ladyship's three letters, the contents of which are highly obliging to me: and I should be inexcusable if I did not comply with your injunctions, and be very proud and thankful for your ladyship's condescension in accepting of my poor scribble, and promis-

ing me such a rich and invaluable return; of which you have given me already such ample and such delightful instances. I will not plead my defects, to excuse my obedience. I only fear, that the awe which will be always upon me, when I write to your ladyship, will lay me under so great a restraint, that I shall fall short even of the merit my papers have already made for me, through your kind indulgence. But, nevertheless, sheltering myself under your goodness, I will cheerfully comply with every thing your ladyship expects from me, that is in my power to do.

You will give me leave, madam, to put into some little method, the particulars of what you desire of me, that I may speak to them all: for, since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my papers, (which indeed would not bear in many places,) I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my readiness to obey you in every thing else.

First, then, your ladyship would have the particulars of the happy fortnight we passed in Kent, on one of the most agreeable occasions that could befall me.

Secondly; an account of the manner in which your dear brother acquainted me with the affecting story of Miss Godfrey, and my behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your ladyship, and Lady Betty, expect that I should say something upon your welcome remarks on my conduct towards Mrs. Jewkes.

The other particulars contained in your ladyship's kind letters will naturally fall under one or other of these three heads—But expect not, my lady, though I begin in method thus, that I shall keep up to it. If your ladyship will not allow for me, and keep in view the poor Pamela Andrews in all I write, but will have Mrs. B—— in your eye, what

will become of me?—But, indeed, I promise myself so much improvement from this correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled awe and diffidence that will accompany me, in every part of the agreeable task.

To begin with the first article:

Your dear brother and my honest parents—(I know your ladyship will expect from me, that on all occasions I should speak of them with the duty that becomes a good child)—I say, then, your dear brother, and they, and myself, set out on the Monday morning for Kent, passing through St. Albans to London, at both which places we stopped a night: for our dear benefactor would make us take easy journeys; and on Wednesday evening we arrived at the sweet place allotted for the good couple. We were attended only by Abraham and John, on horseback; for Mr. Colbrand, having sprained his foot, was in the travelling coach with the cook, the house-maid, and Polly Barlow, a genteel new servant, whom Mrs. Brooks recommended to wait on me.

Mr. Longman had been down there for a fortnight, employed in settling the terms of an additional purchase to this pretty well-wooded and well-watered estate; and the account he gave of his proceedings was very satisfactory to his honoured principal. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the tenants from pursuing a formed resolution of meeting their landlord on horseback, at some miles distance; for he had informed them when he expected us: but knowing how desirous Mr. B—— was of being retired while he staid here this time, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was settled, and the new pur-

chase actually entered upon, they would have his presence among them now-and-then; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy landlord, before we left the country.

The house is large and very commodious; and we found every thing about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; which was owing to the worthy Mr. Longman's care and direction. The ground is well stocked, the barns and out-houses in excellent repair; and my poor father and mother have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the goodness we experience from the bountiful mind of your good brother.

But indeed, madam, I have the pleasure of discovering every day more and more, that there is not a better disposed, and more generous man in the world, than himself; insomuch, that I verily think he has not been so careful to conceal his *bad* actions as his *good* ones. His heart is naturally beneficent, and his beneficence is the gift of God to him for the most excellent purposes, as I have often been so free as to tell him.—Pardon me, my dear lady: I wish I may not be impertinently grave; but I find a great many instances of his considerate charity, which hardly any body knew of, and which, since I have been his almoner, could not avoid coming to my knowledge.—But this, possibly, is no news to your ladyship. Every body knows the generous goodness of your *own* heart: every one that wanted relief tasted the bounty of your excellent *mother*, my late honoured lady: so that it is a *family grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to *you*, madam.

This cannot, my dear lady, I hope, be construed as if I would hereby suppose ourselves less obliged. Indeed I know nothing so godlike in human nature as this disposition to do good to our fellow-creatures; for is it not fol-

lowing immediately the example of that gracious Providence which every minute is conferring blessings upon us all, and by giving power to the rich, makes them but the dispensers of its benefits to those that want them? But yet, as there are but too many objects of compassion, and as the most beneficent mind in the world cannot, like Omnipotence, do good to all, how much are they obliged who are distinguished from others! And this, kept in mind, will always contribute to make the benefited receive, as thankfully as they *ought*, the favours of the obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood in all I mean; but my grateful heart is so over-filled when it is employed on this subject, that methinks I want to say a great deal more, at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much.—Yet, perhaps, the copies of the letters I here enclose to your ladyship, (that marked [I.] written by me to my father and mother, on our return hither from Kent; that marked [II.] from my dear father, in answer to it, and that marked [III.] mine in reply to his*) will (at the same time that they may convince your ladyship, that I will conceal nothing from you in the course of this correspondence, that may in the least amuse and divert you, or that may better explain our grateful sentiments) in a great measure answer what your ladyship expects from me, as to the happy fortnight we passed in Kent.

And here I will conclude this letter, choosing to suspend the correspondence, till I know from your ladyship, whether it will not be too low, too idle for your attention; whether you will not dispense with your own commands for my writing to you when you see I am so little likely to

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* See Letters I. II. III. of this Volume.

answer what you may possibly expect from me; or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other way, be less tedious, less serious—in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my power, your ladyship may command from, madam,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

P. B———.

Your dearest brother, from whose knowledge I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable portion of my time, gives me leave to proceed in this correspondence, if you command it: and is pleased to say, He will content himself to see such parts of it, and *only* such parts, as I shall shew him, or read to him—Is not this very good, madam?—O, my lady, you don't know how happy I am!

LETTER XII.

LADY DAVERS, TO MRS. B———.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

You very much oblige me by your cheerful compliance with my request. I leave it entirely to you to write in what manner you please, and as you shall be in the humour to write, when you take up your pen; for then I shall have you write with less restraint: for, you must know, that what we admire in *you*, are truth and nature, and not studied or elaborate epistles. We can hear at church, or we

can read in our closets, fifty good things, that we expect not from you; but we cannot receive from any body else the pleasure of sentiments flowing with that artless ease, which so much affects us when we read your letters. Then, my sweet girl, your gratitude, your prudence, your integrity of heart, your humility, shine so much in all your letters and thoughts, that no wonder my brother loves you as he does.

But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by praise ruin those graces which we admire; and, but for that, cannot praise you too much.—In my conscience, if thou canst hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have him *all to thyself*; and that was once more than I thought any woman, on this side the seventieth year of his age, would ever be able to say. The letters to and from your parents we are charmed with; and the communicating of them to me, I take to be as great an instance of your confidence in me, as it is of your judgment and prudence; for you cannot but think that we, his relations, are a little watchful over your conduct, and have our eyes upon you, to observe what use you are likely to make of the power you have over your man, with respect to your own relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled prudence, and you take the right method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your parents; because their honesty will, I perceive, be their distinguishing character; and they will not forget themselves, nor their former condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were to be an *encroacher*, as the good old man calls it, my brother would be one of the first to see it, and he would gradually think less and less of you, till possibly he might come to

despise you, and to repent of his choice: for the least shadow of an imposition, or low cunning, or mean selfishness, he cannot bear.

In short, you are a charming girl; and Lady Betty says so too; and, moreover, adds, that if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of husbands, he cannot deserve you, for all his fortune and birth.—And, in my heart, I begin to think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the sequel of your letter to your father? For you promise, my dear charming scribbler, in that you sent to me, to write again to his letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter part of it, about your relations desiring already to come and live with him. I know what I *expect* from you. But let it be what it will, send it to me exactly as you wrote it; and I shall see whether I have reason to praise or to reprove you. For surely, Pamela, you must leave one room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more prudence, by nature, as it were, than the best of us get in a course of the genteelest education, and with fifty advantages, at least in conversation, that *you* could not have, by reason of my mother's retired life, while you were with her, and your close attendance on her person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great improvement to you: It is your own writings. This itch of scribbling has been a charming help to you. For here, having a natural fund of good sense, and prudence above your years, you have, with the observations these have enabled you to make, been flint and steel too, as I may say, to yourself: So that you have struck *fire* when you pleased, wanting nothing but a few dried leaves, like the first pair, in old

Du Bartas, to serve as tinder to catch your animating sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, and enjoying besides the benefit of a good memory, every thing you heard or read became your own; and not only so, but was improved by passing through more salubrious ducts and vehicles; like some fine fruit grafted upon a common free-stock, whose more exuberant juices serve to bring to quicker and greater perfection the downy peach, or the smooth nectarine, with its crimson blush.

Really, Pamela, I believe I too shall improve by writing to you—Why, you dear saucy-face! at this rate, you'll make every one that converses with you, better, and wiser, and *wittier* too, as far as I know, than they ever before thought there was *room* for them to be.

As to my own part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your correspondence will possibly revive the poetical ideas that used to fire my mind, before I entered into the drowsy married life; for my good Lord Davers's turn happens not to be to books; and so, by degrees, my imagination was in a manner quenched; and I, as a dutiful wife should, endeavoured to form my taste by that of the man I chose.

But after all, Pamela, you are not to be a little proud (I can tell you that) of my correspondence; and I could not have thought it ever would have come to this: But you'll have the penetration to observe, that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without restraint: for already you have made us a family of writers and readers; so that Lord Davers himself is become enamoured of your letters, and desires, of all things, he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, Jackey, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless,

whistling, sauntering fellow you ever knew, and whose delight in a book ran no higher than a song or a catch, now comes in with an inquiring face, and vows he'll set pen to paper, and turn letter-writer himself; and intends (if my brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an answer.

I have twenty things still to say; for you have unlocked all our bosoms. And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen lines when I began;—only to tell you, that I would have you take your own way, in your subjects, and in your style.—And if you will but give me hope that you are in the way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate sister; but, till then, it shall only barely be

Your correspondent,

B. DAVERS.

You'll proceed with the account of your Kentish affair, I doubt not.

LETTER XIII.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,

WHAT kind, what generous things are you pleased to say of your happy correspondent! And what reason have I to value myself on such an advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought, from a correspondence with so noble and so admired a lady! I wish I be not now proud indeed!—To be praised by such a

genius, and my honoured benefactor's worthy sister, whose favour, next to his, it was always my chief ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill with vanity a steadier, and a more equal mind, than mine.

I have heard from my late honoured lady, what a fine pen her beloved daughter was mistress of, when she pleased to take it up. But I never could have had the presumption, but from your ladyship's own motion, to hope to be in any manner the subject of it, much less to be called your correspondent.

Indeed, madam, I *am* proud, very proud of this honour, and consider it as such a heightening to my pleasures, as only *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your ladyship without reserve.

But permit me, in the first place, to disclaim any merit, from my own poor writings, to that improvement which your goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast, of that sort, is owing principally, if it deserves commendation, to my late excellent lady.

It is hardly to be imagined what pains her ladyship took with her poor servant. Besides making me keep a book of her charities, dispensed by my hands, she caused me always to set down in my way, the cases of the distressed, their griefs from their misfortunes, and their joys in her bountiful relief; and so I was entered early into the various turns that affected worthy hearts, and was taught the better to regulate my own, especially by the help of the fine observations which my good lady used to make to me, when I read to her what I wrote. For many a time has her generous heart overflowed with pleasure at my remarks, and with praises; and I was her good girl, her dear Pamela, her hopeful maiden; and she would sometimes snatch my hand with transport, and draw me to her, and

vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying, what she would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to be deserving.

O my dear lady! you cannot think what an encouragement this condescending behaviour and goodness was to me. Indeed, madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her feet, and embrace her knees; and, my eyes streaming with tears of joy, would often cry, O continue to me, my dearest lady, the blessing of your favour, and kind instructions, and it is all your happy, happy Pamela, can wish for!

But I will proceed to obey your ladyship, and write with as much freedom as I possibly *can:* for you must not expect that I can entirely divest myself of that awe which will necessarily lay me under a greater restraint, than if I was writing to my father and mother, whose partiality for their daughter made me, in a manner, secure of their good opinions.

And now, that I may shorten the work before me, in the account I am to give of the sweet fortnight that we passed in Kent, I enclose not only the copy of the letter your ladyship desired me to send you, but my father's answer to it, which, with those you have already, will set before your ladyship all you want to see in relation to the desire some of my kindred have to live with my father, and my own opinion on the occasion. And I am humbly confident you will join in sentiment with me: for persons are less doubtful of approbation when their minds are incapable of dark reserves, or such views as they would be afraid should be detected by any watchful observer of their conduct: And your ladyship gives me double pleasure, that you are pleased to have an eye upon mine; first, Because I hope it will be such as will generally bear the strictest scrutiny;

and next, because, when my actions fall short of my intentions, I presume to hope your ladyship will be as kind a monitor to me, as you are a correspondent; and then I shall have an opportunity to correct myself, and be, as near as my slender talents will permit, what your ladyship would have me to be.

As the letters I sent before, and those I now send, will let your ladyship into several particulars; such as a brief description of the house and farm, and your honoured brother's intentions of retiring thither now and then; of the happiness and gratitude of my dear parents, and their wishes to be able to deserve the comforts his goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest: and particularly,

That the behaviour of my dear benefactor to me, to my parents, to Mr. Longman, and to the tenants, was one continued series of benignity and condescension. He endeavoured, in every kind and generous way, to encourage the good couple to be free and cheerful with him; and seeing them unable to get over that awe and respect, which they owe him above all mankind, and which they sought to pay him on all occasions, he would take their hands, and more than once called them by the nearest and dearest names of relationship, as if they were his own parents; and I believe would have distinguished them oftener in this manner, but that he saw them too much affected with his goodness to bear the honour (as my dear father says in his first letter) with *equalness of temper;* and he seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before strangers, and before the tenants, and before Mr. Sorby, and Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Shepherd, three of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood,

who with their ladies came to visit us, and whose visits we *all* returned; for your dear brother would not permit my father and mother to decline the invitation of those worthy families.

Judge you, my dear lady, with what a joy these kind distinctions, and his sweet behaviour, must fill their honest hearts. Judge of my grateful sentiments and acknowledgments of these hourly instances of his goodness; and judge of the respect with which this must inspire every one for the good couple. And when once Mrs. Bennet had like to have said something of their former condition, which she would have recalled in some confusion, and when she could not, apologized for it, the dear gentleman said—All is well, Mrs. Bennet: No apologies are necessary: And to shew you they are not, I'll tell you myself what you cannot have heard so particularly from others, and which were I to endeavour to conceal, would be a piece of pride as stupid as despicable. So, in a concise manner, he gave them an account of my story, so much to my advantage, and so little to his own, in the ingenuous relation of his attempts upon me, that you can't imagine, madam, how much the gentry were affected by it; and how much, in particular, they applauded him for the generosity of his actions to me, and to my dear parents. And your ladyship will permit me to observe, that since the matter is circumstanced as it is, policy, as well as nobleness of mind, obliged him to this frankness and acknowledgment; for having said *worse* of himself, and as *mean* of my parents fortunes, as any one could think, what remained for the hearers but to *applaud*, when he had left them no room to *reproach*, not so much as in thought?

Every day we rode out, or walked a little about the grounds; and while we were there, he employed hands to

cut a vista through a coppice, as they call it, or rather a little wood, to a rising ground, which fronting an old-fashioned balcony in the middle of the house, he ordered it to be planted like a grove, and a pretty alcove to be erected on its summit, of which he has sent them a draught, drawn by his own hand. And this, and a few other alterations, mentioned in my letter to my father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear gentleman was every hour pressing me, while there, to take one diversion or other, frequently upbraiding me, that I seemed not to choose any thing; urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to choose for me: saying, He was half afraid, that my constant compliance with every thing he proposed, laid me sometimes under a restraint; and he would have me have a will of my own, since it was impossible, that it could be such as he should not take a delight in conforming to it.

But when (as I told him) his goodness to me made him rather study what would oblige me than himself, even to the prevention of all my wishes, how was it possible for me not to receive with pleasure and gratitude every intimation from him, in such a manner as that, though it might seem to be the effect of an implicit obedience to his will, yet was it (nor could it be otherwise) entirely agreeable to my own?

I will not trouble your ladyship with any further particulars relating to this happy fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded days, to the very last; and your ladyship will judge better than I can describe, what a parting there was between my dear parents, and their honoured benefactor and me.

We set out, attended with the good wishes of crowds of persons of all degrees; for your dear brother left behind him noble instances of his bounty; it being the *first* time, as he bid Mr. Longman say, that he had been down among them since that estate had been in his hands.

But permit me, madam, to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy period, to thank God in private, for the blessed terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which formerly were tendered to me; for your ladyship will remember, that the Kentish estate was to be part of the purchase of my infamy.*

We returned through London again, by the like easy journeys, but tarried not to see any thing of that vast metropolis, any more than we did in going through it before; your beloved brother only stopping at his banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome house, which he purposes to take for his winter residence. He chooses it to be about the new buildings called Hanover Square; and he left Mr. Longman there to see one, which his banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear good lady, I have answered your first commands, by the help of the letters which passed between my dear parents and me; and conclude this, with the assurance that I am, with high respect,

Your ladyship's most obliged

And faithful servant,

P. B——.

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† See Vol. I. p. 256.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAREST LADY,

I NOW set myself to obey your ladyship's second command; which is, to give an account in what manner your dear brother broke to me the affair of the unfortunate Miss Godfrey, with my behaviour upon it: And this I cannot do better, than by transcribing the relation I gave at the time, in letters to my dear parents, which your ladyship has not seen, in these very words.

[See Vol. II. p. 358, beginning My dear Mr. B——, down to p. 373.]

Thus far, my dear lady, the relation I gave to my parents, at the time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy affair.

It is a great pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself, from the hints you kindly give me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, madam, I could not help it; for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy lady; and though I could not but rejoice, that I had had the grace to escape the dangerous attempts of the dear intriguer, yet never did the story of any unfortunate lady make such an impression upon me, as hers did. She loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous advantages of her soft passion for him; and so, by degrees, put herself into his power; and too seldom, alas! have the noblest-minded of the seducing sex the mercy or the goodness to spare the poor creatures that do!

—And then this love, to be sure, is a sad thing, when once it is suffered to reign:—A perfect tyrant!—requiring an unconditional obedience to its arbitrary dictates, and deeming every instance of discretion and prudence, and virtue itself, too often, but as so many acts of rebellion to its usurped authority.

And then, how do even blemishes become perfections in those we love! Crimes themselves too often, to inconsiderate minds, appear but as human failings; and human failings are a *common cause*, and every frail person excuses them for his or her own sake.

Then 'tis another misfortune of people in love; they always think highly of the beloved object, and lowly of themselves: such a dismal mortifier is love!

I say not this, madam, to excuse the poor lady's fall: Nothing can do that; because virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all considerations, and to life itself.—But, methinks, I love this dear lady so well for the sake of her edifying penitence, that I would fain extenuate her crime, if I could; and the rather, as, in all probability, it was a *first love* on *both* sides; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* deceiver.

Your ladyship will see, by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss Goodwin. And I am so fond of the little charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy mother, though personally unknown to me, as for the relation she bears to the dear gentleman, whom I am bound to love and honour, that I must beg your ladyship's interest to procure her to be given up to my care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly as if I was her own mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaulty baby is so justly beloved by Mr. B——.

But I will here conclude this letter, with assuring your ladyship, that I am

Your obliged and humble servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XV.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY GOOD LADY,

I NOW come to your ladyship's remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes; which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving, considering the poor woman's baseness.

Your ladyship says, 'That I ought not to have borne 'her in my sight, after the impudent assistance she gave 'to his lewd attempts; much less to have left her in her 'place, and rewarded her.' Alas! my dear lady, what could I do? a poor prisoner, as I was made, for weeks together, in breach of all the laws of civil society; without a soul who durst be my friend; and every day expecting to be ruined and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determined spirits in the world!—And when it pleased God to turn his heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked attempts, and to profess honourable love to me, his poor servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon conditions with such a gentleman, who had me in his power; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoyed, after all my dangers past, (which were so great, that I could not go to rest, nor rise, but with such apprehensions, that I wished for death

rather than life,) to think of refusing any terms that I could yield to, and keep my honour.

And though such noble ladies, as your ladyship and Lady Betty, who are born to independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a foot with the highest descended gentleman in the land, might have exerted a spirit, and would have had a right to have chosen your own servants, and to have distributed rewards and punishments to the deserving and undeserving, at your own good pleasure; yet what had I, a poor girl, who owed even my title to common notice, to the bounty of my late good lady, and had only a kind of imputed sightliness of person, though enough to make me the subject of vile attempts; who, from a situation of terror and apprehension, was lifted up to an hope beyond my highest ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad woman, as an instance that I could forgive his own hard usage of me; who had experienced so often the violence and impetuosity of his temper, which even his beloved mother never ventured to oppose, till it began to subside; and then, indeed, he was all goodness and acknowledgment; of which I could give your ladyship more than one instance.

What, I say, had I to do, to take upon me lady-airs, and resent?

But, my dear ladies, (let me, in this instance, bespeak the attention of you both,) I should be inexcusable, if I did not tell you all the truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor wretch, in regard to *his commands*, but from *my own inclination* also.

If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your ladyships; and, as I pretend not to perfection, am ready to take the blame I shall be found to deserve in your ladyships judgments: But, indeed, were it to do again, I verily

think I could not help forgiving her. And were I not able to say this, I should be thought to have made a mean court to my master's passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my eyes open: which, I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When full power was given me over this poor creature, (seemingly at least, though it might possibly have been resumed, and I might have been recommitted to hers, had I given him reason to think I made an arrogant use of it,) you cannot imagine what a triumph I had in my mind over the mortified guilt, which (from the highest degree of insolence and imperiousness, that before had hardened her masculine features,) appeared in her countenance, when she found the tables likely to be soon turned upon her.

This change of behaviour, which at first discovered itself in a sullen awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent respect, shewed me what an influence power had over her; and that when she could treat her late prisoner, when taken into favour, so obsequiously, it was the less wonder the bad woman could think it her duty to obey commands so unjust, when her obedience to them was required from her master.

To be sure, if a look could have killed her, after some of her bad treatment, she had been slain over and over, as I may say. But to me, who was always taught to distinguish between the person and the action, I could not hold my resentment against the poor passive machine of mischief, one day together, though her actions were so odious to me.

I should indeed except that time of my grand trial, when she appeared so much a wretch to me, that I saw her not (even after* two days that she was kept from me)

* See Vol. I. p. 278.

without great flutter and emotion of heart; and I had represented to your brother before, how hard a condition it was for me to forgive so much unwomanly wickedness.*

But, my dear ladies, when I considered the matter in *one* particular light, I could the more easily forgive her; and *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my sight*, and act by her (as a consequence of that forgiveness) as if she had not so horribly offended.—Else, how would it have been forgiveness? Especially as she was ashamed of her crime, and there was no fear of her repeating it.

Thus then I thought on the occasion: Poor wretched agent, for purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* master and *my* master will have it so. And indeed thou art beneath the resentment even of such a poor girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject as thou art. And she who is the object of my *pity*, is surely beneath my *anger*. My eye, that used to quiver and tremble at thy haughty eye, shall now, with conscious worthiness, take a superior steadiness, and look down thy scouling guilty one into self-condemnation, the state thou couldst never cast mine into, nor from it will be able to raise thine own! Bear the reproach of thine own wicked heart, low, vile woman, unworthy as thou art of the name, and chosen, as it should seem, for a foil to the innocent, and to make purity shine forth the brighter, the *only* good use such wretches as thou can be of to others (except for examples of penitence and mercy). This will be punishment enough for thee, without my exposing myself to the imputation of descending so near to a level with thee, as to resent thy baseness, when thou hast no power to hurt me!

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* See Vol. I. p. 280.

Such were then my thoughts, my proud thoughts; so far was I from being guilty of *intentional* meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B——'s interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject, *self*-mortified and *master*-mortified, Mrs. Jewkes!

And do you think, ladies, when you revolve in your thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I had been *designed* for; when you revolve the amazing turn in my favour, and the prospects before me, (prospects so much above my hopes, that I left them entirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those prospects seemed naturally to tend;) when I could see my haughty persecutor become my repentant protector; the lofty spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without awe, except in those animating cases, where his guilty attempts and the concern I had to preserve my innocence, gave a courage more than natural to my otherwise dastardly heart. When this impetuous spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low character of his servant, who was his prisoner, under sentence of a ruin worse than death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very purpose; could stoop to acknowledge the vileness of that purpose; could say, at one time, 'That 'my forgiveness of Mrs. Jewkes should stand me in 'greater stead than I was aware of.' Could tell her, before me, 'That she must for the future shew me all the 'respect that was due to one he must love:'* At another, acknowledge before her, 'That he had been stark naught,

* See Vol. I. p. 281.

'and that I was very forgiving.'* Again, to Mrs. Jewkes, putting himself on a level with her, as to guilt, 'We are both in generous hands: and, indeed, if Pamela 'did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave 'me, because you acted by my instructions.'† Another time to the same, 'We have been both sinners, and must 'be both included in one act of grace.'‡

When, I say, I was thus lifted up to the state of a sovereign forgiver, and my lordly master became a petitioner for himself, and for the guilty creature, whom he put under my feet; what a triumph was here for the poor Pamela! And could I have been guilty of so mean a pride, as to trample upon the poor abject creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortified, and wholly in my power? For so she seemed actually to be, while I really thought so: And would it have been good manners with regard to my master, or policy with respect to myself, to doubt it, after he had so declared?

Then, my dear ladies, while I was enjoying the soul-charming fruits of that innocence, which the divine grace had enabled me to preserve, in spite of so many plots and contrivances on my *master's* side, and such wicked instigations and assistances on hers, and all my prospects were improving upon me beyond my wishes; when all was sunshine, unclouded sunshine, and I possessed my mind in peace, and had nothing to do but to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my unworthiness; when I saw, as I said above, my persecutor become my protector; my active enemy, no longer my enemy, but

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* See Vol. II. p. 75. † Ibid. p. 76. ‡ Ibid. p. 165.

creeping with slow, doubtful feet, and speaking to me, with awful hesitating doubt of my acceptance; a stamp of an insolent foot, now turned into courtesying half-bent knees; threatening hands into supplicating folds; and the eye unpitying to innocence, running over with the sense of her own guilt; a faltering accent on her late menacing tongue, and uplifted handkerchief—'I see she will be my 'lady: and then I know how it will go with me.'*—Was not this, my ladies, a triumph of triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted Pamela?—Could I do less than pardon her? And having declared, that I did so, was I not to shew the sincerity of my declaration?

Indeed, indeed, my dear good ladies, I found such a subject for exultation in this providential change of my condition, that I had much ado to subdue my rising pride, and thought there was more danger of being lifted up, (every moment, to see such improving contrition on the poor creature's part,) than to be supposed guilty of a meanness of heart, in *stooping* (yes, madam, that was then the proudly proper word, in the elevation wherein I found myself) to forgive her!—And, what!—should I not forgive a creature for that very baseness, which, happily withstood, had so largely contributed to exalt me? Indeed, my dear good ladies, permit me to repeat, I could not choose but to forgive her!—How could I?—And would it not have been out of character in me, and against all expectation of my high-soul'd (though sometimes, as in my case, for a great while together, meanly acting) master, if I had not?

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* See Vol. I, p. 287.

Would it not have shewn him, that the low-born Pamela was incapable of a generous action, had she refused the *only* request her humble condition had given her the opportunity of granting, at that time, with innocence? Would he not have thought the humble cottager as capable of insolence, and vengeance too, in her turn, as the better born? and that she wanted but the power, to shew the like unrelenting temper, by which she had so grievously suffered?—And might not this have given him room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept mistress, than an humble and obliged wife?

I see (might he not have said?) the girl has strong passions and resentments; and she that has, will be *actuated*, and sometimes governed, by them.—I will improve upon the hint she herself has now given me, by her inexorable temper.—I will gratify her revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her pride, till I make it administer to her fall: For a wife I cannot think of, in the low-born cottager; especially when she has lurking in her all the pride and arrogance (you know, my ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our sex) of the better descended.—And by a little perseverance, and watching her unguarded hours, and applying temptations to her passions, I shall first discover them, and then make my advantage of them.

Might not this have been the language, and this the resolution, of such a dear wicked intriguer?—For, my lady, you can hardly conceive the struggles he apparently had to bring down his high spirit to so humble a level. And though, I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* case, ineffectual, through divine grace, yet how do I know what lurking vileness might have appeared by de-

grees in this frail heart, to have encouraged his designs, and to have augmented my trials and my dangers? And, perhaps, downright violence might have been used, if he could not, on one hand, have subdued his passions, nor, on the other, have overcome his pride. A pride, that every one, reflecting upon the disparity of birth and condition between us, would have dignified with the name of *decency;* a pride that was become such an essential part of the dear gentleman's character, in this instance of a wife, that although he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small motive in his choosing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more humility, more submission, than he thought he had reason to flatter himself would be paid him by a lady equally born and educated. And of this I will send your ladyship an instance, in a transcription from that part of my journal* you have not seen, of his lessons to me, on the occasion your ladyship so well remembers, of my incurring his displeasure by interposing between yourself and him † in your misunderstanding at the Hall: For, madam, I intend to send, at times, any thing I think worthy of your ladyship's attention, out of those papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in the lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such judges.

Thus, could your ladyship have thought it?—have I ventured upon a strange paradox, that even this strongest instance of his debasing himself, is not the weakest of his pride; and he ventured once, at Sir Simon Darnford's, to say, in your ladyship's hearing, as you may remember,

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* See Vol. II. p. 310, et seq. † Ibid. p. 315.

that, in his conscience, he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable husband to any body but Pamela.* And why? For the reasons you will see in the enclosed papers, which give an account of the noblest and earliest curtain-lecture that ever girl had: One of which is, That he expects to be *borne* with, (*complied* with, he meant,) even when in the wrong: Another, That a wife should never so much as expostulate with him, though he *was* in the wrong, till, by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shewn him, she designed rather to convince him for his *own* sake than for *contradiction's* sake: And then, another time, perhaps he might take better resolutions.†

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your ladyship, and to Lady Betty too, that I am justified; or at least excused, in pardoning Mrs. Jewkes: And I have yet another reason behind for doing so, had she been as absolutely in my power, as the wish of the most resenting person in the world could have made her; and that is, the hope I had, that the poor creature, by being continued in a family where the gentleman gave hopes of so desirable a reformation, and where the example of the person he was about to honour in so eminent a degree, beyond all that could have been hoped for by her a few days before, might possibly contribute to make her change her manner of thinking, as well as acting.

I looked upon the poor wretch, in all her deportment to me, in my days of trial, as one devoted to perdition; as one who had no regard to a future state; but while she could live in ease and plenty for a poor remainder of

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* See Vol. II. p. 309. † Ibid. p. 316.

years, cared not what she did, and was ready to undertake any thing which persons of power and riches would put her upon; and who, were she to be turned off disgracefully, at my desire, besides that I should thereby shew myself to be of an implacable spirit, might have been entertained by some profligate persons, to whose baseness such a woman might be useful; and that then her power to do mischief would have been augmented, and she would have gone on more successfully to do the devil's work, and several innocent creatures might have been entangled, like so many thoughtless flies, in the ensnaring web of this venomous-hearted spider, which I had so happily escaped. Is it not better then, thought I, if I can imprint *conviction* upon the poor wretch, whom its hopeful forerunner, *shame*, had already taken hold of, and add the delightful hope of mischiefs prevented, to that of a soul reclaimed? And may not I, who have been so hardly used by her, for *that* very reason, have more influence upon her than any other person, even the best of divines, could have?

Nay, would not this behaviour of mine very probably operate on a much higher and nobler subject, her dear naughty master, and let *him* see the force and amiableness of conquering one's self? that there must be something in that duty, which could make so young a creature regard it, in an instance so difficult to some minds, (and especially to the passionate and high-born,) that of forgiving injuries, where there is a power to revenge, and of returning good for evil.

And then, when no sullen behaviour to the poor wretch, on my side took place; no distant airs were affected, no angry brow put on, nor sharpness of speech used, towards one who might expect all these from me; would it not shew him, that I was sincere in my forgiveness? That I

was not able to bear malice? Was a stranger to revenge? Had truly that softness of nature, and placableness of disposition, which he holds to be the greatest merit in our sex; and which, I dare say your ladyship will join with me in opinion, is indispensably necessary to the happy life of the person who is his wife?

Then I have no notion of that slight distinction I have so often heard between *forgive* and *forget*, when persons have a mind to split hairs, and to distinguish away their christian duties by a word, and say, *I must forgive such an action, but I will never forget it:* when I would rather say, *I will remember such an action, in order for my future guard;* but *I will forgive it as often as I remember it; or else I will try to forget it for ever, if it will occasion a breach in my christian charity.*

I will only add, That I thought it would not be wrong to keep her, as, besides what I have mentioned, it would induce the world to think, that Mr. B—— had not gone such very wicked lengths, as might have been imagined, if she had not been supportable to me in the same house? And who knows, moreover, what she might have reported of both, had she been dismissed?

How then, dearest ladies, if these considerations have any weight, could I act otherwise than I did, either with respect to your honoured brother, myself, or the poor woman? And when I tell your ladyships, that I have all the reason in the world to be pleased with this manner of acting, when I consider the confidence it hath given me with Mr. B—— and (what I was very desirous of) the good effects it hath had upon the woman herself, I dare say, both your ladyships opinions will be in my favour on this head.

But your dear brother has just sent me word, that sup-

per waits for me; and the post being ready to go off, I defer, till the next opportunity, what I have to say as to these good effects; and am, in the mean time,

Your ladyship's most obliged
And faithful servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XVI.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR LADY,

I WILL now acquaint you with the good effects my behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes has had upon her, as a further justification of my conduct towards the poor woman.

Then she began to be affected as I wished; appeared to me, before I left the Hall, not only in the conversations I had with her after my happiness was completed; but in her general demeanour also to the servants, to the neighbours, and in her devout behaviour at church: and this still further appears by a letter I have received from Miss Darnford. I dare say your ladyship will be pleased with the perusal of the whole letter, although a part of it would answer my present design: and in confidence, that you will excuse, for the sake of its other beauties, the high and undeserved praises which she so lavishly bestows upon me, I will transcribe it all.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

'MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR THAT WAS,

'I MUST depend upon your known goodness, to excuse 'me for not writing before now, in answer to your letter 'of compliment to us, for the civilities and favours, as 'you call them, which you received from us in Lincoln-'shire, where we were infinitely more obliged to you, than 'you to us.

'The truth is, my papa has been much disordered with 'a kind of rambling rheumatism, to which the physicians, 'learnedly speaking, give the name of *Arthritica vaga*, or 'the Flying Gout; and when he ails ever so little, (it sig-'nifies nothing concealing his infirmities, where they are 'so well known, and when he cares not who knows them,) 'he is so peevish, and wants so much attendance, that my 'mamma, and her two girls, (one of which is as waspish as 'her papa; you may be sure I don't mean myself,) have 'much ado to make his worship keep the peace: and I 'being his favourite, when he is indisposed, because I have 'most patience, if I may give myself a good word, he calls 'upon me continually to read to him when he is grave, 'which is not often indeed, and to tell him stories and 'sing to him, when he is merry; and so I have been em-'ployed as a principal person about him, till I have fre-'quently become sad, to make him cheerful, and happy 'when I could do it at any rate. For once, in a pet, he 'flung a book at my head, because I had not attended 'him for two hours, and he could not bear to be slighted 'by little bastards, (that was his word,) that were fathered 'upon him for his vexation! O these men! fathers or

'husbands much alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent; so that, between one and t'other, a poor girl has 'nothing for it, but a few weeks courtship, and perhaps 'a first month's bridalry, if that; and then she is as much 'a slave to a husband, as she was a vassal to her father— 'I mean, if the father be a Sir Simon Darnford, and the 'spouse a Mr. B——.

'But I will be a little more grave; for a graver occa'sion calls for it, and yet an occasion that will give you 'real pleasure. It is the very great change that the ex'ample you have left behind you, has had upon your 'housekeeper.

'You desired her to keep up as much regularity as she 'could among the servants there; and she is next to ex'emplary in it, so that she has every one's good word. 'She speaks of her lady not only with respect, but reve'rence; and calls it a blessed day for all the family, and 'particularly for herself, that you came into Lincolnshire. 'She reads prayers, or makes one of the servants read 'them, every Sunday night; and never misses being at 'church, morning and afternoon; and is preparing her'self, by Mr. Peters's advice and direction, for receiving 'the sacrament; which she earnestly longs to receive, and 'says, it will be the seal of her reformation.

'Mr. Peters gives us this account of her, and says she 'is full of contrition for her past mis-spent life, and is often 'asking him, if such and such sins can be forgiven? and 'among them, names her vile behaviour to her angel-lady, 'as she calls you.

'It seems she has written a letter to you, which passed 'Mr. Peters's revisal, before she had the courage to send 'it; and prides herself that you have favoured her with 'an answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will

'be found in a cover of black silk next her heart; for any 'thing from your hand, she is sure, will contribute to 'make her keep her good purposes; and for that reason 'she places it there: and when she has any bad thoughts, 'or is guilty of any faulty word, or passionate expression, 'she recollects her lady's letter, and that recovers her to a 'calm, and puts her again into a better frame.

'As she has written to you, 'tis possible I might have 'spared you the trouble of reading this account of her; 'but yet you will not be displeased that so free a liver 'and speaker should have some testimonial, besides her 'own assurances, to vouch for the sincerity of her re-'formation.

'What a happy lady are you, that persuasion dwells 'upon your tongue, and reformation follows your ex-'ample! We all hear continually of your excellencies. 'Every body is proud of speaking of you, and of having 'something to say of what they observe in you. This 'makes us long more and more to see you here again. 'My papa t'other day said, He wished you'd undertake 'him.

'This is not the least of what is admirable in you, that 'professed rakes and libertines, who take upon themselves 'to ridicule seriousness in every body else, speak of you 'with reverence; and while they attribute pharisaical 'pride, or affectation, or hypocrisy, to other good persons, 'they say, You are a credit to religion, and That adorns 'you, and you That.

'Happy, thrice happy Mrs. B——! May you long 'live the ornament of your sex, and a credit to all your 'acquaintance! Such examples as you set, how are they 'wanted in an age so depraved! I fear not making you 'proud, since praise but puts the worthy upon enlarging

'their deservings: for who, as I heard you once say, can 'sit down easy under imputed commendations they do 'not deserve? If they will not disclaim the praise they 'have not merited, when applied to their conduct, they 'give an earnest, by receiving it, that they will *endeavour* 'to do it, and ought never to rest till they have made 'themselves a title to it.

'Happy Mr. B——! But why say I so? since, with 'more propriety, I may say, Happy every one who sees, 'who knows, who converses with Mrs. B——, not more 'the glory of the humble cot, than the ornament of the 'stately palace!

'If you knew how I love you, you would favour me 'with your presence and conversation, if it was in your 'own power to do so; and then I would rank myself 'among the *happies*, and call myself

'*The happy* POLLY DARNFORD.'

Your ladyship will, as I said, forgive me what may appear like vanity in this communication. Miss Darnford is a charming young lady. I always admired her; but her letters are the sweetest, kindest!—But I am too much the subject of her encomiums, and so will say no more; but add here a copy of the poor woman's letter to me; and your ladyship will see what an ample correspondence you have opened to yourself, if you go on to countenance it.

'HONOURED MADAM,

'I HAVE been long labouring under two difficulties; the 'desire I had to write to you, and the fear of being thought

'presumptuous, if I did. But I will depend on your 'goodness, so often tried; and put pen to paper, in that 'very closet, and on that very desk, which once were so 'much used by your dear self, when I was acting a part, 'that now cuts me to the heart to think of. But you 'forgave me, madam, and shewed me you had too much 'goodness to revoke your forgiveness. And could I have 'silenced the reproaches of my own heart, I should have 'had no cause to think I had ever offended.

'But, oh! madam, how has your goodness to me, 'which once filled me with so much gladness, now, on 'reflection, made me sorrowful, and at times miserable— 'To think I should act so barbarously as I did, by so 'much sweetness, and so much forgiveness! Every place 'that I remember to have used you hardly in, how does it 'now fill me with sadness, and makes me often smite my 'breast, and sit down with tears and groans, bemoaning 'my vile actions, and my hard heart! How many places 'are there in this melancholy fine house, that call one 'thing or other to my remembrance, that give me remorse! 'But the pond and the woodhouse, whence I dragged you 'so mercilessly, after I had driven you to despair almost, 'what thoughts do they bring to my remembrance!— 'Then my wicked instigations—What an odious wretch 'was I!

'Had his honour been as abandoned as myself, what 'virtue had been destroyed between *his* orders, and *my* 'too rigorous execution of them; nay, stretching them, to 'shew my wicked zeal, to serve a master, whom though I 'honoured, I should not (as you more than once hinted 'to me, but with no effect at all, so resolutely wicked 'was my heart) have so well obeyed in his unlawful 'commands!

'His honour has made you amends, has done justice to 'your merits, and so atoned for *his* fault. But as for *me*, 'it is out of my power ever to make reparation. All that 'is left me, is to let your ladyship see, that your pious 'example has made such an impression upon me, that I 'am miserable now in the reflection upon my past 'guilt.

'*You* have forgiven me, and GOD will, I hope; for 'the creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator; 'that is all my hope!—Yet, sometimes I dread that I am 'forgiven here, at least not punished, in order to be 'punished the more hereafter!—What then will become 'of the unhappy wretch, that has thus lived in a state of 'sin, and had so qualified herself by a course of wicked-'ness, as to be thought a proper instrument for the worst 'purposes that any one could be employed in!

'Good your ladyship, let not my honoured master see 'this letter. He will think I have the boldness to reflect 'upon him; when, God knows my heart, I only write to 'condemn myself, and my *unwomanly* actions, as you 'were pleased often most justly to call them.

'But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not 'considering whom I am writing to; and whose pre-'cious time I am taking up. But what I chiefly write for, 'I am not come to yet; that is, to beg your ladyship's 'prayers for me. For oh, madam, I fear I shall else be 'for ever miserable! We every week hear of the good 'you do, and the charity you extend to the bodies of the 'miserable. Extend, I beseech you, good madam, to the 'unhappy Jewkes, the mercy of your prayers, and tell me 'if you think I have not sinned beyond hope of pardon; 'for there is a woe denounced against the presumptuous 'sinner.

'Your ladyship assured me, at your departure, on the 'confession of my remorse for my misdoings, and my pro- 'mise of amendment, that you would take it for a proof 'of my being in earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up 'a regularity among the servants here; if I would subdue 'them with kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; 'and if I would endeavour to make every one think, that 'the best security they could give of their doing their 'duty to their master in his *absence*, was by doing it to 'God Almighty, from whose all-seeing eye nothing can be 'hid. This, I remember, your ladyship told me, was the 'best test of fidelity and duty, that any servants could 'shew; since it was impossible, without religion, but that 'worldly convenience, or self-interest, must be the main 'tie; and so the worst actions might succeed, if servants 'thought they should find their sordid advantage in sacri- 'ficing their duty.

'So well am I convinced of this truth, that I hope I 'have begun the example to good effect; and as no one in 'the family was so wicked as I, it was therefore less diffi- 'cult to reform them; and you will have the pleasure to 'know, that you have now servants here, whom you need 'not be ashamed to call yours.

'Tis true, I found it a little difficult at first to keep 'them within sight of their duty, after your ladyship 'departed: But when they saw I was in earnest, and used 'them courteously, as you advised, and as your usage of 'me convinced me was the rightest usage; when they 'were told I had your commands to acquaint you how 'they conformed to your injunctions; the task became 'easy; and I hope we shall all be still more and more 'worthy of the favour of so good a lady, and so bountiful 'a master,

'I dare not presume upon the honour of a line to your 'unworthy servant. Yet it would pride me much, if I 'could have it. But I shall ever pray for your ladyship's 'and his honour's felicity, as becomes

'Your undeserving servant,

'K. JEWKES.'

I have already, with these transcribed letters of Miss Darnford and Mrs. Jewkes, written a great deal: But nevertheless, as there yet remains one passage in your ladyship's letter, relating to Mrs. Jewkes, that seems to require an answer, I will take notice of it, if I shall not quite tire your patience.

That passage is this: 'Lady Betty rightly observes, 'says your ladyship, that he knew what a vile woman she '[Mrs. Jewkes] was, when he put you into her power; 'and, no doubt, employed her, because he was sure she 'would answer all his purposes: and that therefore she 'should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of 'his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her 'there.

'She would, she says, had she been in your case, have 'had one struggle for her dismission, let it have been 'taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with 'your virtue, must have thought this a natural conse-'quence of it, if he was in earnest to become virtuous 'himself.'

But, alas! madam, he was not so well pleased with my virtue for virtue's sake, as Lady Betty thinks he was. He would have been glad, at that very time, to have found me less resolved on that score. He did not so much as *pretend* to any disposition to virtue. No, not he!

He had entertained, as it proved, a strong passion for me. This passion had been heightened by *my resisting* of it. His pride and the advantages he had both of person and fortune, would not let him brook control; and when he could not have me upon his own terms, God turned his evil purposes to good ones, and he resolved to submit to mine, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to him without. For, all this time, I had no terms to propose. Neither my low fortunes, my unjust captivity, nor my sex, nor unexperienced youth, (not a soul near me whom I could call my friend, or whose advice I could ask,) permitted me to offer any terms to him, had I been disposed to have disputed his will, or his intercession for the woman; which, as I have said, I was not. I had but one steady purpose to adhere to, and having grace given me to adhere to that, he resolved, since he could not conquer his passion for me, to make me his with honour. But still I doubt, as I said, this was not for the love of virtue at that time. That came afterwards, and I hope will always be his governing motive, in his future actions; and then I shall be happy indeed!

But Lady Betty thinks 'I was to blame to put Mrs. 'Jewkes upon a foot, in the present I made on my nup-'tials, with Mrs. Jervis.' But the case was rather this, That I put Mrs. Jervis on a foot with Mrs. Jewkes; for the dear gentleman had *named* the sum he would have me give Mrs. Jewkes,* and I would not give Mrs. Jervis *less*, because I loved her better; nor *more* could I give her, on that occasion, without making such a difference between

* See Vol. II. p. 188.

two persons equal in station, on a solemnity, too, where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shewn such a partiality, as might have induced their master to conclude, I was not so sincere in my forgiveness, as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger reason still was behind; that I could, in a much more agreeable manner, both to Mrs. Jervis and myself, shew my love and my gratitude to the dear good woman: and this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your ladyship; at the tribunal of whose judgment I am willing all my actions respecting your dear brother shall be tried: and I hope your ladyship will not think me a too profuse or lavish creature; I hope you won't have reason for it: yet, if you think you have, pray, my dear lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one article, I will endeavour to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this head the subject of a letter by itself: and am, mean-time,

Your ladyship's most obliged,
And obedient servant,
P. B——.

LETTER XVII.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR LADY,

It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the subject where I left off in my last, that your ladyship should know, that your generous brother has made me his

almoner, as I was my late dear lady's; and has ordered Mr. Longman to pay me fifty pounds quarterly,* for purposes of which he requires no account, though I have one always ready to produce;† and he has given me other sums to enable me to do all the good I can to distressed objects, at my first setting out. Thus enabled, your ladyship knows not how many honest hearts I have made glad already, and how many more I hope to rejoice before a year is at an end, and yet keep within my limits.

Now, madam, as I knew Mrs. Jervis was far from being easy in her circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay old ‡ debts for two extravagant children, who are both dead; and maintaining in schooling and clothes three of their children, which always keeps her bare; I took upon me one day, as she and I sat together at our needles, to say to her, (as we are always running over old stories, when we are alone,) My good Mrs. Jervis, will you allow me to ask you after your own private affairs, and if you are tolerably easy in them?

You are very good, madam, said she, to concern yourself about my poor matters, so much as you have to employ your thoughts about, and so much as every moment of your time is taken up, from the hour you rise, to the time of your rest. But I can with great pleasure attribute it to your bounty, and that of my honoured master, that I am easier and easier every day.

But tell me, my dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, how your matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle concerns with my friends: and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll

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* See Vol. II. p. 341. † Ibid. p. 352.
‡ Vol. I. p. 94.

treat *me* with equal freedom; for I always loved you, and always will; and nothing but death shall divide our friendship.

She had tears of gratitude in her eyes; and taking off her spectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much goodness!—Oh, my lady!

Oh, my Pamela! say, replied I.—How often must I chide you for calling me any thing but your Pamela, when we are alone together?

My heart, said she, will burst with your goodness! I cannot bear it!

But you *must* bear it, and bear still greater exercises to your grateful heart, I can tell you that. A pretty thing, truly! Here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress, by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady-airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years, and her faithful services, and good management, make her a much greater merit in this family, than I can pretend to have!—And return, shall I, in the day of my power, insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in that of my indigence?—Indeed I won't forgive you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other light than as your daughter; for you have been a mother to me, when the absence of my own could not afford me the comfort and good counsel I received every day from you.

Then moving my chair nearer her, and taking her hand, and wiping, with my handkerchief in my other, her reverend cheek, Come, come, my dear second mother, said I, call me your daughter, your Pamela: I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name: and as I have but

too seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy, as our dear master has made my *first*.

She hung her head on her shoulder, and I waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance to her words; provoking only her speech, by saying, You used to have three grandchildren to provide for in clothes and schooling. They are all living, I hope?

Yes, madam, they are living: and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once!) made me very easy and very happy!——

How easy, and how happy, Mrs. Jervis?

Why, my dear lady, I paid five to one old creditor of my unhappy sons; five to a second; and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands; and with the other five I paid off all arrears of the poor children's schooling and maintenance; and every one is satisfied and easy; and all declare they will never do harsh things by me, if they are paid no more.

But tell me, Mrs. Jervis, what you owe in the world, put all together; and you and I will contrive, with justice to our best friend, to do all we can, to make you quite easy; for, at your time of life, I cannot bear that you shall have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove; and so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, let me know all.

Come, I know your debts, (dear, just, good woman as you are!) like David's sins, are ever before you: So come, putting my hand in her pocket, let me be a friendly pick-pocket: Let me take out your memorandum-book, and we will see how all matters stand, and what can be done. Come, I see you are too much moved; your worthy heart

is too much affected (pulling out her book, which she always has about her): I will go to my closet, and return presently.

So I left her to recover her spirits, and retired with the good woman's book to my closet.

Your dear brother stepping into the parlour just after I had gone out, Where's your lady, Mrs. Jervis? said he. And being told, came up to me; What ails the good woman below, my dear? said he: I hope you and she have had no words!

No, indeed, sir, answered I.—If we had, I am sure it would have been my fault: but I have picked her pocket of her memorandum-book, in order to look into her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with justice to our common benefactor, make her as easy as you, sir, have made my other dear parents.

A blessing, said he, upon my charmer's benevolent heart!—I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear.—Do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis.

I clasped my bold arms about him, the starting tear testifying my gratitude. Dearest, dear sir, said I, you affect me as much as I did Mrs. Jervis! And if any one but you had a right to ask, What ails your Pamela? as you do, What ails Mrs. Jervis? I must say, I am hourly so much oppressed by your goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one's own joy.

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging creature. But, said he, I came to tell you, that after we have dined, we'll take a turn, if you please, to Lady Arthur's: she has a family of London friends for her guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your company, and attend

you myself, only to drink tea with her; for I have told her we are to have friends to sup with us.

I will attend you, sir, replied I, most willingly; although I doubt I am to be made a show of.

Something like it, said he—For she has promised them this favour.

I need not dress otherwise than I am?

No, he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

So he left me to my *good works*, (those were his kind words,) and I ran over Mrs. Jervis's accounts, and found a balance drawn of all her matters, in one leaf, in a very clear manner, and a thankful acknowledgment to God, for her master's last bounty, 'which had enabled her to give 'satisfaction to others, and do herself great pleasure,' as she has written underneath.

The balance of all was thirty-five pounds eleven shillings and odd pence; and I went to my escritoir, and took out forty pounds, and down I hasted to my good Mrs. Jervis, and I said to her, Here, my dear good friend, is your pocket-book; but are thirty-five or thirty-six pounds all you owe, or are bound for in the world?

It is, madam, said she, and enough too. It is a great sum; but 'tis in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service.

Nor shall it ever be in any body's *power*, said I, to trouble you: I'll tell you how we'll order it.

So I sat down, and made her sit down by me. Here, my dear Mrs. Jervis, is forty pounds. It is not so much

to me now as the two guineas* were to you, that you would have given me, if I would have accepted of them, at my going away from this house to my father's, as I thought. But I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear: Indeed I won't make you so uneasy as that comes to. But here take this, and pay the thirty-five pounds odd money to the utmost farthing; and the remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in advance towards the children's schooling. And thus you shall repay it: I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas per annum to your salary, in acknowledgment of the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela Andrews, to add five pounds per annum to it from the time I became Mrs. B——. But from that time, for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole forty pounds be repaid. And so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, you won't have any obligation to me, you know, but for the advance; and that is a poor matter, not to be spoken of: and I will have leave for it, for fear I should die.

Had your ladyship seen the dear good woman's behaviour on this occasiou, you would never have forgotten it. She could not speak: tears ran down her cheeks in plentiful currents: her modest hand put gently from her my offering hand, and her bosom heaved, and she sobbed with the painful tumult that seemed to struggle within her, and which, for some few moments, made her incapable of speaking.

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* See Vol. I. p. 98.

At last, I rising, and putting my arm round her neck, and wiping her eyes, and kissing her cheek, she cried, My dear, my excellent lady! 'tis too much! too much! I cannot bear all this!—And then she threw herself at my feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it; and with uplifted hands, May God Almighty, said she—I kneeled by her, and clasping her hands in mine, both uplifted together—May God Almighty, said I, drowning her voice with my louder voice, bless us both together, for many happy years! And may he bless and reward the dear gentleman, who has thus enabled me to make *the widow's heart to sing for joy!*

Dear, good woman, said I, rising, and raising her, Do you think you shall outdo me in prayers and praises to the Fountain of all these mercies?—Do you think you shall? —And while I am empowered to do good to so many worthy objects *abroad*, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs. Jervis happy at home?

And thus, my lady, did I force upon the good woman's acceptance the forty pounds.

Permit me, madam, to close this letter here, and to resume the subject in my next. Till then, I have the honour to be

Your ladyship's most obliged

And faithful servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XVIII.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR LADY,

I NOW resume my last subject where I left off, that your ladyship may have the whole before you at one view.

I went after dinner, with my dear benefactor, to Lady Arthur's; and met with fresh calls upon me for humility, having the too natural effects, of the praises and professed admiration of that lady's guests, as well as my dear Mr. B——'s, and those of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, to guard myself against: and your good brother was pleased to entertain me in the chariot going and coming, with an account of the orders he had given in relation to the London house, which is actually taken, and the furniture he should direct for it: so that I had no opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. Jervis.

But after supper retiring from company to my closet, when his friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual bed-time. He inquired kindly after my employment, which was trying to read in the French Telemachus: for, my lady, I am learning French, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my master?—Why, the best I *could* have in the world, your dearest brother, who is pleased to say, I am no dunce: How inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a master, who teaches me on his knee, and rewards me with a kiss whenever I do well, and says, I have already nearly mastered the accent and pronunciation, which he tells me is a great difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into English two or three places that were beyond my reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in French, what I had done for Mrs. Jervis?

I said, Permit me, sir, (for I am not proficient enough to answer you in my new tongue,) in English, to say, I have made the good woman quite happy; and if I have your approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this instance, as I am in all others.

I dare answer for your prudence, my dear, he was pleased to say; but this is your favourite: Let me know, when you have so bountiful a heart to strangers, what you do for your favourites?

I then said, Permit my bold eye, sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must not look full upon me then; for if you do, how shall I look at you again; how see, as I proceed, whether you are displeased? for you will not chide me in words, so partial have you the goodness to be to all I do.

He put his arm round me, and looked down, now and then, as I desired; for, O madam! he is all condescension and goodness to his unworthy, yet grateful Pamela! And I told him all I have written to your ladyship about the forty pounds.—And now, dear sir, said I, half hiding my face on his shoulder, you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your Pamela, if you please: It shall be all kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution.

He raised my head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, Thus then I chide, I beat, my angel!—And yet I have one fault to find with you; and let Mrs. Jervis, if not in bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you, as you deserve, before her. My Polly being in

hearing, attending to know if I wanted her assistance to undress, I bade her call Mrs. Jervis. And though I thought, from his kind looks, and kind words, as well as tender behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my fault was, for which I was to be exposed.

The good woman came, and as she entered with all that modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his chair further from me, and, with a set aspect, but not unpleasant, said—Step in, Mrs. Jervis: Your lady (for so, madam, he will always call me to Mrs. Jervis, and to the servants) has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face.

She looked surprised—now on me, now on her dear master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive.—I am sorry—I am very sorry for it, sir, said she, courtesying low:—But should be more sorry, if *I* were the unhappy occasion.

Why, Mrs. Jervis, I can't say but it is on your account that I must blame her.

This gave us both confusion, but especially the good woman; for still I hoped much from his kind behaviour to me just before.—And she said, Indeed, sir, I could never deserve——

He interrupted her, My charge against you, Pamela, said he, is that of niggardliness, and no other; for I will put you both out of your pain: You ought not to have found out the method of repayment.

The dear creature, said he, to Mrs. Jervis, seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from me, in addition to your salary, the lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your service, than the

gentleman.—Had it been for old acquaintance-sake, for sex-sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this head.—But I will tell you, that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of a just distinction on many accounts; and your salary from last quarter-day shall be advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years hence; and let me only add, That when my Pamela first begins to shew a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue, which is now peculiar to herself, and makes her the delight of all who converse with her.

This was what he was pleased to *say:* Thus, with the most graceful generosity, and a nobleness of mind truly *peculiar* to himself, was he pleased to *act:* And what, does your ladyship think, could Mrs. Jervis or I say to him?—Why, indeed, nothing at all!—We could only look upon one another, with our eyes full, and our hearts full, of a gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but which expressed itself at last in a manner he was pleased to call more eloquent than words, and that was, with uplifted folded hands, and tears of joy.

O, my dear lady! how many opportunities have the beneficent *rich* to make *themselves*, as well as their *fellow-creatures*, happy! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my duty before; what a sense of obligation then must I lie under to this most generous of men!

But here let me put an end to this tedious subject; the principal part of which can have no excuse, if it may not serve as a proof of my cheerful compliance with your ladyship's commands, That I recite *every* thing that is of concern to me, and with the same freedom as I was wont to do to my dear parents.

I have done it, and, at the same time, have offered what I had to plead in behalf of my conduct to the two housekeepers, which you expected from me; and I shall therefore close this my humble defence, if I may so call it, with the assurance that I am,

My dearest lady,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XIX.

LADY DAVERS, TO MRS. B——.

[In answer to the six last letters.]

'WHERE *she had it, I can't tell; but I think I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age;*' are, as I remember, my brother's words, speaking of his Pamela, in the early part of your papers.* In truth, thou art a surprising creature; and every letter we have from you, we have new subjects to admire you for.—Do you think, Lady Betty, said I, when I had read to the end of the subject about Mrs. Jervis, I will not soon set out to hit this charming girl a box of the ear or two?

For what, Lady Davers? said she.

For what! replied I.—Why, don't you see how many slaps of the face the bold slut hits me?—I'll LADY-AIRS her! I will!—*I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her

* See Vol. I. p. 41.

betters, with her cottage excellencies, and improvements, that shame our education.

Why, you dear charming Pamela, did you only excel me in *words*, I could forgive you; for there may be a knack, and a volubility, as to *words*, that a natural talent may supply; but to be thus outdone in *thought* and in *deed*, who can bear it? And in so young an insulter too!

Well, Pamela, look to it, when I see you: You shall feel the weight of my hand, or—the pressure of my lip, one or t'other, depend on it, very quickly: For here, instead of my stooping, as I had thought it would be, to call *you* sister, I shall be forced to think, in a little while, that you ought not to own *me* as *yours*, till I am nearer your standard.

But to come to business: I will summarily take notice of the following particulars in all your obliging letters, in order to convince you of my friendship, by the freedom of my observations on the subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the advantages you received from the favour of my dear mother; and as you know many things of her by your attendance upon her, in the last three or four years of her life, I must desire you will give me, as opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured lady, and of her behaviour and kindness to you, and with a retrospect to your own early beginnings, the dawnings of this your bright day of excellence: And this not only I, but the countess and Lady Betty, with whom I am going over your papers again, and her sister, Lady Jenny, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your Kentish account; though we wished you had been more particular in some

parts of it; for we are greatly taken with your descriptions, and your conversation-pieces; yet I own, your honest father's letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *defect*, as our pleasure in reading your relations makes us call it. Your parents are honest discreet folks, I see that: I have a value for them: And you're the prudentest creature I ever knew, in all your ways; particularly in the advice you give them about your more distant relations, and to aim at nothing beyond their natural sphere.—Every tittle is right, and as it should be. On these accounts it is, that all the world will allow, that you, and your parents too, merit the fortune you have met with.

3. I am highly delighted with the account you give me of my brother's breaking to you the affair of Sally Godfrey, and your conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet story, as he brought it in, and as you relate it. The wretch has been very just in his account of it. But don't you think he was a sad young fellow? Well may you be thankful for *your* escape! *Well* may you!—Your behaviour was what I admire; and so we do all, but none of us think we could have imitated it in all its parts. We are in love with your charitable reflections in favour of the poor lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them; and a better mother too than she had, and a faithfuller lover than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his temper, in your declared love of Miss Goodwin. I see, child, you know your man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and outdo your sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having her with you; for the girl may be pert, perhaps insolent, (you know who is her father;) you'd not care to check her, for several reasons,

and this may make you uneasy; for, if you *did*, he might take it amiss, let your motives be ever so good: So I think you'd better see her now and then at the dairy-house, or at school, than have her with you.—But this I leave to your own discretion, and *his* good pleasure, to determine upon; for in the latter it must rest, let you, or me, or any body, say what we will.

5. You have fully, and to our satisfaction, answered our objections to your behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes. We had not considered your circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming girl! and all your motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautious, for the future, how we censure you. We are particularly pleased with the triumphs of your innocence over his and her guilt; and agree, that they are the rightest and best to be defended motives for pride, that ever were set before us.

In short, I say with the countess, This good girl is not without her pride; but it is the pride that becomes, and can only attend, the innocent heart; and I'll warrant, said her ladyship, nobody will become her station so well, as one who is capable of so worthy a pride as this.

But what a curtain-lecture hadst thou, Pamela? A noble one, dost thou call it?—Why, what a wretch hast thou got, to expect thou shouldst never expostulate against his lordly will, even when in the wrong, till thou hast obeyed it, and, of consequence, joined in the evil he imposes! He says, indeed, in *small* points: but I suppose he is to judge which are, and which are not small.

Thus, I remember, my brother himself took notice once of a proposal in the house of commons, to grant the crown a very great sum to answer civil-list deficiencies, which being opposed by the minority, the minister found out an

expedient, that they might give the money *first*, and examine into the merits of the demand *afterwards*. So we read, that in some countries, an accused person is put to death, and then tried; and all he has to hope for while he lives, is, that his relations, and his own family, will be released from obloquy, if an acquittal ensues.

Much good may such a husband do you, says Lady Betty!—Every body will *admire* you, but no one will have reason to *envy* you upon those principles. Yet, I don't know how it is, but this is evident, that at present there is not a happier couple in the world than you two are.

6. I am pleased with your promise of sending me what you think I shall like to see, out of those papers you choose not to shew me collectedly. This is very obliging. You're a good girl, and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your paradox, Pamela, that his marrying you was an instance of his pride. The thought, though, is pretty enough, and ingenious: But whether it will hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your observation on the *forget* and *forgive* we are much pleased with, and think you have distinguished well on that head.

9. You are a very good girl for sending me a copy of Miss Darnford's letter. She is a charming young lady. I always had a great opinion of her merit; her letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every letter that passes between you; and pray send me in your next a copy of your answer to her letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad, with all my heart, to hear of poor Jewkes's reformation. Your example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your answer to her letter. Don't think me unreasonable; 'tis all for your sake. You must

needs know that, or you know nothing. For I think you deserve all Miss Darnford says of you; and that's a great deal too.

Pray—have you shewn Jewkes's letter to your good friend?—Lady Betty wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it: for, she says, it cuts him to the quick. And I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: but, as you say he's above loving Virtue for *Virtue's sake*, I warrant him. He likes it in a wife, because 'tis a husband's security against the law of retaliation. There's a great deal in that, I can tell you. I once heard the wretch hold an argument, that women had no souls. I asked him, If he were to marry, whether he'd have his wife *act* as if she believed this doctrine to be good? That was another thing, he said: he was for having his wife think she had, he must own: such a belief could do her no harm. Ah! Pamela, for theory and practice too, I doubt, never was such a rake, for one not quite a town debauchee.

11. Your manner of acting by Mrs. Jervis, with so handsome a regard to my brother's interest, her behaviour upon it, and your relation of the whole, and of his generous spirit in approving, reproving, and improving your prudent generosity, make no inconsiderable figure in your papers. And Lady Betty says, Hang him, he has some excellent qualities too!—It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad. But you, Pamela, have the glory of all. We desire, particularly, that you will never omit any of those moving scenes, which you so well describe, be the occasion what it will: for they are nature, and that's your excellence. Keep to that; for one more learned, I verily think, could not write as you do, nor instruct, and delight, and *move*, all at once, so very engagingly.

12. I am glad you are learning French: thou art a happy girl in thy teacher, and he is a happy man in his scholar. We are pleased with the pretty account you give us of his method of instructing and rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not learn any language quickly under such methods, and with such encouragements, from the man you love, were your genius less apt than it is. But we wished you had enlarged on that subject: for such fondness of men to their wives, who have been any time married, is so rare, and so unexpected from *my* brother, that we thought you should have written a side upon that subject at least.

What a bewitching girl art thou! What an exemplar to wives now, as well as thou wast before to maidens! Thou canst tame lions, I dare say, if thou'dst try.—Reclaim a rake in the meridian of his libertinism, and make such an one as my brother not only marry thee, but love thee better at several months' end, than he did the first day, if possible! Wonderful girl! Yet usest thou no arts but honest ones, such as prudence directs, nature points out, and such as make duty delightful; even commanding most, when thou seemest most to submit.

It must be owned, indeed, that thou hast no brutal mind to deal with. Bad as he is, it must be said, that thou hast a sensible and a generous heart to work upon; one who takes no glory in the blind submission of a slave; but, like a true British monarch, delights to reign in a free, rather than in an abject mind. Yet he is jealous as a tyrant of his prerogative: but you have found the way to lay that watchful dragon asleep, and so possess the golden fruits of content and true pleasure, the due reward of your matchless conduct.

Now, my dear Pamela, I think I have taken notice of the most material articles in your letters, and have no more to say to you—but, write on, and oblige us; and mind to send the copy of your letter to Miss Darnford, of that you wrote to poor penitent Jewkes, and every article I have written about, and all that comes into your head, or that passes, and you'll oblige

Yours, &c.

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XX.

MRS. B——, TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR LADY,

I READ with pleasure your commands, in your last kind and obliging letter; and you may be sure of a ready obedience in every one of them, that is in my power.

That which I can most easily do, I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the answer I sent to Miss Darnford,* and that to Mrs. Jewkes, the former of which (and a long one it is,) is as follows.

'DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

'I BEGIN now to be afraid I shall not have the pleasure 'and benefit I promised myself of passing a fortnight or

* See Miss Darnford's letter, p. 78 of this volume.

'three weeks at the Hall, in your sweet conversation, and 'that of your worthy family, as well as those others in 'your agreeable neighbourhood, whom I must always re-'member with equal honour and delight.

'The occasion will be principally, that we expect very 'soon a visit from Lord and Lady Davers, who propose to 'tarry here a fortnight at least; and after that, the ad-'vanced season will carry us to London, where Mr. B—— 'has taken a house for his winter-residence, and in order 'to attend parliament: a service, he says, which he has 'been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer 'to his constituents, or to his own conscience; for though, 'he says, he is but one, yet if any good motion should be 'lost by *one*, every absent member, who is independent, 'has it to reproach himself with the consequences that 'may follow on the loss of that good which might other-'wise redound to the commonwealth. And besides, he 'says, such excuses as *he* could make, *every one* might 'plead; and then public affairs might as well be left to 'the administration, and no parliament be chosen.

'He observed further on this subject, that every absent 'member, in such cases, indirectly abets the minister, be 'he *who* he will, in all his designs, be they *what* they will; 'and is even less excusable to his country, than the man, 'who, for a transitory benefit to his private family, takes 'a pension or reward for his vote; since the difference is 'only, that the one passively ruins his country by neglect 'and indolence, which can do nobody good, and the other 'more actively for a bribe; which practice, though ruin-'ous, in the end, to the whole public, in which his own 'private is included, yet serves to answer some present 'turn or benefit to himself or family.

'See you, my dear Miss Darnford, from the humble 'cottager, what a public person your favoured friend is 'grown! and behold how easy it is for a bold mind to 'look forward, and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now 'she imagines she has a stake in the country, takes upon 'herself to be as important, as significant, as if, like my 'dear Miss Darnford, she had been born to it! But if, 'nevertheless, I am censured for troubling my head with 'politics, let me answer, That I am at liberty, I hope, to 'tell you Mr. B——'s sentiments of these high matters; 'and that is all I have done.

'Well; but may I not presume to ask, Whether, if the 'mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will not 'come to the mountain? Since Lady Davers's visit is so 'uncertain as to its beginning and duration, and so great a 'favour as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being 'her first visit to *me*;—and since we must go and take 'possession of our London residence; why can't Sir Simon 'spare to us the dear lady, whom he could use so hardly; 'and whose attendance (though he is, indeed, entitled to all 'her duty) he did not, just in that instance, quite so much 'deserve?

'Well, but after all, Sir Simon, would I say, if I had 'been in presence at his peevish hour, you are a fine gen-'tleman, are you not? to take such a method to shew 'your good daughter, that because she did not come *soon* 'enough to you, she came *too soon!* And did ever papa, 'before you, put a *good book* (for such I doubt not it was, '*because* you were in affliction, though so little affected by 'its precepts) to such a *bad use?* As parents examples are 'so prevalent, suppose your daughter had taken this very 'book, and flung it at her sister; Miss Nancy at her wait-

'ing-maid; and so it had gone through the family; would 'it not have been an excuse for every one, to say, that the 'father and head of the family had set the example?

'But again, Sir Simon, suppose you had hurt the sweet 'dove-like eyes of my dear Miss Darnford—Suppose you 'had bruised or broken the fine skin of any part of that 'fine face, which gives, at first sight, so bright a promise 'of her still finer mind; what, let me ask you, sir, could 'you have said for yourself? How would the dear lady's 'appearance, with one sweet eye, perhaps, muffled up, 'with a plaistered forehead, or a veiled cheek, hiding her-'self from every body but you, and her grieved mamma, 'and pitying sister, reproached you for so rash an act!— 'nay, reproached you more, by her unreproaching obli-'gingness, and cheerful duty, than if, were she capable of it, 'she could have spoken in sharp complaints, and expostu-'latory wailings!

'You almost wish, my dear miss tells me, that I would 'undertake *you!*—This is very good of you, Sir Simon, 'might I (would his patience have suffered me to run on 'thus) have added—But I hope, since you are so sensible 'that you *want* to be undertaken, (and since this peevish 'rashness convinces me that you *do*,) that you will under-'take *yourself;* that you will not, when your indisposition 'makes the attendance and duty of your dear lady and 'daughter necessary, make it more uncomfortable to them, 'by *adding* a difficulty of being pleased, and an impa-'tience of spirit, to the concern their duty and affection 'make them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to 'take a book into your hand again, if you cannot make a 'better use of it, than you did then.'

'Pray tell your papa, that I beg the favour of him to 'present *me* with this book, and I will put a mark upon

'it, and it shall never more either give or receive such dis-
'grace, I warrant it. Be it what it will, I will present
'him with as good a one.

'I will write in it, "Memorandum, This book revers-
'ing the author's good intention, had like to have done
'mischief next to unpardonable!"—Or, "This book, in-
'stead of subduing the reader's passions, (I take it for
'granted, you see, miss, it was Seneca's morals, or some
'such good book,) had like to have been the cause of a
'violent evil.—Henceforth, unavailing instructor, be thou
'condemned to stand by thyself on a lone shelf in my
'closet; a shelf most out of mine or any other person's
'reach, for pretending to prescribe rules for subduing the
'passions in so inefficacious a manner! And, consigned to
'dust and cobwebs, not once presume (in hope to hide thy
'conscious guilt) to squeeze thyself into rank with better,
'or at least with more convincing teachers!"

'But do you think, dear madam, Sir Simon would be
'angry, if opportunity had offered, and I had been thus
'bold? If you think so, don't let him see I had such
'thoughts in my head. But, after all, if he were to have
'been thus freely treated by me, and if he should have
'*blushed* with *anger* at my freedom, 'tis but what he ought
'to bear from me; for more than once has he made me
'*blush* for shame, at much greater, on his part; nay, and
'that too in presence of his virtuous daughters: So that
'I have but half my revenge upon him yet.—And will you
'bear malice, will he say, Mrs. B——?—Yes, Sir Simon,
'I will; and nothing but your amending the evil can make
'me forgive a gentleman, that is *really* a gentleman, who
'can so sadly forego his character, and, before any com-
'pany, not scruple to expose a modest virgin to the for-
'ward leer, and loud laugh, of younger gentlemen, who

'durst not take such liberties of speech, as they would 'saucily chuckle at, when coming from the mouth of one 'of Sir Simon's authenticating, but better promising, time 'of life.

'But Sir Simon will say, I have *already undertaken* him, 'were he to see this. Yet my Lady Darnford once begged 'I would give him a hint or two on this subject, which, 'she was pleased to say, would be better received from 'me than from any body: And if it be a little too severe, 'it is but a just reprisal made by one whose ears, he 'knows, he has cruelly wounded more than once, or twice, 'or three times, besides by what he calls his *innocent* dou-'ble entendres, and who, if she had not resented it, when 'an opportunity offered, must have been believed by him, 'to be neither more nor less than a hypocrite—There's for 'you, Sir Simon! And so here ends all my malice: for 'now I have spoken my mind.

'Yet I hope your dear papa will not be so angry with 'me neither, as to deny me, for this my freedom, the re-'quest I make to *him*, to your *mamma*, and to your *dear 'self*, for your beloved company, for a month or two in 'Bedfordshire, and at London: And if you might be per-'mitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should 'I be! It will be half done, the moment you desire it. Sir 'Simon loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest 'in it. Your honoured mamma is always indulgent to 'your requests: And Mr. B——, as well in kindness to 'me, as for the great respect he bears you, joins with me 'to beg this favour of you, and of Sir Simon, and my 'lady.

'If it can be obtained, what pleasure and improvement 'may I not propose to myself, with so polite a companion,

'when we are carried by Mr. B—— to the play, to the 'opera, and other of the town diversions! We will work 'together, visit together, read together, sing together; 'and improve one another; you *me*, in every word you 'shall speak, in every thing you shall do; I *you*, by my 'questions, and desire of information, which will make you 'open all your breast to me; and so unlocking that dear 'storehouse of virtuous knowledge, improve your own 'notions the more for communicating them. O my dear 'Miss Darnford! how happy is it in your power to 'make me!

'I am much affected with the account you give me of 'Mrs. Jewkes's reformation. I could have wished, had I 'not *other* and *stronger* inducements, (in the pleasure of 'so agreeable a neighbourhood, and so sweet a companion,) 'that, on her account, I could have been down at the Hall, 'in hopes to have confirmed the poor woman in her newly-'assumed penitence. God give her grace to persevere in 'it!—To be an humble means of saving a soul from per-'dition! O my dear Miss Darnford, let me enjoy that 'heart-ravishing hope!—To pluck such a brand as this 'out of the fire, and to assist to quench its flaming sus-'ceptibility for mischief, and make it useful to edifying 'purposes, what a pleasure does this afford one! How 'does it encourage one to proceed in the way one has been 'guided to pursue! How does it make me hope, that I 'am raised to my present condition, in order to be an 'humble instrument in the hand of Providence to commu-'nicate great good to others, and so extend to many, those 'benefits I have received, which, were they to go no far-'ther than myself, what a vile, what an ungrateful creature 'should I be!

'I see, my dearest Miss Darnford, how useful in every 'condition of life a virtuous and a serious turn of mind 'may be!

'How have I seen some ladies in upper life behave as 'if they thought good actions, and a pious demeanour, 'would be so unfashionable, as to make them the subjects 'of ridicule to the lighter disposed world, and so they are 'shamed out of their duty! But let me make it my boast, 'that here is such a poor girl as I, raised from the cottage 'to the palace, as I may say, persevering in the good pur- 'poses which had been instilled into her, by worthy, 'though poor parents, and the best of ladies, her mistress, 'and resolving to be obstinate in goodness, having stood 'the test of libertinism; has brought the world to expect 'good actions from her, to respect her for doing them; 'and has even found her example efficacious, through 'divine grace, to bring over to penitence and imitation a 'poor creature who used to ridicule her for nothing so 'much as for her innocence and virtue, which, word and 'thing, were the constant subjects of her scorn, as well as 'the cause of her persecution.

'But let me not too much dwell upon the thought, lest 'I fall into the snare, that, of all others, persons meaning 'well have reason to dread; that of *spiritual pride;* the 'most dangerous of all pride.

'In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on 'several agreeable subjects, which I could touch upon 'with pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former (of 'my reception here, and of the kindness of our genteel 'neighbours); such, particularly, as the arrival here of my 'dear father and mother, and the kind, generous enter- 'tainment they met with from my best friend: His con- 'descension in not only permitting me to attend them to

'Kent, but accompanying us thither, and settling them in 'a most happy manner, beyond their wishes and my own; 'but yet so much in character, as I may say, that every 'one must approve his judicious benevolence: The fa-'vours of my good Lady Davers to me, who, pleased with 'my letters, has vouchsafed to become my correspondent; 'and a thousand, thousand things, which I want person-'ally to communicate to my dear Miss Darnford.

'Be pleased to present my humble respects to Lady 'Darnford, and to Miss Nanny; to good Madam Jones, 'and to your kind friends at Stamford; to Mr. and Mrs. 'Peters likewise, and their kinswoman: and beg of that 'good gentleman from me to encourage his new proselyte 'all he can; and I doubt not she will do credit, poor 'woman! to the pains he shall take with her. In hopes 'of your kind compliance with my wishes for your com-'pany, I remain,

'Dearest Miss Darnford,

'Your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

'P. B——.'

This, my good Lady Davers, is the long letter I sent to Miss Darnford, who, at parting, engaged me to keep up a correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a month or two with us, at the Hall, if we came down, and if she could persuade Sir Simon and her mamma to spare her to my wishes. Your ladyship will excuse me for so faintly mentioning the honours you confer upon me; but I would not either add or diminish in the communications I make to you.

The following is the copy of what I wrote to Mrs. Jewkes:—

'You give me, Mrs. Jewkes, very great pleasure, to find 'that at length God Almighty has touched your heart, 'and let you see, while health and strength lasted, the 'error of your ways.—Many an unhappy one has not been 'so graciously touched, till they have smarted under 'some heavy afflictions, or till they have been confined to 'the bed of sickness, when, perhaps, they have made vows 'and resolutions, that have held them no longer than the 'discipline lasted: but you give me much better hopes of 'the sincerity of your conversion; as you are so well con-'vinced, before some sore evil has overtaken you: And 'it ought to be an earnest to you of the divine favour, 'and should keep you from despondency.

'As to me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cor-'dially did; since your usage of me, as it proved, was but 'a necessary means, in the hand of Providence, to exalt 'me to that state of happiness, in which I have every day 'more and more cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest 'and most generous of gentlemen.

'As I have often prayed for you, even when you used 'me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard 'my prayers, and with high delight look upon you as a 'reclaimed soul given to my supplications. May the divine 'goodness enable you to persevere in the course you have 'entered upon! And when you can taste the all-surpassing 'pleasure that fills the worthy breast, on being placed in 'a station where your example may be of advantage to the 'souls of others, as well as to your own; a pleasure that 'every good mind glories in, and none else can truly relish; 'then may you be assured, that nothing but your per-'severance, and the consequential improvement resulting 'from it, is wanted, to convince you, that you are in a

'right way; and that the woe that is pronounced against 'the presumptuous sinner, belongs not to you.

'Let me therefore, dear Mrs. Jewkes, (for now *indeed* 'you are dear to me,) caution you against two things: The 'one, that you return not to your former ways, and wil- 'fully err after this repentance; for, in this case, the 'divine goodness will look upon itself as mocked by you, 'and will withdraw itself from you; and more dreadful 'will your state then be, than if you had never repented: 'The other, that you don't despair of the divine mercy, 'which has so evidently manifested itself in your favour, 'and has awakened you out of your deplorable lethargy, 'without those sharp medicines and operations, which 'others, and perhaps *not more faulty* persons, have suf- 'fered. But go on cheerfully in the happy path which 'you have begun to tread. Depend upon it you are now 'in the right way, and turn not either to the right hand or 'to the left: for the reward is before you, in reputation 'and a good fame in this life, and everlasting felicity be- 'yond it.

'Your letter is that of a sensible woman, as I always 'thought you; and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you 'will approve yourself to be: and I the rather hope it, 'because I shall be always desirous, then, of taking every 'opportunity that offers to me of doing you real service, 'as well with regard to your present as future life: 'For I am, *good* Mrs. Jewkes, as I now hope I may 'call you,

'Your loving friend to serve you,

'P. B——.'

'Whatever good books the worthy Mr. Peters will be 'so kind as to recommend to you, and for those 'under your direction, send for them either to Lin- 'coln, or Stamford, or Grantham, as you can get 'them, and place them to my account. And may 'they be the effectual means of confirming you and 'them in the good way you are in! I have done 'as much for all here; and, I hope, to no bad 'effect: for I shall now tell them, by Mrs. Jervis, if 'there be occasion, that I hope they will not let me 'be outdone in Bedfordshire, by Mrs. Jewkes in Lin- 'colnshire; but that the servants of both houses 'may do credit to the best of masters. Adieu, '*good* woman! as once more I take pleasure to 'style you.'

Thus, my good lady, have I obeyed you, in transcribing these two letters. I will now proceed to your ladyship's twelve articles. As to the

1. I will oblige your ladyship, as I have opportunity, in my future letters, with such accounts of my dear lady's favour and goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable to you, and to the noble ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted, that your ladyship thinks so well of my dear honest parents. Indeed they are good people, and ever had minds that set them above low and sordid actions; and God and your good brother has rewarded them most amply in this world, which is more than they ever expected, after a series of unprosperousness in all they undertook.

Your ladyship is pleased to say, that people in upper life love to see how plain nature operates in honest minds,

who have hardly any thing else for their guide: and if I might not be thought to descend too low for your ladyship's attention, (for, as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look back with pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase my thankfulness for what I *am*,) I would give you a scene of resignation, and contented poverty, of which otherwise your ladyship can hardly have a notion. I *will* give it, because it will be a scene of nature, however low, which your ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its length.

It was upon occasion of a great loss and disappointment which happened to my dear parents (for though they were never high in life, yet they were not always so low as my honoured lady found them, when she took me): My poor father came home; and as the loss was of such a nature, as that he could not keep it from my mother, he took her hand, I remember well, and said, after he had acquainted her with it, 'Come, my dear, let us take comfort, that we 'did for the best. We left the issue to Providence, as we 'ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must 'be content, though not favoured as we wished. All the 'business is, our lot is not cast for this life. Let us resign 'ourselves to the divine will, and continue to do our duty, 'and this short life will soon be past. Our troubles will 'be quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a 'better, I make no doubt.'

Then my dear mother threw her kind arms about his neck, and said with tears, 'God's will be done, my dear 'love!—All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented, 'and had rather say, I have a poor honest husband, than 'a guilty rich one. What signifies repining? Let the 'world go as it will, we shall have our length and our 'breadth at last. And Providence, I make no doubt, will 'be a better friend to our good girl here, because she is

'good, than we could be, if this had not happened,'—pointing to me, who, then about eleven years old, (for it was before my lady took me,) sat weeping in the chimney-corner, over a few dying embers of a fire, at their moving expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their hands, and blessing them, said, 'And this length and breadth, my dear parents, will 'be one day all that the rich and the great can possess; 'and, it may be, their ungracious heirs will trample upon 'their ashes, and rejoice they are gone: while such a 'poor girl as I, am honouring the memories of mine, who, 'in their good names, and good lessons, will have left me 'the best of portions.'

And then they both hugged their prating girl to their fond bosoms, by turns; and all three were so filled with comfort in one another, that, after joining in a grateful hymn, we went to bed (what though supperless, perhaps?) with such true joy, that very few of the rich and great can have any idea of it; I to my loft, and they to their rush-floored cleanly bed-room. And we have had sweet sleep, and dreams so pleasant, that we have reaped greater pleasures, in repeating them one to another, at our next leisure hour, than, possibly, we should have received, had we enjoyed the comforts we wanted.

And, truly, I must needs say, that while the virtuous poor can be blessed with such sweet enjoyments as these, in contented minds all day, and in sound sleep at night, I don't know whether they have not more, even of *this* world's pleasures, than the abounding rich. And while the hours of night bear so near a proportion to those of the day, may not such be said, even at the worst, to pass at least *half* their lives with more comfort than many

times the *voluptuous* and *distempered* great can pretend to know?

For a farther proof that *honest poverty* is not such a deplorable thing as some people imagine, let me ask, What pleasure can those over-happy persons know, who, from the luxury of their tastes, and their affluent circumstances, always eat before they are hungry, and drink before they are thirsty? This may be illustrated by the instance of a certain Eastern monarch, who, as I have read, marching at the head of a vast army, through a wide-extended desert, which afforded neither a river nor spring, for the first time found himself (in common with his soldiers) overtaken by a craving thirst, which made him wish for, and pant after, a cup of water. And when at last, after diligent and distant search, one of his soldiers found out a little dirty puddle, and carried him some of the filthy water in his nasty helmet, the monarch, greedily swallowing it, cried out, That in all his life he never tasted so sweet a draught!

But when I talk or write of my worthy parents, how I run on!—Excuse me, my good lady; and don't think me, in this respect, too much like the cat in the fable,* turned into a fine lady; for, methinks, though I would never forget what I was, yet I would be thought to know *how*, gratefully to enjoy my present happiness, as well with regard to my obligations to GOD, as to your dear brother. But let me proceed to your ladyship's third particular.

3. And you cannot imagine, madam, how much you have set my heart at rest, when you tell me, that my dear Mr. B—— gave me a just narrative of his affair with Miss

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* See Æsop's Fables.

Godfrey: for, when your ladyship desired to know how he had recounted that story, lest you should make a misunderstanding between us unawares, I did not know what to think. I was afraid some blood had been shed on the occasion by him: for the lady was ruined, and, as to her, nothing could have happened worse. And the regard I have for Mr. B——'s future happiness, which, in my constant supplications for him in private, costs me many a tear, gave me great apprehensions, and not a little uneasiness. But as your ladyship tells me, that he gave me a just account, I am happy again.

What makes one, my dear lady, in our most prosperous condition, be always intermingling one's fears of what *may be;* whereby one robs one's self of the pleasure of one's best worldly enjoyments?—Is this apprehensiveness, does your ladyship think, implanted in our natures for wise and good ends, that we may not think ourselves so happy here, as to cause us to forget, that there is a better, and more perfectly happy state, which we ought to aspire after? I believe it is: and if so, what an useful monitor do we carry about us, that shall make us consider and reflect, when in prosperity; and in adversity teach us to bear up to hopes of a happier lot! Thus it is said by Mr. Norris, in his translation of one of Horace's Odes:

> 'Be life and spirit when fortune proves unkind,
> And summon up the vigour of thy mind;
> But when thou'rt driven by too officious gales,
> Be wise, and gather in the swelling sails.'

I now come to your ladyship's fourth particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained your approbation of my conduct to the child, as well as of my behaviour towards the dear gentleman, on the unhappy

lady's score. Your ladyship's wise intimations about having the child with me, make due impressions upon me; and I see in them, with grateful pleasure, your unmerited regard for me. Yet, I don't know how it is, but I have conceived a strange passion for this dear baby: I cannot but look upon her poor mamma as my sister in point of trial: And shall not the prosperous sister pity and love the poor dear sister, that, in so slippery a path, has *fallen*, while *she* had the happiness to keep her feet?

No doubt Miss Godfrey loved virtue, and preferred it to all considerations: 'Tis plain she did, even after her fall—when, as I have observed in the papers* I sent your ladyship, she could leave country, parents, friends, and the man of all others she loved best, and seek a new fortune, run the danger of the seas, and perhaps the hazards of meeting with worse men, rather than trust to her own strength, where it had once so unhappily failed her—What a love of virtue for virtue's sake is this! I know not who could have acted up to this part of her character.

The rest of your ladyship's articles gave me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself in the favour of your dear brother, and improve in that of his noble sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can to deserve both. And I hope your ladyship will take as an instance that I will, the cheerful obedience which I pay to your commands, in writing to so fine a judge, such crude and indigested stuff, as otherwise I ought to be ashamed to lay before you.

I am impatient for the honour, which your ladyship makes me hope for, of your presence here: and yet I

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* See Vol. II. p. 368, 369.

perplex myself with the fear of appearing so unworthy in your eye when near you, as to suffer in your opinion; but I promise myself, that however this may be the case on your first visit, I shall be so much improved by the benefits I shall reap from your lessons and good example, that whenever I shall be favoured with a *second*, you shall have fewer faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more favoured, I shall in time be just what your ladyship will wish me to be, and, of consequence, more worthy than I am of the honour of styling myself,

Your ladyship's most humble

And obedient servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XXI.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

[In answer to Mrs. B——'s, p. 106.]

MY DEAR MRS. B——,

You are highly obliging to me in expressing so warmly your wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this world, out of our own family, in whose company I should be happier: But my papa won't part with me, I think; though I have secured my mamma in my interest; and I know Nancy would be glad of my absence, because the dear perversely envious thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish girl, she don't consider, that, if her envy be well-grounded, I should return with more than double advantages to what I now have, improved by your charming conversation.

My papa affects to be in a fearful pet at your lecturing of him so justly; for my mamma would shew him the letter; and he says he will positively demand satisfaction of Mr. B—— for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a rank with him, unless Mr. B—— will, on occasion of the new commission, take out his *dedimus:* and then if he will bring you down to Lincolnshire, and join with him to commit you prisoner for a month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. B—— to join in your kind invitation: But—yet I am loath to say it to you—the character of your worthy gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the way with my papa: For he will have it, that he is just such a rake as is to be liked by a lady; one that saves common appearances, and that's all; and is too handsome, too witty, and too enterprising, for any *honest man* (that's Sir Simon's phrase,) *to trust his daughter with.*

My mamma pleaded his being married.—Ads-dines, madam, said he, what of all that! What married man, when a pretty girl's in the way, minds his wife, except she has made him stand in fear of her? and that's far from the case here. Why I tell you, added his peevish highness, if our Polly should happen to slip, (I thank him for his supposition,) he'd make his lady nurse both *her* and the *bastard,* (another of his polite expressions,) if he had a mind to it, and she durst not refuse him. And would you trust such a sprightly girl as Polly in the house with such a fellow as that!

These, it seems, were his words and his reasonings. I thank him for his opinion of his daughter. It becomes not me to say by what rules my papa judges of mankind; rules, however, that are not much to the credit of his sex: but it made me put on very grave airs when I came to

supper, (for after this repulse, and the reasons given for it, I pretended indisposition, not to dine with my papa, being half-vexed, and half-afraid of his raillery,) and he said, Why, how now, Polly! What! in the sullens, girl? I said, I should have hoped, that I never gave my papa cause to suspect my conduct, and that he would have had a better opinion of the force which the example and precepts of my good mamma had upon me.

Not your papa's example, then?—Very well, saucebox! I understand you.

But, sir, said I, I hope, if I may not go to Bedfordshire, you'll permit me to go to London, when Mrs. B—— goes?

No, said he, positively no!

Well, sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would enable me to give a better reason to good Mrs. B——, why I am not permitted to accept of her kind invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign.

He stuck his hands in his sides, with his usual humorous positiveness: Why, then, tell her she is a very saucy lady, for her last letter to you; and that her lord and master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute will and pleasure that you ask me no more questions about it.

I will very faithfully make this report, sir. Do so.—And so I have.—And your poor Polly Darnford is disappointed of one of the greatest pleasures she could have had.

I can't help it.—And if you truly pity me, I can put you in a way to make me easier under the disappointment, than otherwise I can possibly be; and that is, to favour me with an epistolary conversation, since I am denied a personal one; and this my mamma joins me to request of

you; and, particularly, to let us know how Lady Davers's first visit passes; which Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Jones, who know my lady so well, likewise long to hear. And this will make us the best amends in your power for the loss of your good neighbourhood, which we had all promised to ourselves.

This denial of my papa comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a proposal made him of an humble servant to one of his daughters: He won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humorous way, lest we should fall out about it.

I suppose, I tell him, the young gentleman is to pick and choose which of the two he likes best. But be he a duke, 'tis all one to Polly, if he be not something above our common Lincolnshire class of fox-hunters.

I have shewn Mr. and Mrs. Peters your letter. They admire you beyond expression; and Mr. Peters says, He does not know, that ever he did any thing in all his life, that gave him so much inward reproach, as his denying you the protection of his family, which Mr. Williams * sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined at the Hall, before Mr. B—— came down to you, with his heart bent on mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that that very denial, as well as the other hardships you met with, were necessary to bring about that work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in *your own* duty, since he had the unhappiness to lose such an opportunity to have done honour to his function, had he had the fortitude to

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* See Vol. I. p. 178.

have done *his;* and he begged of me, some how or other, and at some time or other, to hint his concern to you on this head; and to express his hopes, that neither religion nor his cloth may suffer in your opinion, for the fault of one of its professors, who never was wanting in his duty so much before.

He had it often upon his mind, he says, to write to you on this very subject: but he had not the courage; and, besides, did not know *how* Mr. B—— might take it, if he should see that letter, as the case had such delicate circumstances in it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by implication, have cast still greater blame upon him.

Mr. Peters is certainly a very good man, and my favourite for that reason; and I hope *you,* who could so easily forgive the late wicked, but now penitent, Jewkes, will overlook with kindness a fault in a good man, which proceeded more from pusillanimity and constitution, than from want of principle: For once, talking of it to my mamma, before me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with tears in his eyes. She, good lady, would have given you this protection, at Mr. Williams's desire; but wanted the power * to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. B——, how your virtue has shamed every one into such a sense of what they ought to have done, that good, bad, and indifferent, are seeking to make excuses for past misbehaviour, and to promise future amendment, like penitent subjects returning to their duty to their conquering sovereign, after some unworthy defection.

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* See Vol. I. p. 178.

Happy, happy lady! May you ever be so! May you always convert your enemies, invigorate the lukewarm, and every day multiply your friends, wishes

Your most affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

P. S. How I rejoice in the joy of your honest parents! God bless 'em! I am glad Lady Davers is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best respects. Let me hear from you oftener, and omit not the minutest thing: for every line of yours carries instruction with it.

LETTER XXII.

SIR SIMON DARNFORD, TO MR. B——.

SIR,

LITTLE did I think I should ever have occasion to make a formal complaint against a person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let her be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make her not care how she affronts every body else.

The person is no other than the wife of your bosom, who has taken such liberties with me, as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own child against me, and make a dutiful girl a rebel.

If people will set up for virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a farthing for their pretences.

Here I have been plagued with gouts, rheumatisms, and nameless disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more attendance than ordinary; and I had reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent father can least bear to be so, that is, where he most loves; and that by young upstarts, who are growing up to the enjoyment of those pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung; and, Where's Polly? (for I honour the slut with too much of my notice,) Where's Polly? was all my cry, to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And, at last, in burst the pert baggage, with an air of assurance, as if she thought all must be well the moment she appeared, with, Do you want me, papa?

Do I want you, confidence! Yes, I do. Where have you been these two hours, that you never came near me, when you knew 'twas my time to have my foot rubbed, which gives me mortal pain? For you must understand, Mr. B——, that nobody's hand's so soft as Polly's.

She gave me a saucy answer, as I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a twinge, that I could scarce bear: for pain is a plaguy thing to a man of my lively spirits. Why, with a pox to it, cannot it go and rouse up some stupid lethargick rascal, whose blood is ready to stagnate? There it might do some good; and not make an honest man miserable, as it does me, who want none of its pungent helps to feeling.

She gave me, I say, a careless answer, and turned upon her heel; and not coming to me at my first word, I flung a book, which I had in my hand, at her head.

This the boldface (girls now-a-days make nothing of exposing their indulgent parents) has mentioned in a letter

to your lady: and she has abused me upon it in *such* a manner!—Well, if you don't take some course with her, I must with you, that's positive; and, young as you are, and a cripple as I am, I'll stump to an appointed place, to procure to myself the satisfaction of a man of honour.

Your lady has written to Polly what *she* would have said to me on this occasion. She has reflected upon me for not reading a book of mortification, when I was labouring under so great a sense of it, and confined to my elbow-chair in one room, whom lately half a dozen counties could hardly have contained: she has put it into Polly's head to fling this very book at her sister's head, in imitation of my example, and hopes Nancy will fling it at somebody's else, till it goes all round the house: she reproaches me for making no better use of a *good* book, as she calls Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, which I innocently was reading, to make me the more cheerfully bear my misfortune; and runs on a pack of stuff about my Polly's eyes, and skin, and I don't know what, on purpose to fill the girl with notions of what don't belong to her, in order to make her proud and saucy; and then, to inspire her with insolence to me, runs on with suppositions of what harm I might have done her, had the book bruised her face, or put out her eyes, and so forth: As if our daughters' eyes were not our own eyes, their brazen faces our brazen faces; at least till we can find somebody to take them, and all the rest of their trumpery, off our hands.—Saucy baggages! who have neither souls nor senses but what they have borrowed from us; and whose very bones, and the skin that covers them, so much their pride and their ornament, are so many parts of our own undervalued skin and bones; for our skins are only more wrinkled, by taking pains to make theirs smooth.

Nay, this fine lady of yours, this paragon of meekness and humility, in so many words bids me, or, which is worse, tells my own daughter to bid me, never to take a book in my hands again, if I won't make a better use of it!—And yet, what better use can an offended father make of the best books, than to correct a rebellious child with them, and oblige a saucy daughter to jump into her duty all at once?

Then, pray, sir, do you allow your lady to beg presents from gentlemen?—This is a tender point to touch upon: But you shall know all, I am resolved. For here she sends to desire me to make her a present of this very book, and promises to send me another as good.

Come, come, sir, these are no jesting matters; for is it not a sad thing to think of, that ladies, let them be young or old, well-married or ill-married, cannot live without intrigue? And here, if I were not a very honest man, and your friend, and *resolved* to be a virtuous man too, in spite of temptation, one does not know what might be the consequence of such a correspondence as is here begun, or rather *desired* to be begun; for I have too much *honour* to give into it, for your sake; and I hope you'll think yourself much obliged to me. I know the time that I have improved a more mysterious hint than this, into all that I had a mind to make of it. And it may be very happy for you, neighbour, that I *must* and *will* be virtuous, let the temptation be from whom it will: For the finest lady in the world is nothing to me now—in this my reformed state.

But this is not all: Mrs. B—— goes on to reflect upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying things before my daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed to say; and then avows malice and revenge, and all that.

Why, sir, why, neighbour, are these things to be borne?—Do you allow your lady to set up for a general corrector of every body's morals but your own? Do you allow her to condemn the only instances of wit that remain to this generation; that dear polite *double entendre*, which keeps alive the attention, and quickens the apprehension, of the best companies in the world, and is the salt, the sauce, which gives a poignancy to all our genteeler entertainments?

Very fine, truly! that more than half the world shall be shut out of society, shall be precluded their share of conversation among the gay and polite of both sexes, were your lady to have her will! Let her first find people who can support a conversation with wit and good sense like her own, and then something may be said: But, till then, I positively say, and will swear upon occasion, that *double entendre* shall not be banished from our tables; and where this won't raise a blush, or create a laugh, we will be at liberty, if we please, for all Mrs. B——, and her new-fangled notions, to force the one and the other by still plainer hints; and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, sir, you find my complaints are of a high nature, regarding the quiet of a family, the duty of a child to a parent, the advances of a married lady to a gentleman who is resolved to be virtuous, and the freedom and politeness of conversation; in all which points your lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon satisfaction from you, or such a correction of the fair transgressor, as is in your power to inflict, and which may prevent worse consequences from

Your offended friend and servant,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. B——, TO SIR SIMON DARNFORD.

[In answer to the preceding.]

DEAR SIR SIMON,

You cannot but believe, that I was much surprised at your letter, complaining of the behaviour of my wife. I could no more have expected such a complaint from such a gentleman, than I could, that she would have deserved it: and I am very sorry on *both* accounts. I have talked to her in such a manner, that, I dare say, she will never give you like cause to appeal to me.

It happened that the criminal herself received your letter from her servant, and brought it to me in my closet; and, making her honours, (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, though she takes such saucy freedoms with my friends,) away she tript; and I, inquiring for her, when, with surprise, as you may believe, I had read your charge, found she was gone to visit a poor sick neighbour; of which indeed she had before apprised me, because she took the chariot; but I had forgot it in my wrath.

'Twas well for her that she was not in the way: perhaps I should have taken more severe methods with her in my first emotions; and I longed for her return: And there is another *well for her* too, in her case; for one would be loath to spoil a son and heir, you know, Sir Simon, before we see whether the little varlet may deserve one's consideration.

I mention these things, that you may observe it was not owing to any regard for the offender herself that I did not

punish her as much as injured friendship required at my hands.

At last, in she came, with that sweet composure in her face which results from a consciousness of doing *generally* just and generous things; although, in this instance, she has so egregiously erred, that it behoves me (as well in justice to my friend, as in policy to myself; for who knows whither first faults may lead, if not checked in time?) to nip such boldness in the bud. And, indeed, the moment I beheld the charmer of my heart, (for I do love her too well, that's certain,) all my anger was disarmed; and had the offence regarded *myself*, I must have forgiven her, in spite of all my meditated wrath. But it behoved me in a *friend's* case not to be soon subdued by a too partial fondness: I resumed, therefore, that sternness and displeasure which her entrance had almost dissipated. I took her hand: her charming eye (you know what an eye she has, Sir Simon) quivered at my over-clouded aspect; and her lips, half-drawn to a smile, trembled with apprehension of a countenance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost her: Come along with me, Pamela, to my closet. I want to talk with you.

Dear sir! good sir! What's the matter? what have I done?

We entered. I sat down, still holding her unsteady hand, and her pulse fluttering under my finger like a dying bird.

'Tis *well*, said I, 'tis *well* your present condition pleads for you; and I must not carry what I have to say too far, for considerations less in your favour, than for one unseen: but I have great complaints against you.

Against me, sir!—What have I done? Let me know,

dear good sir! looking round, with her half-affrighted eyes, this way and that, on the books, and pictures, and on me, by turns.

You shall know soon, said I, the *crime* you have been guilty of.

Crime, sir! Pray let me!—This closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* time witness to the flutter you put me in.

There hangs a tale, Sir Simon, which I am not very fond of relating, since it gave beginning to the triumphs of this little sorceress.

I still held one hand, and she stood before me, as criminals ought to do before their judge; but said, I see, sir, sure I do, or what will else become of me! less severity in your eyes, than you affect to put on in your countenance. Dear sir, let me know my fault: I will repent, acknowledge, and amend: let me *but* know it.

You must have great presence of mind, Pamela, such is the nature of your fault, if you can look me in the face, when I tell it you.

Then let me, said the irresistible charmer, hiding her face in my bosom, and putting her other arm about my neck, let me thus, my dear Mr. B——, hide this guilty face, while I hear my fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, but by my tears, and my penitence.

I could hardly hold out. What infatuating creatures are these women, when they can think it thus worth their while to sooth and calm the tumults of an angry heart! When, instead of *scornful* looks darted in return for *angry* ones, words of *defiance* for words of *peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* error by *another*, and returning *vehement*

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* See Vol. I. p. 103.

wrath for *slight indignation*, and all the hostile provocations of the marriage warfare; they can thus hide their dear faces in our bosoms, and wish but to *know* their faults to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet girl's behaviour; nay, I believe I did, unawares to myself, and in defiance of my resolved displeasure, press her forehead with my lips, as the rest of her face was hid on my breast: But, considering it was the cause of my *friend* that I was to assert; my *injured* friend, wounded and insulted in so various a manner, by the fair offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling mischief, in a pomp of style theatrically tragic:

I will not, too inadvertent and undistinguishing Pamela, keep you long in suspense, for the sake of a circumstance, that, on this occasion, ought to give you as much joy, as it has, till now, given me—Since it becomes an advocate in your favour, when otherwise you might expect very severe treatment. Know then, that the letter you gave me before you went out, is a letter from a friend, a neighbour, a worthy neighbour, complaining of your behaviour to him;—no other than Sir Simon Darnford; (for I would not amuse her too much;) a gentleman I must always respect; and whom, as *my* friend, I expected *you* should: Since, by the value a wife expresses for one esteemed by her husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself or not, a man ought always to judge of the sincerity of her regards to himself.

She raised her head at once on this: Thank Heaven, said she, it is no worse!—I was at my wit's end almost, in apprehension: but I know how this must be.—Dear sir, how could you frighten me so?—I know how all this is!—I can now look you in the face, and hear all that Sir Simon can charge me with! For I am sure I have not so

affronted him, as to make him angry indeed. And truly (ran she on, secure of pardon, as she seemed to think) I should respect Sir Simon, not only as your friend, but on his own account, if he was not so sad a rake at a time of life——

Then I interrupted her, you must needs think, Sir Simon; for how could I bear to hear my worthy friend so freely treated?—How now, Pamela! said I; and is it thus, by *repeating* your fault, that you *atone* for it? Do you think I can bear to hear my friend so freely treated?

Indeed, said she, I do respect Sir Simon very much as your *friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty conversation, if one can hear it, and not discourage it, when the occasion comes in so pat?—And, indeed, I was glad of an opportunity, continued she, to give him a little rub; I must needs own it: But if it displeases you, or has made him angry in earnest, I am sorry for it, and will be less bold for the future.

Read then, said I, the heavy charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your answer to it. So I went from her, for a few minutes.

But, would you believe it, Sir Simon? she seemed, on my return, very little concerned at your just complaints.—What self-justifying minds have the meekest of these women!—Instead of finding her in repentant tears, as one might have expected, she took your angry letter for a jocular one; and I had great difficulty to convince her of the heinousness of *her* fault, or the reality of your resentment. Upon which, being determined to have justice done to my friend, and a due sense of her own great error impressed upon her, I began thus:

Pamela, Pamela, take heed that you do not suffer the purity of your own mind, in breach of your charity, to make you too rigorous a censurer of other people's actions: Don't be so puffed up with your own perfections, as to imagine, that, because other persons allow themselves liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir Simon is a gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant vein, and I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great rake and libertine: (You'll excuse me, Sir Simon, because I am taking your part:) But what then? You see it is all over with him now: You see, he says himself, that he *must*, and therefore he *will* be virtuous: And is a man for ever to hear of the faults of his youth, when he himself is so willing to forget them?

Ah! but, sir, sir, said the bold slut, can you say he is *willing* to forget them?—Does he not repine here in this very letter, that he *must* forsake them? and does he not plainly cherish the *inclination*, when he owns—She hesitated—Owns what?—You know what I mean, sir, and I need not speak it: And can there well be a more censurable character?—Then, dear sir, *before* his maiden daughters! *before* his virtuous lady! *before* any body!—What a sad thing is this, at a time of life, which should afford a better example!

But, dear sir, continued the bold prattler, (taking advantage of a silence that was more owing to displeasure than approbation,) let me, for I would not be *censorious*, (No, not she! in the very act of censoriousness to say this!) let me offer but one thing: Don't you think Sir Simon himself would be loath to be thought a reformed gentleman? Don't you see the delight he takes, when he speaks of his former pranks, as if he was sorry he could not play

them over again? See but how he simpers, and *enjoys*, as one may say, the relations of his own rakish actions, when he tells a bad story!—And have you not seen how often he has been forced to take his handkerchief to wipe the outside of his mouth, though the inside was least cleanly, when he has wounded a lady's ears, and turned, as it were, his own faulty heart inside out?—Indeed, sir, I am afraid, so bad in this way is your worthy neighbour, that he would account it a disgrace to him to be thought reformed. And how then can I abuse the gentleman, by representing him in a light in which he loves to be considered?

But, said I, were this the case, (for I profess, Sir Simon, I was at a grievous loss to defend you,) for you to write all these free things against a father to his daughter, is that right, Pamela?

O sir! the *good* gentleman himself has taken care that such a character as I presumed to draw to miss of her papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. B——, whenever his arch leers, and the humorous attitude in which he puts himself on those occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking story, how his lady and daughters (used to him as they are) have suffered in their apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it: How, particularly, dear Miss Darnford has looked at me with concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her papa from the censure, which his faulty expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear sir, is it not a sad thing for a young lady, who loves and honours her papa, to observe that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the example he ought to *give?* And, pardon me, sir, for smiling on so serious an occasion; but is it not a fine sight, do you think, to see a gentleman, as we have more than once seen Sir Simon, when he has thought proper to read

a passage or so in some bad book, pulling off *his spectacles*, to talk filthily upon it? Methinks I see him now, added the bold slut, splitting his arch face with a broad laugh, shewing a mouth with hardly a tooth in it, while he is making obscene remarks upon what he has read.

And then the dear saucy-face laughed out, to bear *me* company; for I could not, for the soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the figure she brought to my mind, which I have seen my old friend make, on two or three occasions of this sort, with his dismounted spectacles, his arch mouth, and gums of shining jet, succeeding those of polished ivory, of which he often boasts, as one ornament of his youthful days.—And I the rather in my heart, Sir Simon, gave you up, because, when I was a sad fellow, it was always a maxim with me, to endeavour to touch a lady's heart without wounding her ears. And, indeed, I found my account sometimes in observing it.

But, resuming my gravity, Hussy, said I, do you think I will have my old friend thus made the subject of your ridicule?—Suppose a challenge should have ensued between us on your account—What might have been the issue of it? To see an old gentleman, stumping, as he says, on crutches, to fight a duel in defence of his wounded honour? A pretty sight this would have afforded, would it not? And what (had any one met him on the way) could he have said he was going to do? Don't you consider, that a man is answerable for the faults of his wife? And, if my fondness for you would have made me deny doing justice to my friend, and, on the contrary, to resolve in your behalf to give him a meeting, and he had flung his crutch at my head, as he did the book at his daughter's, what might have been the consequence, think you?

Very bad, sir, to be sure: I see that, and am sorry for

it: for had you carried off Sir Simon's crutch, as a trophy, the poor gentleman must have lain sighing and groaning like a wounded soldier in the field of battle, till another had been brought to him, to have stumped home with.

But, dear Sir Simon, I have brought this matter to an issue, that will, I hope, make all easy: and that is this—Miss Polly, and my Pamela, shall both be punished as they deserve, if it be not your own fault. I am told, that the sins of your youth don't sit so heavily upon your limbs, as they do in your imagination; and I believe change of air, and the gratification of your revenge, (a fine help to such lively spirits as yours,) will set you up. You shall then take coach, and bring your pretty criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and it shall be in your power to absolve or punish them, as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy friend insulted in so heinous a manner, by a couple of saucy girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from fault to fault, till there will be no living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your lady and you will lend Miss Darnford to my Pamela's wishes, whose heart is set upon the hope of her wintering with us in town, you will lay an obligation upon us both, which will be acknowledged with great gratitude by, dear sir,

Your affectionate and humble servant,

W. B——.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR SIMON DARNFORD—IN REPLY.

HARK ye me, Mr. B——! A word in your ear: I like neither you nor your wife, to be plain with you, well enough to trust my Polly with you. What! you are to shew her, in your lady's case, all the game of a lying-in, I suppose; and, at least, set the girl a longing to make one in the dance, before I have found out the proper man for her partner.

But here's war declared against my poor gums, it seems. Well, I will never open my mouth before your lady as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these ten years avoided to put on my cravat; and for what reason, do you think?—Why, because I could not bear to see what ruins a few years have made in a visage, that used to inspire love and terror as it pleased.—And here your—what shall I call her of a wife, with all the insolence of youth and beauty on her side, follows me with a glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good-humoured old fellow—if I *am* an old fellow—or I should not bear the insults contained in your letter. Between you and your lady, you make a wretched figure of me, that's certain.—And yet, 'tis *taking my part*, with a p—x to *you*, Mr. B——! I would have said; but on your lady's account.—You see I have as much more charity than she, as she has purity than me: or I should not have put in that saving clause in her behalf.

But, what a d—l must I do?—I'd be glad at any rate to stand in your lady's graces, that I would: Nor would I be

the last rake and libertine unreformed by her example, which I suppose will make virtue the fashion, if she goes on as she does. But here I have been used to cut a joke, and toss the squib about; and, as far as I know, it has helped to keep me alive in the midst of pains and aches, and with two women-grown girls, and the rest of the mortifications that will attend on *advanced years;* for I won't (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *old age!*

I love, I own it, to make a pretty woman blush; it is double-damasking a fine rose, as it were; and till I saw your—[Do, let me call her some free name or other! I always loved to be free with pretty women!—Till I saw your—Methinks I like her Arcadian name, though I'm so old a swain, as not to merit any thing but rebuke at her hands—Well then, till I saw your]—Pamela—I thought all ladies, in their hearts, loved a little squib of that kind. For why should they not, when it adds so much grace to their features, and improves their native charms?—And often have I tossed the joke about, as much, in my intention, to oblige *them,* as *myself.*—Yet no one can say, but that I always wrapt it up in clean linen, as the saying is—Only suiting myself to my company, till I had made the dear rogues *sensible,* and shew they could apprehend.

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortified with a looking-glass held before me, and every wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a furrow.—And what, pray, is to succeed to this reformation?—I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt.—And, besides, if my stomach and my jest depart from me, farewell, Sir Simon Darnford!

But cannot I pass as one necessary character, do you think; as a foil (as, by-the-by, some of your own actions have been to your lady's virtue) to set off some more edi-

fying example, where variety of characters make up a feast in conversation?

I beseech you, Mr. B——'s Pamela, stick me into some posy among your finer flowers—And if you won't put me into your bosom, let me stand in some gay flower-pot in your chimney-corner: I may serve for show, if not for smell. Or, let me be the bass in your music, or permit my humorous humdrum to serve as a pardonable kind of discord to set off your own harmony.—I verily think I cannot be so good as you'd have me to be: So pray let your poor Anacreon go off with what he loves. It will be very cruel, if you won't.

Well, but, after all, I believe I might have trusted you with my daughter, under your lady's eye, rake as you have been yourself: And fame says wrong, if you have not been, for your time, a bolder sinner than ever I was, (with your maxim, of touching ladies hearts, without wounding their ears, which made surer work with them, that was all,) though, 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed: and if you are, the whole country round you, east, west, north and south, owe great obligations to your fair reclaimer. But here is a fine prim young fellow coming out of Norfolk, with one estate in one county, another in another, and jointures and settlements in his hands, and more wit in his head, as well as more money in his pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our Polly; though I tell her I much question the former quality, his wit, if he is for marrying.—And would you have her be attending your wife's nursery, when she may possibly be put into a way to have a raree-show of her *own?*

Here then is the reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. B——'s request. But if this matter should go off; if he should not like *her*, or she *him;* or if I should not

like *his* terms, or he *mine*;—or, still another *or*, if he should like Nancy better—why, then, perhaps, if Polly be a good girl, I may trust to her virtue, and to your honour, and let her go for a month or two: for the devil's in you, if you attempt to abuse such a generous confidence.—As to the superiority of beauty in your own lady, I depend nothing on that; for, with you young fellows, variety has generally greater charms.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say further, that I can forgive your severe lady, and yourself too, (who, however, are less to be excused in the airs you assume, which looks like one chimney-sweeper calling another sooty rascal,) I give a proof of my charity, which I hope, with Mrs. B——, will cover a multitude of faults; and the rather, since, though I cannot be a *follower* of her virtue in the strictest sense, I can be an *admirer* of it; and that is some little merit: and indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than

Your humble servant,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXV.

MRS. B——, TO HER PARENTS.

MY HONOURED AND DEAR PARENTS,

I HOPE you will excuse my long silence, which has been owing to several causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with: And yet this last is but a poor excuse

neither to you, who think every trifling subject agreeable from your daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady Davers. This gives me no small pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some uneasiness at times ; lest I should not, when viewed so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her ladyship's expectations. But this I resolve upon, I will not endeavour to move out of the sphere of my own capacity, in order to emulate her ladyship. She has, and must have, advantages, by conversation, as well as education, which it would be arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to shew such a respectful obligingness to my lady, as shall be consistent with the condition to which I am raised ; that so her ladyship may not have reason to reproach me of pride in my exaltation, nor her dear brother to rebuke me for meanness in condescending: And, as to my family management, I am the less afraid of inspection, because by the natural bias of my own mind, I bless God, I am above dark reserves, and have not one selfish or sordid view, that should make me wish to avoid the most scrutinizing eye.

I have begun a correspondence with Miss Darnford, a young lady of uncommon merit. But you know her character from my former writings. She is very solicitous to hear of every thing that concerns me, and particularly how Lady Davers and I agree together. I loved her from the moment I saw her first; for she has the least pride, and the most benevolence and solid thought, I ever knew in a young lady, and knows not what it is to envy any one. I shall write to her often : And as I shall have so many avocations besides to fill up my time, I know you will

excuse me, if I procure from this lady, as I hope to do, the return of my letters to her, for your perusal, and for the entertainment of your leisure hours. This will give you, from time to time, the accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest delights, that I have such dear, such worthy parents, (as I hope in God I long shall,) to bless me, and to correspond with me.

The papers I send herewith will afford you some diversion; particularly those relating to Sir Simon Darnford; and I must desire, that when you have perused them, (as well as what I shall send for the future,) you will return them to me.

Mr. Longman gave me great pleasure, on his last return from you, in his account of your health, and the satisfaction you take in your happy lot; and I must recite to you a brief conversation on this occasion, which, I dare say, will please you as much as it did me.

After he had been adjusting some affairs with his dear principal, which took them up two hours, my best-beloved sent for me.—My dear, said he, taking my hand, and seating me by him, and making the good old gentleman sit down, (for he will always rise at my approach,) Mr. Longman and I have settled in two hours some accounts, which would have taken up as many months with some persons. For never was there an exacter or more methodical accomptant than Mr. Longman: He gives me (greatly to my satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an account of the Kentish concern, and of the pleasure your father and mother take in it.—Now, my charmer, said he, I see your sweet eyes begin to glisten: O how this subject raises your

whole soul to the windows of it!—Never was so dutiful a daughter, Mr. Longman, and never did parents better deserve a daughter's duty!

I endeavoured before Mr. Longman to rein-in a gratitude, that my throbbing heart confessed through my handkerchief, as I could perceive: But the good old gentleman could not hinder his from shewing itself at his worthy eyes, to see how much I was favoured—*oppressed*, I should say—with the tenderest goodness to me, and kind expressions.—Excuse me, sir, excuse me, madam, said he, wiping his cheeks: My delight to see such merit so justly rewarded, will not be contained, I think.—And so he arose, and walked to the window.

Well, good Mr. Longman, said I, as he returned towards us, you give me the pleasure to know, that my father and mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a goodness and bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in.

Well and happy, madam!—Ay, that they are, indeed! and a worthier couple never lived, I assure you. Most nobly do they go on in the farm. Your honour is one of the happiest gentlemen in the world. All the good you do, returns upon you in a trice. It may well be said, *You cast your bread upon the waters;* for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the Kentish tenants, madam, are hugely delighted with their good steward: every thing prospers under his management. The gentry love both him and my dame; and the poor people adore them. Indeed they do a power of good, in visiting their poor neighbours, and giving them cordials, and such like; insomuch, that colicks, agues, and twenty distempers, nipped in the bud, fly before them. And yet the doctors themselves can have

nothing to say against them; for they administer help to those only who cannot be at the charge either of skill or physic.

In this manner ran on Mr. Longman, to my inexpressible delight, you may believe: and when he withdrew, 'Tis an honest soul, said my dear Mr. B——: I love him for his respectful love to my angel, and his value for the worthy pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* wishes. May they long live, and be happy!

The dear man makes me spring to his arms, whenever he touches this string: For he speaks always thus generously and kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you don't live only to yourselves: And now and then adds, That he is as much satisfied with your prudence, as he is with mine; that parents and daughter do credit to one another; and that the praises he hears of you from every mouth make him take as great pleasure in you, as if you were his own relations. How delighting! how transporting, rather, my dear parents, must this goodness be to your happy daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do.

When the expected visit from Lord and Lady Davers is over, the approaching winter will call us to London: and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may more frequently hear from one another; which, to be sure, will be a great heightening to my pleasures.

But I have such an account given me of the immoralities which persons may observe there, along with the public diversions, that it takes off a little from the satisfaction I should otherwise have in the thought of going thither. For, they say, quarrels, and duels, and gallantries, as they are called, so often happen in London, that

those enormities are heard of without the least wonder or surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest benefactor, and continue to me his affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your healths and felicity confirm and crown the delights of

Your ever dutiful daughter,

P. B——.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MRS. B——, FROM HER PARENTS.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the nature of the kindnesses is, which we confer on our poor neighbours, and the labouring people, lest it should be surmised by any body, that we are lavishing away wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either your honoured husband or you will suspect any such matter, or that the worthy Mr. Longman would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a report of it, as you write he did. What we do is in small things, though the good we hope from them is not small, perhaps: And if a very distressful case should happen among our poor neighbours, that would require any thing considerable, and the objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God should direct you,

But this, indeed, we have done, and continue to do: We have furnished ourselves with simple waters and cordials of several sorts; and when in a hot sultry day I see poor labouring creatures ready to faint and drop down, if they are only fatigued, I order them a mouthful of bread or so, and a cup of good ale or beer; and this makes them go about their business with new spirits: and when they bless me for it, I tell them they must bless the good 'squire, from whose bounty, next to God, it all proceeds. If they are ill, I give them a cordial; and we have been the means of setting up several poor creatures who have laboured under colicky and aguish disorders, or have been taken with slight stomach ailments. And nothing is lost by it, my dear child; for poor people have as grateful souls as any body; and it would delight your dear heart to see how many drooping spirits we have raised, and how, in an hour or two, some of them, after a little cordial refreshment, from languishing under a hedge, or behind a haystack, have skipped about as nimble as a deer, whistling and singing, and pursuing with alacrity their several employments; and instead of cursing and swearing, as is the manner of some wicked wretches, nothing but blessings and praises poured out of their glad hearts upon his honour and you; calling me their father and friend, and telling me, they will live and die for me, and my wife; and that we shall never want an industrious servant to do his honour's business, or to cultivate the farm I am blessed in. And in like sort we communicate to our sick or wanting neighbours, even although they be not tenants to the estate.

Come, my dear child, you are happy, very happy, to be sure you are; and, if it *can* be, may you be yet happier and happier! But still I verily think you cannot be more

happy than your father and mother, except in this one thing, That all *our* happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other parents bless their children with plenty and benefits, you have blessed your parents (or your honoured husband rather, for your sake,) with all the good things this world can afford.

The papers you send us are the joy of our leisure hours; and you are kind beyond all expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now and then you let us hear of your health and welfare. But it is not enough with such a good daughter, that you have made our lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us all that befalls you: And then you write so piously, and with such a sense of God's goodness to you, and intermix such good reflections in your writings, that, whether it be our partial love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you: And you make our hearts and our eyes so often overflow, as we read, that we join hand in hand together; and I say to her, Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my dear! and she, in the same breath, Blessed be God, and you, my love!—For such a daughter, says the one—For such a daughter, says the other.—And she has your own sweet temper, cry I.—And she has your own honest heart, cries she: And so we go on, blessing God, and blessing you, and blessing your spouse, and blessing ourselves!—Is any happiness like our happiness, my dear daughter!

Really and indeed we are so enraptured with your writings, that when our spirits flag through the infirmity of years, which hath begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to some of your papers: Come, my dear, cry I, what say you to a banquet now?—She knows what I mean.

With all my heart, says she.—So I read, although it be on a Sunday, so good are your letters; and you must know, I have copies of a many of them: And after a little while we are as much alive and brisk, as if we had no flagging at all, and return to the duties of the day with double delight.

Consider then, my dear child, what joy your writings give us: And yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who have so much to do of other kinds; and we are heartily glad you have found out a way to save trouble to yourself, and rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young lady as Miss Darnford, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear goodness to me, and the notice she took of me at the Hall,* kindly pressing my rough hands with her fine hands, and looking in my face with *so* much kindness in her eyes! —to be sure I never shall.—What good people, as well as bad, there are in high stations!—Thank God there are; else our poor child would have had a sad time of it too often, when she was obliged to *step out of herself,* as once I heard you phrase it, into company you could not *live with.*

Well, but what shall I say more? And yet how shall I end?—Only, with my prayers, that God will continue to you the blessings and comforts you are in possession of! —And pray now, be not over-thoughtful about what may happen at London; for why should you let the dread of future evils lessen your present joys? There is no absolute perfection in this life, that's true; but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis time enough to be

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* See Vol. II. p. 107.

troubled when troubles come.—*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*

Rejoice then, my dear child, as you have often said you would, in your present blessings, and leave the event of things to the Supreme Disposer of all events. And what have *you* to do but rejoice? *You,* who cannot see a sun rise, but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their beds numbers to join in the blessing! *You,* who can bless your high-born friends, and your low-born parents, and obscure relations! who can bless the rich by your example, and the poor by your bounty; and bless, besides, so good and so brave a husband!—O my dear child, what, let me repeat it, have *you* to do but rejoice!—*For many daughters have done wisely, but you have excelled them all.*

I will only add, that every thing the 'squire ordered, is just upon the point of being finished. And when the good time comes, that we shall be again favoured with his presence and yours, what a still greater joy will this afford to the already overflowing hearts of

Your ever loving father and mother,

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS!

LETTER XXVII.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

MY DEAREST MISS DARNFORD,

THE interest I take in every thing that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the

gentleman, whom some of his best friends and wellwishers have recommended to your favour. I hope he will deserve your good opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried gentlemen in England.

Your papa, in his humorous manner, mentions his large possessions and riches: But, indeed, were he as rich as Crœsus, he should not have my consent, if he has no greater merit; though that is what the generality of parents look out for first: And indeed an easy fortune is so far from being to be disregarded, that, when attended with *equal* merit, I think it ought to have a preference given to it, supposing affections disengaged. For 'tis certain, that a man or woman may stand as good a chance for happiness in marriage with a person of fortune, as with one who has not that advantage; and, notwithstanding I had neither riches nor descent to boast of, I must be of opinion with those who say, that they never knew any body despise either, that had them. But to permit riches to be the *principal* inducement, to the neglect of superior merit, that is the fault which many a one smarts for, whether the choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a title to their obedience.

Here is a saucy body, might some, who have not Miss Darnford's kind consideration for her friend, be apt to say, who being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes to give her opinion, in these high cases, unasked. But I have one thing, my dear miss, to say; and that is, that I think myself so entirely divested of partiality to my own case, that, as far as my judgment shall permit, I will never have that in view, when I am presuming to hint my opinion of general rules. For, most surely, the honours I have received, and the debasement to which my best friend has subjected himself, have, for their principal excuse, that the

gentleman was entirely independant, had no questions to ask, and had a fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the person he chose, happy, though she brought him nothing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a character for good sense, and knowledge of the world, that nobody could impute to him any other inducement, but that of a noble resolution to reward a virtue he had so frequently, and, I will say, so wickedly, tried, and could not subdue.

But why do I thus run on to Miss Darnford, whose partial friendship attributes to me merits I cannot claim? I will, therefore, quit this subject, as a needless one to her, and proceed to what was principally in my view, when I began to write; and that is, to complain of your papa, who has, let me say it, done his endeavours to set at variance a gentleman and his wife.

I will not enter into the particulars, because the appeal is to Cæsar, and it would look like invading his prerogative, to take it into my own hands. But I can tell Sir Simon, that he is the only gentleman, I hope, who, when a young person of my sex asked him to make her a present of a book, would put such a mischievous turn as he has done upon it, to her husband!—Indeed, from the *beginning*, I had reason to call him a tell-tale*—But, no more of that—Yet I must say, I had rather he should have flung this book at *my* head too, than to have made a so much worse use of it. But I came off tolerably; no thanks to Sir Simon, however!—And *but* tolerably, neither: for Mr. B—— kept me in suspense a good while, and put me in great flutters, before he let me into the matter.

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* See Vol. I. p. 253.

But I was much concerned, my dear Miss Darnford, at first, till you gave a reason I better liked afterwards, for Sir Simon's denying your company to me, after I had obtained the favour of your mamma's consent, and you were kindly inclined yourself to oblige me: and that was, that Sir Simon had a bad opinion of the honour of my dear Mr. B——. For, as to that part of his doubt, which reflected dishonour upon his dear daughter, it was all but the effect of his strange free humour, on purpose to vex you.

That gentleman must be the most abandoned of men, who would attempt any thing against the virtue of a lady intrusted to his protection: and I am grieved, methinks, that the dear man, who is the better part of myself, and has, to his own debasement, acted so honourably by me, should be thought capable of so much vileness. But, forgive me, miss; it is only Sir Simon, I dare say, who could think so hardly of him: and I am in great hope, for the honour of the *present* age, (quite contrary to the aspersion, that every age grows worse and worse,) that the *last*, if it produced people capable of such attempts, was wickeder than this.

Bad as Mr. B——'s designs and attempts were upon me, I can, now I am set above fearing them, and am enabled to reflect upon them with less terror and apprehension, be earnest, for his own dear sake, to think him not, even *then*, the worst of men, though bad enough in all conscience: For have we not heard of those who have had no remorse or compunction at all, and have actually executed all their vile purposes, when a poor creature was in their power?—Yet, (indeed, after sore trials, that's true!) did not God turn his heart? And although I was still helpless, and without any friend in the world, and in the hands of a poor vile woman, who, to be sure, was worse than he, pro-

voking him to ruin me, and so wholly in his power, that I durst not disobey him, whether he bade me come to him, or be gone from him, as he was pleased or displeased with me; yet, I say, for all this, did he not overcome his criminal passion, and entertain an honourable one, though to his poor servant girl; and brave the world, and the world's censures, and marry me?

And does not this shew, that the seeds of honour were kept alive in his heart, though choaked or kept from sprouting forth, for a time, by the weeds of sensuality, pride, and youthful impetuosity? And by cutting down the latter, have not the former taken root, have they not shot out, and, in their turn, *kept down*, at least, the depressed weeds? And who now lives more virtuously than Mr. B——?

Let me tell you, my dear miss, that I have not heard of many instances of gentlemen, who, having designed vilely, have stopt short, and acted so honourably; and who continue to act so nobly: and I have great confidence, that he will, in time, be as pious, as he is now moral; for though he has a few bad notions, which he talks of now and then, as polygamy, and such like, which, indeed, give me a little serious thought sometimes, because a man is too apt to practise what he has persuaded himself to believe is no crime; yet I hope they are owing more to the liveliness of his wit, (a wild quality, which does not always confine itself to proper exercises,) than to his judgment. And if I can but see the first three or four months residence over in that wicked London, (which, they say, is so seducing a place,) without adding to my apprehensions, how happy shall I be!

So much, slightly, have I thought proper to say in behalf of my dear Mr. B——. For a good wife cannot but hope

for a sweeter and more elevated companionship, (if her presumptuous heart makes her look upward with hope herself,) than this transitory state can afford us. And what a sad case is hers, who, being as exemplary as human frailty will permit her to be, looks forward upon the partner of her adverse, and of her prosperous estate, the husband of her bosom, the father of her children, the head of her family, as a poor unhappy soul, destined to a separate and a miserable existence for ever!—O my dear friend!—How can such a thought be supportable!—But what high consolation, what transport rather, at times, must hers be, who shall be blessed with the hope of being an humble instrument to reclaim such a dear, dear, thrice dear partner!—And that, heart in heart, and hand in hand, they shall one day issue forth from this encumbered state into a blessed eternity, benefited by each other's example! —I will lay down my pen, and enjoy the rich thought for a few moments.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, let me, as a subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind mention of the worthy Mr. Peters' sentiments in relation to that part of his conduct to me, which (oppressed by the terrors and apprehensions to which I was subjected) once indeed I censured; and so much the readier, as I had ever so great an honour for his cloth, that I thought, to be a clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good, and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. Peters, I had a high opinion of his worthiness: and as no one can be perfect in this life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my lot, to be a cause of stumbling to so worthy a heart! To be sure, a gentleman, who knows so well, and practises so well, his duty, in every other instance, and

preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one day* sensible, that it would not have misbecome his function and character to have afforded that protection to oppressed innocence, which was requested of him; and how would it have grieved his considerate mind, had my ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a name-sake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater instance, let not *my* want of charity exceed *his* fault; but let me look upon it as an infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable. I was a stranger to him; a servant girl carried off by her master, a young gentleman of violent and lawless passions; who, in this very instance, shewed how much in earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile purposes; and whose heart, although God might touch, it was not probable any lesser influence could.

Then he was not sure, that though he might assist my escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the hands of so determined a violator; and that difficulty would not, with such a one, enhance his resolution to overcome all obstacles.

Moreover, he might think, that the person, who was moving him to this worthy measure, might possibly be seeking to gratify a view of his own; and that while he was endeavouring to save, to outward appearance, a virtue in danger, he was, in reality, only helping another to a wife, at the hazard of exposing himself to the vindictiveness of a violent temper, and a rich neighbour, who had power as well as will to resent; for such was his apprehension,* groundless, entirely groundless as it was, though not improbable, as it might seem to him.

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* See Vol. I. p. 179.

Then again, the sad examples set by too many European sovereigns, in whom the *royal* and *priestly offices* are united; (for are not kings the *Lord's Anointed?*) and the little scruple which many persons, right reverend by their functions and characters, too generally make, to pay sordid court and visits, (far from bearing their testimony against such practices,) even to concubines, who have interest to promote them, are no small discouragements to a private clergyman to do his duty, and to make himself enemies among his powerful neighbours, for the cause of virtue.* And especially, (forgive me, dear Sir Simon Darnford, if you should see this,) when an eminent magistrate, one of the principal gentlemen of the county, of an independent fortune, who had fine young ladies to his daughters, (who had nothing but their superior conditions, not their sex, to exempt them from like attempts,) a justice of peace, and of the *quorum;* refused to BE a justice,† though such a breach of the *peace* was made, and such a violation of *morals* plainly intended. This, I say, must add to the discouragement of a gentleman a little too diffident and timorous of himself: and who having no one to second him, had he afforded me his protection, must have stood alone in the gap, and made to himself, in an active gentleman, an enemy who had a thousand desirable qualities to make one wish him for a friend.

For all these considerations I think myself obliged to pity, rather than too rigorously to censure, the worthy gentleman. And I must and will always respect him. And

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* That these arguments were pleaded by Mr. Peters, see Vol. I. p. 178, 179.

† See Vol. I. p. 178.

thank him a thousand times, my dear, in my name, for his goodness in condescending to acknowledge, by your hand, his infirmity, as such: for this gives an excellent proof of the natural worthiness of his heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed, my dear friend, I have so much honour for the clergy of all degrees, that I never forget in my prayers one article, that God will make them shining lights to the world; since so much depends on their ministry and examples, as well with respect to our public as private duties. Nor shall the faults of a few make impression upon me to the disadvantage of the order. For I am afraid a very censorious temper, in this respect, is too generally the indication of an uncharitable, and, perhaps, a profligate heart, levelling characters, in order to cover some inward pride, or secret enormities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not be instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear, this tedious scribble; I cannot, for my life, write short letters to those I love. And let me hope, that you will favour me with an account of your new affair, and how you proceed in it; and with such of your conversations, as may give me some notion of a polite courtship. For, alas! your poor friend knows nothing of this. All her courtship was sometimes a hasty snatch of the hand, a black and blue gripe of the arm, and, Whither now?—Come to me, when I bid you!—And saucy-face, and creature, and such like, on his part—with fear and trembling on mine; and—I will, I will!—Good sir, have mercy! At other times a scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplifted hands, bent knees, and tearful eyes—For God's sake, pity your poor servant!

This, my dear Miss Darnford, was the hard treatment that attended my courtship—Pray, then, let me know how gentlemen court their equals in degree; how they look when they address you, with their knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir Simon says, with the words slave, servant, admirer, continually at their tongues' ends.

But, after all, it will be found, I believe, that, be the language and behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike.—The English, the plain English, of the politest address, is, I am now, dear madam, your humble servant: Pray be so good as to let me be your master. Yes, and thank you too, says the lady's heart, though not her lips, if she likes him. And so they go to church together. And, in conclusion, it will be happy, if these obsequious courtships end no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinced, that, with a man of sense, a woman of tolerable prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you as happy as I now am, notwithstanding all that's past, wishes and prays

Your obliged friend and servant,

P. B——.

N. B. Although Miss Darnford could not receive the above letter so soon as to answer it before others were sent to her by her fair correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the order of time, that the reader may have the letter and answer at one view: and shall on other occasions take the like liberty.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

[In answer to the preceding.]

MY DEAR MRS. B——,

You charm us all with your letters. Mr. Peters says, He will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires I will return his thankful acknowledgments for your favourable opinion of him, and kind allowances. If there be an angel on earth, he says you are one. My papa, although he has seen your stinging reflection upon his refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to Lincolnshire again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good earnest; for he thinks it was wrong in him to deny you his protection.

We are pleased with your apology for Mr. B——. 'Tis so much the part of a good wife to extenuate her husband's faults, and make the best of his bad qualities, in order to give the world a good opinion of him; that, together with the affecting instances of your humility, in looking back with so much true greatness of mind to what you were, make us all join to admire you, and own, that nobody can deserve what you deserve.

Yet I am sorry, my dear friend, to find, notwithstanding your defence of Mr. B——, that you have any apprehensions about London. 'Tis pity any thing should give you concern. As to Mr. B——'s talking in favour of polygamy, you cannot expect, that he can shake off all his bad notions at once. And it must be a great comfort to you,

that his *actions* do not correspond, and that his liberties have been reduced to *notions* only. In time, we hope that he will be every thing you wish him. If not, with such an example before him, he will be the more culpable.

We all smiled at the description of your own uncommon courtship. And, as they say the days of courtship are the happiest part of life, if we had not known, that your days of marriage are happier by far than any other body's courtship, we must needs have pitied you. But as the one were days of trial and temptation, the other are days of reward and happiness. May the last always continue to be so, and you'll have no occasion to think any body happier than Mrs. B——!

I thank you heartily for your good wishes as to the man of sense. Mr. Murray has been here, and continues his visits. He is a lively gentleman, well enough in his person, has a tolerable character, yet loves company, and will take his bottle freely; my papa likes him ne'er the worse for that: he talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, and seems to like his own person very well: no great pleasure this for a lady to look forward to: yet he falls far short of that genteel ease, and graceful behaviour, which distinguish your Mr. B—— from any body I know.

I wish Mr. Murray would apply to my sister. She is an ill-natured girl; but would make a good wife, I hope; and I fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his conversation; his complaisance is not a pretty complaisance: He is, however, well versed in country sports; and my papa loves him for that too, and says, He is a most ac-

complished gentleman. Yes, sir, cry I, as gentlemen go.—You *must* be saucy, says Sir Simon, because the man offers himself to your acceptance. A few years hence, perhaps, if you remain single, you'll alter your note, Polly, and be willing to jump at a much less worthy tender.

I could not help answering, That although I paid due honour to every thing that my papa was pleased to say, I could not but hope he would be mistaken in this.

But I have broken my mind to my dear, my indulgent mamma, who tells me, she will do me all the pleasure she can; but would be loath the youngest daughter should *go first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now and then, I did not care who married, unless such an one offered, as I never expect.

I have great hope the gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me, for Nancy; for I see he has not delicacy enough to love with any great distinction. He says, as my mamma tells me by the by, that I am the handsomest, and best humoured; and he has found out, as he thinks, that I have some wit, and have ease and freedom (and he tacks innocence to them) in my address and conversation. 'Tis well for me *he* is of this opinion; for if he thinks justly, which I much question, *any body* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking pains to engage his good word, having been under more reserve to him, than ever I was before to any body.

Indeed I can't help it; for the gentleman is forward without delicacy; and (pardon me, Sir Simon) my papa has not one bit of it neither: but is for pushing matters on, with his rough raillery, that puts me out of countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid part of the preliminaries, as he tells me.

Yet I hope Nancy's three thousand pounds fortune, more than I am likely to have,* will give her the wished-for preference with Mr. Murray; and then, as to a brother-in-law, in prospect, I can put off all restraint, and return to my usual freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of notice from us: but from you we expect an account of Lady Davers's visit, and of the conversations that offer among you; and you have so delightful a way of making every thing momentous, either by your subject or reflections, or both, that we long for every post-day, in hopes of the pleasure of a letter.—And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many testimonies of the honour I receive in this correspondence: which will be always esteemed as it deserves, by, my dear Mrs. B——,

Your obliged and faithful

POLLY DARNFORD.

Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jones, my papa, mamma, and sister, present their respects. Mr. Peters I mentioned before. He continues to give a very good account of poor Jewkes; and is much pleased with her.

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* See Vol. II. p. 162.

LETTER XXIX.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

At your desire, and to oblige your honoured mamma, and your good neighbours, I will now acquaint you with the arrival of Lady Davers, and will occasionally write what passes among us: I will not say worthy of notice; for were I only to do so, I should be more brief, perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a bit now and a bit then, you must excuse me, if I dispense with some forms, which I ought to observe, when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it journal-wise, as it were, and have no regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my freedom of narration, to inscription or subscription; but send it as I have opportunity: And if you please to favour me so far as to lend it me, after you have read the stuff, for the perusal of my father and mother, to whom my duty and promise require me to give an account of my proceedings, it will save me transcription, for which I shall have no time; and then you will excuse blots and blurs, and I will trouble myself no farther for apologies on that score, but this once for all.

If you think it worth while, when they have read it, you shall have it again.

Wednesday morning, six o'clock.

For my dear friend permits me to rise an hour sooner than usual, that I may have time to scribble; for he is

always pleased to see me so employed, or in reading; often saying, when I am at my needle, (as his sister once wrote,*) Your maids can do this, Pamela; but they cannot write as you can. And yet, as he tells me, when I choose to follow my needle, as a diversion from too intense study, as he is pleased to call it, (but, alas! I know not what study is, as may be easily guessed by my hasty writing, putting down every thing as it comes,) I shall then do as I please. But you must understand I promised, at setting out, what a good wife I'd endeavour to make:† And every honest body should try to be as good as her word, you know; and such particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible; especially as I promised no more than what was my duty to perform, if I had *not* promised.—But what a preamble is here?—Judge by it what impertinencies you may expect, as I proceed.

Yesterday, about six in the evening, arrived here my Lord and Lady Davers, their nephew, and the Countess of C——, mother of Lady Betty, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater favour. It seems her ladyship longed, as she said, to see *me;* and this was her principal inducement. The two ladies, and their two women, were in Lord Davers's coach and six, and my lord and his nephew rode on horseback, attended with a train of servants.

We had expected them to dinner; but they could not reach time enough; for the countess being a little incommoded with her journey, the coach travelled slowly. My

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* See this Vol. p. 41, 42. † See Vol. II. p. 61, et seq.

lady would not suffer her lord, nor his nephew, to come hither before her, though on horseback, because she would be present, she said, when his lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her mother's Pamela;* that was her word.

It rained when they came in; so the coach drove directly to the door, and Mr. B—— received them there: But I was in a little sort of flutter, which Mr. B—— observing, made me sit down in the parlour to compose myself. Where's Pamela? said my lady, as soon as she alighted.

I stept out, lest she should take it amiss; and she took my hand and kissed me. Here, my lady countess, said she, presenting me to her—Here's the girl: See if I said too much in praise of her person.

The countess saluted me with a visible pleasure in her eye, and said, Indeed, Lady Davers, you have not. 'Twould have been strange (excuse me, Mrs. B——, for I know your story) if such a fine flower had not been transplanted from the field to the garden.

I made no return, but by a low courtesy, to her ladyship's compliment. Then Lady Davers, taking my hand again, presented me to her lord: See here, my lord, my mother's Pamela.—And see here, my lord, said her generous brother, taking my other hand most kindly, see here your brother's Pamela too!

My lord saluted me. I do, said he to his lady: I do, said he to his brother: and I see the first person in her, that has exceeded my expectation, when every mouth had *prepared* me to expect a wonder.

Mr. H——, whom every one calls Lord Jackey, after his aunt's example, when she is in good humour with him,

and who is a very *young* gentleman, though about as old as my best friend, came to me next, and said, Lovelier and lovelier, by my life!—I never saw your peer, madam.

Will you excuse me, my dear, all this seeming vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

Well, but, said my lady, taking my hand in her free quality way, which quite dashed me, and holding it at a distance, and turning me half round, her eye fixed to my waist, Let me observe you a little, my sweet-faced girl!—I hope I am right: I hope you will do credit to my brother, as he has done you credit.—Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. B——?

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, miss. My face, all over scarlet, was hid in my bosom, and I looked *so silly!*——

Ay, said my naughty lady, you may well look down, my good girl: for works of this nature will not be long hidden. And, O! my lady, (to the countess,) see how like a pretty *thief* she looks!

Dear my lady! said I—for still she kept looking at me: And her good brother, seeing my confusion, in pity to me, pressed my blushing face a moment to his generous breast; and said, Lady Davers, you should not be thus hard upon my dear girl, the moment you see her, and before so many witnesses: But look up, my best love, take your revenge of my sister, and tell her, you wish her in the same way.

It is so then! said my lady: I'm glad of it with all my heart. I will now love you better and better; but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my good child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you. And so she gave me a kiss of congratulation, as she said.

Do you think I did not look very silly?—My lord smiling, and gazing at me from head to foot, Lord Jackey

grinning and laughing, like an oaf, as I then, in my spite, thought. Indeed the countess said, encouragingly to me, but severely on persons of birth—Lady Davers, you are as much too teasing as Mrs. B—— is too bashful. But you are a happy man, Mr. B——, that your lady's bashfulness is the principal mark by which we can judge she is not of quality. Lord Jackey, in the language of some character in a play, cried out, *A palpable hit*, by Jupiter! and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating the same words.

We talked only upon common topics till supper-time, and I was all ear, as I thought it became me to be; for the countess had, by her first compliment, and by an aspect as noble as intelligent, over-awed me, as I may say, into a respectful silence, to which Lady Davers's free, though pleasant raillery, (which she could not help carrying on now and then,) contributed. Besides, Lady Davers's letters had given me still greater reason to revere her wit and judgment than I had before, when I reflected on her passionate temper, and such parts of the conversation I had had with her ladyship in your neighbourhood; which (however to be admired) fell short of her letters.

When we were to sit down at table, I looked, I suppose, a little diffidently; for I really then thought of my lady's anger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at the table with her;* and Mr. B—— saying, Take your place, my dear; you keep our friends standing; I sat down in my usual seat. And my lady said, None of your reproaching eye, Pamela; I know what you hint at by it: And every letter I have received from you, has helped to

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* See Vol. II. p. 289.

make me censure myself for my *lady-airs*, as you call 'em, you saucebox you! I told you, I'd *lady-airs* you, when I saw you; and you shall have it all in good time.

I'm sure, said I, I shall have nothing from your ladyship, but what will be very agreeable: But, indeed, I never meant any thing particular by that, or any other word that I wrote; nor could I think of any thing but what was highly respectful to your ladyship.

Lord Davers was pleased to say, that it was impossible I should either write or speak any thing that could be taken amiss.

Lady Davers, after supper, and the servants were withdrawn, began a discourse on titles, and said, Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord Davers; for he has spoken to Lord S——, who made him a visit a few days ago, to procure you a baronet's patent. Your estate, and the figure you make in the world, are so considerable, and your family besides is so ancient, that, methinks, you should wish for some distinction of that sort.

Yes, brother, said my lord, I did mention it to Lord S——, and told him, withal, that it was without your knowledge or desire, that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it: But 'tis a thing your sister has wished for a good while.

What answer did my Lord S—— make to it? said Mr. B——.

He said, We, meaning the ministers, I suppose, should be glad to oblige a man of Mr. B——'s figure in the world; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect courtiers will tender it to any gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord Davers, we seldom grant honours without a view, I tell you that, added he, smiling.

My Lord S—— might mention this as a jest, returned Mr. B——, but he spoke the truth. But your lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. 'Tis true, 'tis an hereditary title: but the rich citizens, who used to be satisfied with the title of knight, (till they made it so common, that it is brought into as great contempt almost as that of the French knights of St. Michael,* and nobody cares to accept of it,) now are ambitious of this; and, as I apprehend, it is hastening apace into like disrepute. Besides, 'tis a novel honour, and what the ancestors of our family, who lived at its institution, would never accept of. But were it a peerage they would give me, which has some essential privileges and splendors annexed to it, that would make it desirable to some men, I would not enter into conditions for it. Titles at best, added he, are but shadows, and he that has the substance, should be above valuing them; for who that has the whole bird, would pride himself upon a single feather?

But, said my lady, although I acknowledge, that the institution is of late date, yet as abroad, as well as at home, it is regarded as a title of dignity, and it is supposed that the best families among the gentry are distinguished by it, I should be glad you would accept of it. And as to citizens who have it, they are not many; and some of this class of people, or their immediate descendants however, have brought themselves into the peerage itself of the one kingdom or the other.

As to what it is looked upon abroad, said Mr. B——,

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* This order was become so scandalously common in France, that, in order to suppress it, the hangman was vested with the ensigns of it, which effectually abolished it.

that is of no weight at all; for when an Englishman travels, be he of what degree he will, if he has an equipage, and squanders his money away, he is a lord of course with foreigners: and therefore, Sir *Such-a-one* is rather a diminution to him, as it fixes him down to a lower title than his vanity would, perhaps, make him aspire to be thought in the possession of. Then, as to citizens, in a trading nation like this, I am not displeased, in the main, with seeing the overgrown ones creeping into nominal honours; and we have so many of our first titled families who have allied themselves to trade, (whose inducements were money only,) that it ceases to be either a wonder as to the fact, or a disgrace to the honour.

Well, brother, said my lady, I will tell you farther, the thing may be had for asking for: if you will but go to court, and desire to kiss the king's hand, that will be all the trouble you'll have: and pray now oblige me in it.

If a title would make me either a better or a wiser man, replied Mr. B——, I would embrace it with pleasure. Besides, I am not so entirely satisfied with some of the measures now pursuing, as to owe any obligation to the ministers. Accepting of a small title from them, is but like putting on their badge, or listing under their banners; like a certain lord we all know, who accepted of one degree more of title to shew he was theirs, and would not have an higher, lest it should be thought a satisfaction tantamount to half the pension he demanded: And could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ungrateful man for voting as I pleased, because they gave me the title of a baronet?

The countess said, The world always thought Mr. B—— to be a man of steady principles, and not attached

to any party; but it was her opinion, that it was far from being inconsistent with any gentleman's honour and independency, to accept of a title from a prince he acknowledged as his sovereign.

'Tis very true, madam, replied Mr. B——, that I am attached to no party, nor ever will; and I have a mean opinion of many of the heads of both: Nay, I will say further, that I wish at my heart the gentlemen in the administration would pursue such measures, that I could give them every vote; as I always will every one that I can; and I have no very high opinion of those who, right or wrong, would distress or embarrass a government. For this is certain, that our governors cannot be always in the wrong; and he, therefore, who never gives them a vote, must sometimes be in the wrong, as well as they, and must, moreover, have some view he will not own. But in a country like ours, where each of the legislative powers is in a manner independent, and where they are designed as mutual checks upon one another, I have, notwithstanding, so great an opinion of the necessity of an opposition sometimes, that I am convinced it is that which must preserve our constitution. I will therefore be a *country gentleman*, in the true sense of the word, and will accept of no favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a round to any man's ladder of preferment, or a caballer for the sake of my own.

You say well, brother, returned Lady Davers; but you may undoubtedly keep your own principles and independency, and yet pay your duty to the king, and accept of this title; for your family and fortune will be a greater ornament to the title than the title to you.

Then what occasion have I for it, if that be the case, madam?

Why, I can't say, but I should be glad you had it, for your family's sake, as it is an hereditary honour. Then it would mend the style of your spouse here; for the good girl is at such a loss for an epithet when she writes, that I see the constraint she lies under. It is, *My dear gentleman, my best friend, my benefactor, my dear Mr. B——;* whereas Sir William would turn off her periods more roundly, and no other softer epithets would be wanting.

To me, replied he, who always desire to be distinguished as my Pamela's best friend, and think it an honour to be called *her dear Mr. B——*, and *her dear man*, this reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir William in the kingdom than *her* Sir William; for I am very emulous of her favour, I can tell you, and think it no small distinction.

I blushed at this too great honour, before such company, and was afraid my lady would be a little piqued at it. But, after a pause, she said, Well then, brother, will you let Pamela decide upon this point?

Rightly put, said the countess. Pray let Mrs. B—— choose for you, sir. My lady has hit the thing.

Very good, very good, by my soul, says Lord Jackey; let my *young aunt* (that was his word) choose for you, sir.

Well then, Pamela, said Mr. B——, give us your opinion, as to this point.

But, first, said Lady Davers, say you will be determined by it; or else she will be laid under a difficulty.

Well then, replied he, be it so. I will be determined by your opinion, my dear: Give it me freely.

Lord Jackey rubbed his hands together, Charming, charming, as I hope to live! By Jove, this is just as I wished!

Well now, Pamela, said my lady, speak your true heart without disguise: I charge you do.

Why then, gentlemen and ladies, said I, if I must be so bold as to speak on a subject, upon which, on several accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the title; but perhaps my reason is of too private a nature to weigh any thing; and if so, it would not become me to have any choice at all.

They all called upon me for my reason; and I said, looking down a little abashed, It is this: Here my dear Mr. B—— has disparaged himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low creature as I; and the world will be apt to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the honour he has lost *another;* and then, perhaps, it will be attributed to *my* pride and ambition: Here, they will perhaps say, the proud cottager will needs be a lady, in hopes to conceal her descent; whereas, had I such a vain thought, it would be but making it the more remembered against both Mr. B—— and myself. And, indeed, as to my own part, I take too much pride in having been lifted up into this distinction, for the causes to which I owe it, your brother's *bounty* and *generosity*, than to be ashamed of what I *was:* Only now and then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censured. But this would not be prevented, but rather be promoted by the title. So I am humbly of opinion against the title.

Mr. B—— had hardly patience to hear me out, but came to me, and folding his arms about me, said, Just as I wished, have you answered, my beloved Pamela! I was never yet deceived in you; no, not once.

Madam, said he to the countess, Lord Davers, Lady Davers, do we want any titles, think you, to make us happy, but what we can confer upon ourselves? And he pressed my hand to his lips, as he always honours me most in company; and went to his place highly pleased; while his fine manner drew tears from my eyes, and made his noble sister's and the countess's glisten too.

Well, for my part, said Lady Davers, thou art a strange girl! Where, as my brother once said,* gottest thou all this? Then, pleasantly humorous, as if she was angry, she changed her tone. What signify thy *meek* words and *humble* speeches, when by thy *actions*, as well as *sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all! Pamela, said she, have less merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more patience with thee, than thy monarch has just now shewn.

The countess was pleased to say, You're a happy couple, indeed! And I must needs repeat to you, Mr. B——, four lines of Sir William Davenant upon a lady, who could not possibly deserve them so much as yours does:

'She ne'er saw courts; but courts cou'd have outdone,
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun;
For *Nature* spread them in the scorn of *Art*.'

But, my dear Miss Darnford, how lucky one sometimes is, in having what one says well accepted! Ay, that is all in all. Since the reason for the answer I gave was so obvious, that one in my circumstances could not have missed

* See Vol. I. p. 41.

it. Yet what compliments had I upon it! 'Tis a sign they were prepared to think well of me; and that's my great pleasure and happiness.

Such sort of entertainment as this you are to expect from your correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear such a mixture of self-praise, vanity and impertinence, that I expect you will tell me freely, as soon as this comes to your hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear father and mother's sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of every thing that comes from me, for no other reason but that: And I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to any body else, without expecting as much partiality and favour from others, as I have from my dear parents. Mean-time I conclude here my first conversation-piece; and am, and will be,

Always yours, &c.

P. B——.

LETTER XXX.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

Thursday morning, six o'clock.

OUR breakfast conversation yesterday, (at which only Mrs. Worden, my lady's woman, and my Polly attended,) was so whimsically particular, (though I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling,) that I cannot help acquainting my dear Miss Darnford with it, who is desirous

of knowing all that relates to Lady Davers's conduct towards me.

You must know then, that I have the honour to stand very high in the graces of Lord Davers; who on every occasion is pleased to call me his *good sister*, his *dear sister*, and sometimes his *charming sister:* and he tells me, he will not be out of my company for an hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My lady seems to relish this very well in the main, though she cannot quite so readily yet frame her mouth to the sound of the word *sister*, as my lord does; of which this that follows is one instance.

His lordship had called me by that tender name twice before, and saying, I will drink another dish, I think, my *good sister;* my lady said, Your lordship has got a word by the end, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken notice, that you have called Pamela, *sister*, *sister*, *sister*, no less than three times, in a quarter of an hour.

My lord looked a little serious: I shall one day, said he, be allowed to choose my own words and phrases, I hope: Your sister, Mr. B——, added he, often questions whether I am at age or not, though the house of peers made no scruple of admitting me among them some years ago.

Mr. B—— said, severely, but with a smiling air, 'Tis well she has such a gentleman as your lordship for a husband, whose affectionate indulgence to her makes you overlook all her saucy sallies! I am sure, when you took her out of our family into your own, we all thought ourselves, I in particular, bound to pray for you.

I thought this a great trial of my lady's patience: But it was from Mr. B——. And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious air, How now, confidence! None but

my brother could have said this, whose violent spirit was always much more intolerable than mine. But I can tell you, Mr. B——, I was always thought very good humoured and obliging to every body, till your impudence came from college, and from your travels; and then, I own, your provoking ways made me now and then a little out of the way.

Well, well, sister, we'll have no more of this subject; only let us see, that my Lord Davers wants not his proper authority with you, although you used to keep *me* in awe formerly.

Keep *you* in awe!—That nobody could ever do yet, boy or man.—But, my lord, I beg your pardon; for this brother will make mischief betwixt us if he can—I only took notice of the word *sister* so often used, which looked more like affectation than affection.

Perhaps, Lady Davers, said my lord, gravely, I have two reasons for using the word so frequently.

I'd be glad to hear them, said the dear taunting lady; for I don't doubt they're mighty good ones. What are they, my lord?

One is, because I love, and am fond of my new relation: The other, that you are so sparing of the word, that I call her so for us both.

Your lordship says well, replied Mr. B——, smiling; and Lady Davers can give two reasons why she does *not*.

Well, said my lady, now we are in for't, let us hear *your* two reasons likewise; I doubt not they're wise ones too.

If they are *yours*, Lady Davers, they must be so. One is, that every condescension (to speak in a proud lady's dialect) comes with as much difficulty from her, as a favour from the house of Austria to the petty princes of Germany. The second, because those of your sex, (excuse me, madam,

to the countess,) who having once made scruples, think it inconsistent with themselves to be over hasty to alter their own conduct, choosing rather to persist in an error, than own it to be one.

This proceeded from his impatience to see me in the least slighted by my lady; and I said to Lord Davers, to soften matters, Never, my lord, were brother and sister so loving in earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in jest, as my good lady and Mr. B——. But your lordship knows their way.

My lady frowned at her brother, but turned it off with an air: I love the mistress of this house, said she, very well; and am quite reconciled to her: But methinks there is such a hissing sound in the word *sister*, that I cannot abide it. 'Tis a true English word, but a word I have not been used to, having never had a sis-s-s-ter before, as you know. Speaking the first syllable of the word with an emphatical hiss.

Mr. B—— said, Observe you not, Lady Davers, that you used a word (to avoid that) which had twice the hissing in it, that *sister* has?—And that was, mis-s-s-tress, with two other hissing words to accompany it, of this-s- hous-s-e: But to what childish follies does not pride make one stoop!—Excuse, madam (to the countess), such poor low conversation as we are dwindled into.

O sir, said her ladyship, the conversation is very agreeable; and I think, Lady Davers, you're fairly caught.

Well, said my lady, then help me, good *sister*,—there's for you!—to a little sugar. Will that please you, sir?

I am always pleased, replied her brother, smiling, when Lady Davers acts up to her own character, and the good sense she is mistress of.

Ay, ay, returned she, my good brother, like other wise men, takes it for granted, that it is a mark of good sense to approve of whatever *he* does.—And so, for this one time, I am a very sensible body, with him.—And I'll leave off while I have his good word. Only one thing I must say to you, my dear, turning to me, that though I call you Pamela, and Pamela, as I please, I do assure you I love you as well as if I called you *sister, sister*, as Lord Davers does at every word.

Your ladyship gives me great pleasure, said I, in this kind assurance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the honour of being called by that tender name, if I can be so happy as to deserve it; and I'll lose no opportunity that shall be afforded me, to shew how sincerely I will endeavour to do so.

She was pleased to rise from her seat: Give me a kiss, my dear girl! you deserve every thing: And permit me to say Pamela sometimes, as the word occurs; for I am not used to speak in print; and I will call you *sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever sister loved another.

These proud and passionate folks, said Mr. B——, how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their characters!

So then, rejoined my lady, I am to have no merit of my own, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my brother as one might expect.

Why, you saucy sister, (excuse me, Lord Davers,) what merit *would* you assume? Can people merit by doing their duty? And is it so great a praise that you think fit to own for a sister so deserving a girl as this, whom I take pride in calling my wife?

Thou art what thou always wert, returned my lady; and were I in this my imputed pride to want an excuse, I know not the creature living that ought so soon to make one for me as you.

I *do* excuse you, said he, for *that* very reason, if you please: But it little becomes either your pride or mine, to do any thing that wants excuse.

Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly!—Pamela, friend, sister,—there's for you!—thou art a happy girl to have made such a reformation in thy honest man's way of *thinking* as well as *acting*. But now we are upon this topic, and none but friends about us, I am resolved to be even with thee, brother. Jackey, if you are not for another dish, I wish you'd withdraw. Polly Barlow, we don't want you. Beck, you may stay. Mr. H—— obeyed; and Polly went out: For you must know, miss, that my Lady Davers will have none of the men-fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at tea. And I cannot say but I think her entirely in the right, for several reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my lady repeated, Now we are upon this topic of reclaiming and reformation, tell me, thou bold wretch; for you know I have seen all your rogueries in Pamela's papers; tell me, if ever rake but thyself made such an attempt as thou didst, on this dear good girl, in presence of a virtuous woman, as Mrs. Jervis always was noted to be?—As to the other vile creature Jewkes, 'tis less wonder, although in *that* thou hadst the impudence of *him* who set thee to work: But to make thy attempt before Mrs. Jervis, and in spite of *her* struggles and reproaches, was the very stretch of shameless wickedness.

Mr. B—— seemed a little disconcerted, and said, Surely, surely, Lady Davers, this is going too far! Look at Pamela's blushing face, and downcast eye, and wonder at yourself for this question as much as you do at me for the action you speak of.

The countess said to me, My dear Mrs. B——, I wonder not at this sweet confusion on so affecting a question; but, indeed, since it has come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. B——, that we have all, and my daughters too, wondered at this more than at any part of your attempts; because, sir, we thought you one of the most civilized men in England, and that you could not but wish to have saved appearances at least.

Though this, said Mr. B——, is to *you*, my Pamela, the renewal of griefs, yet hold up your dear face.—You may—The triumph was yours—The shame and the blushes ought to be mine—And I will humour my saucy sister in all she would have me say.

Nay, said Lady Davers, you know the question; I cannot put it stronger.

That's very true, replied he.—But would you expect I should give you a *reason* for an attempt that appears to you so very shocking?

Nay, sir, said the countess, don't say *appears to Lady Davers;* for (excuse me) it will appear so to every one who hears of it.

I think my brother is too hardly used, said Lord Davers: He has made all the amends he could make: And *you*, my sister, who were the person offended, forgive him now, I hope; don't you?

I could not answer; for I was quite confounded; and made a motion to withdraw: But Mr. B—— said, Don't

go, my dear: though I ought to be ashamed of an action set before me in so full a glare, in presence of Lord Davers and the countess; yet I will not have you stir, because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me.

Indeed, sir, I cannot, said I: Pray, my dear ladies, pray, my good lord, and dear sir, don't thus *renew my griefs*, as you were pleased justly to phrase it.

I have the representation of that scene in my pocket, said my lady; for I was resolved, as I told Lady Betty, to shame the wicked wretch with it the first opportunity I had; and I'll read it to you! Or, rather, you shall read it yourself, boldface, if you can.

So she pulled those leaves out of her pocket, wrapped up carefully in a paper.—Here,—I believe he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare Pamela's confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was.

I think, said he, taking the papers, I can say something that will abate the heinousness of this heavy charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent bar of my sister, answering her interrogatories.

I send you, my dear Miss Darnford, a transcript of the charge, as follows:—To be sure, you'll say, he was a very wicked man.

[See Vol. I. p. 75, et seq.]

Mr. B—— read this to himself, and said, This is a dark affair, as it is here stated; and I can't say, but Pamela, and Mrs. Jervis too, had a great deal of reason to apprehend the worst: But surely readers of it, who were less parties in the supposed attempt, and who were not determined at all events to condemn me, might have made a more favourable construction for me, than you, Lady Davers, have done in the strong light in which you have set this heinous matter before us.

However, since my lady, (bowing to the countess,) and Lord Davers, seem to expect, that I shall particularly answer to this black charge, I will, at a proper time, if it will be agreeable, give you a brief history of my passion for this dear girl, how it commenced and increased, and my own struggles with it: And this will introduce with some little advantage to myself, perhaps, what I have to say, as to this supposed attempt; and at the same time enable you the better to account for some facts which you have read in my pretty accuser's papers.

This pleased every one, and they begged him to begin *then:* But he said, It was time we should think of dressing, the morning being far advanced; and if no company came in, he would, in the afternoon, give them the particulars they desired to hear.

The three gentlemen rode out, and returned just time enough to dress before dinner; and my lady and the countess also took an airing in the chariot. Just as they returned, compliments came from several of the neighbouring ladies to our noble guests, on their arrival in these parts; and, to as many as sent, Lady Davers desired their companies for to-morrow in the afternoon, to tea: But Mr. B—— having fallen in with some of the gentlemen likewise, he told me we should have most of our visiting neighbours at dinner, and desired Mrs. Jervis might prepare accordingly for them.

After dinner Mr. H—— took a ride out, attended by Mr. Colbrand, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frightened Lady Davers's footmen at the Hall, threatening to chine them, if they offered to stop his lady;* for, he

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* See Vol. II. p. 250.

says, he loves a man of courage; very probably knowing his own defects that way; for my lady often calls him a chicken-hearted fellow. And then Lord and Lady Davers, and the countess, revived the subject of the morning; and Mr. B—— was pleased to begin in the manner I shall mention by and by: For here I am obliged to break off.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, I will proceed.

'I need not,' said Mr. B——, 'observe to any body who 'knows what love is, (or rather that violent passion which 'we mad young fellows are apt to miscal love,) what 'mean things it puts one upon; how it unmans, and 'levels with the dust, the proudest spirit. In the sequel 'of my story you will observe several instances of this 'truth.

'I began very early to take notice of this lovely girl, 'even when she was hardly thirteen years old: for her 'charms increased every day, not only in my eye, but in 'the eyes of every one who beheld her. My mother, as '*you*, Lady Davers, know, took the greatest delight in 'her, always calling her, her Pamela, her good child: And 'her waiting-maid, and her cabinet of rarities, were her 'boasts, and equally shewn to every visitor: For, besides 'the beauty of her figure, and the genteel air of her per-'son, the dear girl had a surprising memory, a solidity of 'judgment above her years, and a docility so unequalled, 'that she took all parts of learning which her lady, as 'fond of instructing her as she of improving by instruc-'tion, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had masters 'to teach her to dance, to sing, and to play on the spinnet,

'whom she every day surprised by the readiness where-
'with she took every thing.

'I remember once, my mother praising her girl before
'me, and my aunt B——, (who is since dead,) I could not
'but take notice to her of her fondness for her, and said,
'What do you design, madam, to do *with*, or to do *for*,
'this Pamela of yours? The accomplishments you give
'her will do her more hurt than good: for they will set
'her so much above her degree, that what you intend as
'a kindness may prove her ruin.

'My aunt joined with me, and spoke in a still stronger
'manner against giving her such an education; and added,
'as I well remember, Surely, sister, you do wrong. One
'would think, if one knew not my nephew's discreet pride,
'that you design her for something more than your own
'waiting-maid.

'Ah! sister, said the old lady, there is no fear of what
'you hint at: His family pride, and stately temper, will
'secure my son: He has too much of his father in him—
'And as for Pamela, you know not the girl. She has
'always in her thoughts, and in her mouth too, her
'parents mean condition; and I shall do nothing for
'*them*, at least at present, though they are honest
'folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the girl
'humble.

'But what can I do with the little baggage, continued
'my mother; she conquers every thing so fast, and has
'such a thirst after knowledge; and the more she knows,
'I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help
'letting go, as my son, when a little boy, used to do to
'his kite, as fast as she pulls: and to what height she'll
'soar I can't tell.

'I intended, proceeded the good lady, at first, only to 'make her mistress of some fine needle-works, to qualify 'her (as she has a delicacy in her person, that makes it a 'pity she should ever be put to hard work) for a genteel 'place: but she masters that so fast, that now, as my 'daughter is married, and gone from me, I am desirous 'to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thought-'ful hours: And were *you*, sister, to know what she is 'capable of, and how diverting her innocent prattle is to 'me, and her natural simplicity, which I encourage her to 'preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my 'son neither, wonder at the pleasure I take in her—Shall 'I call her in?

'I don't want, said I, to have the girl called in: If you, 'madam, are diverted with her, that is enough.—To be 'sure Pamela is a better companion for a lady, than a 'monkey or a harlequin: But I fear you'll set her above 'herself, and make her vain, and pert; and that, at last, 'in order to support her pride, she may fall into tempta-'tions, which may be fatal to herself, and others too.

'I'm glad to hear this from my *son*, replied the good 'lady. But the moment I see my favour puffs her up, I 'shall take other measures.

'Well, thought I to myself, I only want to conceal my 'views from your penetrating eye, my good mother; 'and I shall one day take as much delight in your girl, 'and her accomplishments, as you now do: So, go on, 'and improve her as fast as you will, I'll only now and 'then talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that 'all you bestow upon her, will qualify her the better for 'my purpose.—Only, thought I, fly swiftly on, two or 'three more tardy years, and I'll nip this bud by the time 'it begins to open, and place it in my bosom for a year or

'two at least; for so long, if the girl behaves worthy of 'her education, I doubt not, she'll be new to me. Excuse 'me, ladies; excuse me, Lord Davers: If I am not inge-'nuous I had better be silent.'

I will, as little as possible, interrupt this affecting narration, by mentioning my own alternate blushes, confusions and exclamations, as the naughty man went on; nor the censures, and many *out-upon-you's* of the attentive ladies, and *fie, brother's,* of Lord Davers; nor yet with apologies for the praises on myself, so frequently intermingled—contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very sentences of the dear relator. And as to our occasional exclaimings and observations, you may suppose what they were.

'So,' continued Mr. B——, 'I went on, dropping hints 'against her now and then; and whenever I met her, in 'the passages about the house, or in the garden, avoiding 'to look at her, or to speak to her, as she passed me, 'courtesying, and putting on a thousand bewitching airs of 'obligingness and reverence; while I (who thought that 'the best way to demolish the influence of such an edu-'cation, would be to avoid alarming her fears on one 'hand, or to familiarize myself to her on the other, till I 'came to strike the blow) looked haughty and reserved, 'and passed by her with a stiff nod, at most. Or, if I 'spoke, How does your lady this morning, girl?—I hope 'she rested well last night? Then, covered with blushes, 'and courtesying at every word, as if she thought herself 'unworthy of answering my questions, she'd trip away in 'a kind of hurry and confusion, as soon as she had 'spoken. And once I heard her say to Mrs. Jervis, Dear

'sirs, my young master spoke to me, and called me by 'my name, saying, How slept your lady last night, Pa-'mela? Was not that very good, Mrs. Jervis? was it not? 'Ay, thought I, I'm in the right way, I find: This will do 'in proper time. Go on, my dear mother, improving as 'fast as you will: I'll engage to pull down in three hours 'what you'll be building up in as many years, in spite of 'all the lessons you can teach her.

'Tis enough for me, that I am establishing in you, 'ladies, and in you, my lord, a higher esteem for my 'Pamela, (I am but too sensible I shall lose a good deal 'of my own reputation,) in the relation I am now giving 'you. Every one but my mother, who, however, had no 'high opinion of her son's virtue, used to look upon me 'as a rake; and I got the name, not very much to my 'credit, you'll say, as well abroad as in England, of *The 'sober rake;* some would say, *The genteel rake;* nay, for 'that matter, some pretty hearts, that have smarted for 'their good opinion, have called me *The handsome rake:* 'But whatever other epithet I was distinguished by, it all 'concluded in *rake* or *libertine:* Nor was I very much 'offended at the character; for, thought I, if a lady 'knows this, and will come into my company, half the 'ceremony between us is over; and if she *calls* me so, I 'shall have an excellent excuse to punish her freedom, by 'greater of my own.

'So I dressed, grew more and more confident, and 'became as insolent withal, as if, though I had not Lady 'Davers's wit and virtue, I had all her spirit; (excuse 'me, Lady Davers;) and having a pretty bold heart, 'which rather put me upon courting than avoiding a 'danger or difficulty, I had but too much my way with

'every body; and many a menaced complaint have I 'looked down with a haughty air, and a promptitude, like 'that of Colbrand's to your footman at the Hall, to clap 'my hand to my side: which was of the greater service 'to my bold enterprises, as two or three gentlemen had 'found I knew how to be in earnest.'

Ha! said my lady, thou wast ever an impudent fellow; and many a vile roguery have I kept from my poor mother. Yet, to my knowledge, she thought you no saint.

'Ay, poor lady, continued he, she used now and then 'to catechise me; and was *sure* I was not so good as I 'ought to be:—For, son, she would cry, these late hours, 'these all-night works, and to come home so *sober*, cannot 'be right.—I'm not sure, if I were to know all, (and yet 'I'm afraid of inquiring after your ways,) whether I should 'not have reason to wish you were brought home in wine, 'rather than to come in so sober and so late as you do.

'Once, I remember, in the summer-time, I came home 'about six in the morning, and met the good lady unexpectedly by the garden backdoor, of which I had a key 'to let myself in at all hours. I started, and would have 'avoided her, as soon as I saw her: But she called me to 'her, and then I approached her, with an air. What 'brings you, madam, into the garden at so early an hour? '(turning my face from her;) for I had a few scratches 'on my forehead—with a thorn, or so—which I feared 'she would be more inquisitive about than I cared she 'should.

'And what makes you, said she, so early here, Billy?—'What a rakish figure dost thou make!—One time or

'other these courses will yield you but little comfort, on 'reflection: would to God thou wast but happily 'married!

'So, madam, the old wish!—I'm not so bad as you 'think me:—I hope I have not merited so great a 'punishment.

'These hints I give, not as matter of glory, but shame: 'Yet I ought to tell you all the truth, or nothing. Mean- 'time, thought I, (for I used, as I mentioned in the morn- 'ing, to have some compunction for my vile practices, 'when cool reflection, brought on by satiety, had taken 'hold of me,) I wish this sweet girl were grown to years of 'susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked course of 'life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest folks peace, 'and endangering myself. And as I had, by a certain 'very daring and wicked attempt, in which, however, I did 'not succeed, set a hornet's nest about my ears, which I 'began to apprehend would sting me to death; having 'once escaped an ambush, by dint of mere good luck; I 'thought it was better to remove the seat of my warfare 'into another kingdom, and to be a little more discreet 'for the future in my amours. So I went to France a 'second time, as you know, sister; and passed a twelve- 'month there in the best of company, and with some im- 'provement both to my morals and understanding; and 'had very few sallies, considering my love of intrigue, 'and the ample means I had to prosecute successfully all 'the desires of my heart.

'When I returned, several matches were proposed to 'me, and my good mother often requested me to make 'her so happy, as she called it, as to see me married 'before she died: But I could not endure the thoughts of 'that state; for I never saw a lady whose temper and edu-

'cation I liked, or with whom I thought I could live 'tolerably.* She used in vain, therefore, to plead family 'reasons to me. Like most young fellows, I was too 'much a self-lover to pay so great a regard to posterity; 'and, to say truth, had very little solicitude at that time, 'whether my name were continued, or not, in my own 'descendants. However, upon my return, I looked upon 'my mother's Pamela with no small pleasure, and I found 'her so much improved, as well in person as behaviour, 'that I had the less inducement either to renew my in-'triguing life, or to think of a married state.

'Yet, as my mother had all her eyes about her, as the 'phrase is, I affected great shyness, both before her, and 'to the girl; for I doubted not my very looks would be 'watched by them both: and what the one discovered 'would not be a secret to the other; and laying myself 'open to too early a suspicion, I thought would but ice 'the girl over, and make her lady more watchful.

'So I used to go into my mother's apartment, and come 'out of it, without taking the least notice of her, but put 'on stiff airs; and, as she always withdrew when I came 'in, I never made any pretence to keep her there.

'Once, indeed, my mother, on my looking after her, 'when her back was turned, said, My dear son, I don't 'like your eye following my girl so intently. Only I 'know that sparkling lustre natural to it, or I should 'have some fear for my Pamela, as she grows older.

'*I* look after her, madam!—*My* eyes sparkle at such a 'girl as that! No, indeed!—She may be your favourite

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* See, for his particular reasons against marrying, Vol. II. p. 312, &c.

'as a waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy cour-
'tesies in her, and awkward airs about her. A little
'rustic affectation of innocence, that, to such as cannot see
'into her, may pass well enough.

'Nay, my dear, replied my mother, don't say that, of all
'things: she has no affectation, I am sure.

'Yes she has, in my eye, madam: and I'll tell you how
'it comes about: You have taught her to assume the airs
'of a gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a room with a
'grace; and yet bid her keep her low birth and family in
'view: And between the one character, which she wants
'to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she
'trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set
'her feet: So 'tis the same in every gesture; her arms
'she knows not whether to swim with, or to hold before
'her: nor whether to hold her head up, or down; and so
'does neither, but hangs it on one side: A little awkward
'piece of one and t'other, I think her.—And, indeed,
'madam, you'd do the girl more kindness to put her into
'your dairy, than to keep her about your person; for she'll
'be utterly spoiled, I doubt, for any useful purpose.

'Ah, son! said she, I fear, by your description, you
'have minded her too much in one sense, though not
'enough in another. 'Tis not my intention to recom-
'mend her to your notice, of all men: and, I doubt not,
'if it please God I live, and she continues to be a good
'girl, but she will make a man of some middling, genteel
'business, very happy.

'Pamela came in just then, with an air so natural, so
'humble, and yet so much above herself, that I was forced
'to turn my head from her, lest my mother should watch
'my eye again, and lest I should be inclined to do her that

'justice, which my heart assented to, but which my lips 'had just before denied her.

'All my difficulty, in apprehension, was my good 'mother: the effect of whose lessons to her girl, I was 'not, however, so much afraid of, as her vigilance. For, 'thought I, I see by the delicacy of her person, the 'brilliancy of her eye, and the sweet apprehensiveness that 'plays about every feature of her face, that she must have 'tinder enough in her constitution, to catch a well-struck 'spark; and I'll warrant I shall know how to set her in a 'blaze, in a few months more.

'Yet I wanted, as I passed, to catch her attention, too: 'I expected her to turn after me, and look so, as to shew 'a beginning liking towards me; for, you must know, I 'had a great opinion of my person and air, which had been 'fortunately distinguished by ladies, whom, of course, my 'vanity made me allow to be very good judges of these 'outward advantages.

'I'll give your ladyships an instance of this my vanity, in 'a catch I made *extempore*, to a lady whom I had been 'urging to give me some proofs of a love, that I had the 'confidence to tell her, I was sure she had in her heart for 'me. She was a lively lady; and laughing said, Whoever 'admired me, it must be for my confidence, and nothing 'else: But urging her farther, Why, said she, brazen man, '(for she called names, like Lady Davers,) what would 'you have me say? I would love you, if I *could*:—But '—Here interrupting her, and putting on a free air, I half 'said, and half sung,

'You'd love me, you say, if you *cou'd!*
Why, thou mak'st me a very odd creature:
I pr'ythee survey me again;
What can'st thou object to my *feature?*'

'This shewed my vanity: and I answered for the 'lady:

'Why, nothing.—Very well—Then I am sure you'll admit,
That the choice I have made, is a sign of my WIT.'

'But, to my great disappointment, *Pamela* never, by 'any favourable glance, gave the least encouragement to 'my vanity. Well, thought I, this girl has certainly 'nothing ethereal in her mould: All unanimated clay!— 'But the dancing and singing airs my mother is teaching 'her, will make her better qualified in time; and another 'year will ripen her into my arms, no doubt of it. Let 'me only go on in my present way, and make her *fear* 'me: that will enhance in her mind every favour I shall 'afterwards vouchsafe to shew her; and never question, 'old *humdrum* virtue, thought I, but the tempter *without* 'and the tempter *within*, will be too many for the per-'versest nicety that ever the sex boasted.

'Yet, though I could not once attract her eye towards 'me, she never failed to draw mine after her, whenever 'she went by me, or wherever I saw her, except, as I 'said, in my mother's presence; and particularly when 'she had passed me, and could not see me look at her, 'without turning her head, as I expected so often from 'her in vain.

'You will wonder, Lord Davers, who, I suppose, was 'once in love, or you'd never have married such an hostile 'spirit, as my sister there——

Go on, saucebox, said she, I won't interrupt you.

'You will wonder how I could behave so coolly, as to 'escape all discovery so long from a lady so watchful as

'my mother; and from the apprehensiveness of the girl; 'for, high or low, every individual of the sex is quick as 'lightning to imaginations of this kind; and, besides, well 'says the poet:

'Men without love, have oft so cunning grown,
That something *like* it, they have shown;
But none who had it, e'er seem'd to have *none*.

'Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find;
But thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.'

'But to say nothing of her tender years, and that my 'love was not of this bashful sort, I was not absolutely 'determined, so great was my pride, that I ought to think 'her worthy of being my *mistress*, when I had not much 'reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon per- 'sons of higher birth (were I disposed to try) to live with 'me upon my own terms. My pride therefore kept my 'passion at bay, as I may say: So far was I from imagin- 'ing I should ever be brought to what has since happened! 'But to proceed:—

'Hitherto my mind was taken up with the beauties of 'her person only. My eye had drawn my HEART after 'it, without giving myself any trouble about that sense 'and judgment, which my mother was always praising in 'her Pamela, as exceeding her years and opportunities: 'but an occasion happened, which, though slight in itself, 'took the HEAD into the party, and made me think of 'her, young as she was, with a distinction, that before 'I had not for her. It was this:—

'Being with my mother, in her closet, who was talking 'to me on the old subject, *matrimony*, I saw Pamela's

'common-place-book, as I may call it: in which, by her 'lady's direction, from time to time, she had transcribed 'from the bible, and other good books, such passages as 'made most impression upon her, as she read. A method, 'I take it, my dear, *turning to me*, that was of great ser- 'vice to you, as it initiated you into writing with that free- 'dom and ease, which shine in your saucy letters and 'journals; and to which my present fetters are not a little 'owing: just as pedlars catch monkeys in the baboon 'kingdoms, provoking the attentive fools, by their own 'example, to put on shoes and stockings, till the apes of 'imitation, trying to do the like, entangle their feet, and 'so cannot escape upon the boughs of the tree of liberty, 'on which before they were wont to hop, and skip about, 'and play a thousand puggish tricks.

'I observed the girl wrote a pretty hand, and very swift 'and free; and affixed her points or stops with so much 'judgment, (her years considered,) that I began to have 'an high opinion of her understanding. Some obser- 'vations, likewise, upon several of the passages, were so 'just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly sur- 'prised at them.

'My mother watched my eye, and was silent: I seemed 'not to observe that she did; and after a while, laid down 'the book, shutting it with great indifference, and talking 'of another subject.

'Upon this, my mother said, Don't you think Pamela 'writes a pretty hand, son?

'I did not mind it much, said I, with a careless air. 'This is her writing, is it? taking the book, and opening 'it again, at a place of scripture. The girl is mighty 'pious! said I.

'I wish *you* were so, child.

'I wish so too, madam, if it would please *you*.

'I wish so, for your *own* sake, child.

'So do I, madam; and down I laid the book again 'very carelessly.

'Look once more in it, said she, and see if you can't 'open it upon some place that may strike you.

'I opened it at, *Train up a child in the way it should* 'go, &c. I fancy, said I, when I was at Pamela's age, I 'was pretty near as good as she.

'Never, never, said my mother: I'm sure I took great 'pains with you; but, alas! to very little purpose. You 'had always a violent headstrong will!

'Some allowances for boys and girls, I hope, madam: 'but you see I am as good for a man as my sister for 'a woman.

'No, indeed you are not, I do assure you.

'I am sorry for that, madam: you give me a sad 'opinion of myself——

Brazen wretch! said my lady: but go on.

'Turn to one of the girl's observations on some text, 'said my mother.

'I did; and was pleased with it more than I would own. 'The girl's well enough, said I, for what she is; but let's 'see what she'll be a few years hence. Then will be the 'trial.

'She'll be always good, I doubt not.

'So much the better for her.—But can't we talk on any 'other subject? You complain how seldom I attend you, 'madam; and, indeed, when you are always talking of 'matrimony, or of this low-born raw girl, it must needs 'lessen the pleasure of approaching you.

'But now, as I hinted to you, ladies, and my lord, I 'had a still higher opinion of Pamela; and esteemed her 'more worthy of my attempts: for, thought I, the girl has 'good sense, and it will be some pleasure to watch by what 'gradations she may be made to rise into love, and into an 'higher life, than that to which she was born. And so I 'began to think she would be worthy in time of being my '*mistress*, which, till now, as I said before, I had been a 'little scrupulous about.

'I took a little tour soon after this, in company of some 'friends, with whom I had contracted an intimacy abroad, 'into Scotland and Ireland, they having a curiosity to see 'those countries, and we spent six or eight months on this 'expedition; and when I had landed them in France, I 'returned home, and found my good mother in a very 'indifferent state of health; but her Pamela arrived to a 'height of beauty and perfection, which exceeded all my 'expectations. I was so much taken with her charms the 'first time I saw her, after my return, which was in the 'garden with a book in her hand, just come out of a little 'summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go 'back again, in order to begin a parley with her: but 'while I was resolving, she tript away, with her courtesies 'and reverences, and was out of my sight before I could 'determine.

'I was resolved, however, not to be long without her; 'and Mrs. Jewkes having been recommended to me a little 'before, by a brother-rake, as a woman of tried fidelity, I 'asked her, If she would be faithful, if I should have oc- 'casion to commit a pretty girl to her care?

'She hoped, she said, it would be with the lady's own 'consent, and she should make no scruple in obeying me.

'So I thought I would waylay the girl, and carry her 'first to a little village in Northamptonshire, to an ac- 'quaintance of Mrs. Jewkes. And when I had brought 'her to be easy and pacified a little, I designed that 'Jewkes should attend her to Lincolnshire:* for I knew 'there was no coming at her here, under my mother's 'wing, by her own consent; and that to offer terms to her, 'would be to blow up my project all at once. Besides, I 'was sensible, that Mrs. Jervis would stand in the way of 'my proceedings, as well as my mother.

'The method I had contrived, was quite easy, as I 'imagined, and such as could not have failed to answer 'my purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not 'of making her well satisfied in her good fortune very 'quickly; for, having a notion of her affectionate duty to 'her parents, I was not displeased, that I could make the 'terms very easy and happy to them all.

'What most stood in my way, was my mother's fond- 'ness for her: but on the supposition, that I had got her 'favourite in my hands, which appeared to me, as I said, 'a task very easy to be conquered, I had actually formed 'a letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a love-affair, 'and laying her withdrawing herself so privately, to the 'implicit obedience she owed to her husband's commands, 'to whom she was married that morning, and who, being 'a young gentleman of a genteel family, and dependent on 'his friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound 'secret; and begging, on that account, her lady not to 'divulge it, so much as to Mrs. Jervis.

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* See Vol. I. p. 142.

'And to prepare for this, and make her escape the 'more probable, when matters were ripe for my plot, I 'came in one night and examined all the servants, and 'Mrs. Jervis, the latter in my mother's hearing, about a 'genteel young man, whom I pretended to find with a 'pillion on the horse he rode upon, waiting about the 'backdoor of the garden, for somebody to come to him; 'and who rode off, when I came up to the door, as fast as 'he could.

'Nobody knew any thing of the matter, and they were 'much surprised at what I told them: but I begged 'Pamela might be watched, and that no one would say 'any thing to her about it.

'My mother said, She had two reasons not to speak of 'it to Pamela; one, to oblige me; the other, and chief, 'because it would break the poor innocent girl's heart, to 'be suspected. Poor dear child! said she, whither can 'she go, to be so happy as with me? Would it not be 'inevitable ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody 'comes after her: she receives no letters, but now and 'then one from her father and mother, and those she 'shews me.

'Well, replied I, I hope she can have no design; 'twould 'be strange if she had formed any to leave so good a mis- 'tress: But you can't be *sure* all the letters she receives 'are from her father: and her shewing to you, madam, 'those he writes, looks like a cloak to others she may 'receive from another hand. But it can be no harm to 'have an eye upon her. You don't know, madam, what 'tricks there are in the world.

'Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the girl 'shall be under no restraint, if she is resolved to leave me, 'well as I love her.

'Mrs. Jervis said, She would have an eye upon Pamela, 'in obedience to my command; but she was sure there 'was no need; nor would she so much wound the poor 'child's peace, as to mention the matter to her.

'This I suffered to blow off, and seemed to my mother 'to have so good an opinion of her Pamela, that I was 'sorry, as I told her, I had had such a surmise; saying, 'That though the fellow and the pillion were odd circum-'stances, yet I dared to say there could be nothing in it: 'for, I doubted not, the girl's duty and gratitude would 'hinder her from doing a foolish or a rash thing.

'This my mother heard with pleasure; although my 'motive to it, was but to lay her Pamela on the thicker to 'her, when she was to be told she had escaped.

'She said, She was glad I was not an enemy to the poor 'child. Pamela has no friend but me, continued the good 'lady; and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done 'her more harm than good, (as you and your aunt B—— 'have often said,) in the accomplishments I have given her; 'and yet the poor girl, I see that, added she, would not be 'backward to turn her hand to any thing, for the sake of 'an honest livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it 'please God to spare me, and she continues good, she 'never shall be.

'I wonder not, Pamela, at your tears on this occasion. 'Your lady was an excellent woman, and deserved this 'tribute to her memory. All my pleasure now is, that 'she knew not half my wicked pranks, and that I did not 'vex her worthy heart in the prosecution of this scheme; 'which would have given me a severe sting, inasmuch as 'I might have apprehended, with too much reason, that I 'had shortened her days by the knowledge of the one and 'the other.

'I had thus in readiness every thing necessary for the 'execution of my project: but my mother's ill state of 'health gave me too much concern to permit me to pro- 'ceed. And, now and then, as my frequent attendance 'upon her in her illness gave me an opportunity of observ- 'ing more and more of the girl, and her affectionate duty, 'and continual tears, (finding her frequently on her knees 'praying for her mistress,) I was moved to pity her: And 'often did I, while those scenes of my mother's illness and 'decline were before me, resolve to conquer, if possible, 'my guilty passion, as those scenes taught me, while their 'impressions held, justly to call it; and I was much con- 'cerned I found it a more difficult task than I imagined: 'For, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual 'enterprising temper, and a love of intrigue; and that 'I had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to 'subdue it.

'But I found I was greatly mistaken; for I had insen- 'sibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she 'said or did; and there was so much gracefulness, humi- 'lity, and innocence, in her whole behaviour, and I saw so 'many melting scenes between her lady and her, that I 'found I could not master my esteem for her.

'My mother's illness increasing beyond hopes of reco- 'very, and having settled all her greater affairs, she talked 'to me of her servants. I asked her, What she would 'have done for Pamela and Mrs. Jervis?

'Make Mrs. Jervis, my dear son, said she, as happy as 'you can: She is a gentlewoman born, you know; let her 'always be treated as such: But, for your own sake, don't 'make her independent; for then you'll want a faithful 'manager. Yet, if you marry, and your lady should not

'value her as she deserves, allow her a competency for the 'rest of her life, and let her live as she pleases.

'As for my Pamela, I hope you will be her protector; 'I hope you will!—She is a good girl: I love her next to 'you and your dear sister: She is just arrived at a trying 'time of life. I don't know what to say for her. What I 'had designed was, that if any man of a genteel calling 'should offer, I would have given her a little pretty por-'tion, had God spared my life till then. But if she 'should be made independent, some idle fellow, perhaps, 'might snap her up; for she is very pretty: Or if she 'should carry what you give her to her poor parents, as 'her duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily 'involved, that a little matter would be nothing to them, 'and the poor girl might be to seek again. Perhaps 'Lady Davers will take her. But I wish she was not so 'pretty! She will be likely to be the bird for which some 'wicked fowler will spread his snares; or, it may be, 'every lady will not choose to have such a waiting-maid. 'You are a young gentleman, and, I am sorry to say it, 'not better than I wish you to be.—Though I hope my 'Pamela would not be in danger from her master, who 'owes to all his servants protection, as much as a king 'does to his subjects. Yet I don't know how to wish her 'to stay with you—for your own reputation's sake, my 'dear son:—For the world will censure as it lists.—'Would to God! said she, the dear girl had the small-pox 'in a mortifying manner: She'd be lovely enough in the 'genteelness of her person, and the excellencies of her 'mind; and more out of danger of suffering from the 'transient beauties of countenance. Yet I think, added 'she, she might be safe and happy under Mrs. Jervis's

'care; and if you marry, and your lady parts with Mrs.
'Jervis, let 'em go together, and live as they like.—I
'think that will be the best for both.—And you have a
'generous spirit enough: I will not direct you in the
'*quantum*. But, my dear son, remember that I am the
'less concerned, that I have not done for the poor girl
'myself, because I depend upon you. The manner how
'fitly to provide for her, has made me defer it till now,
'that I have so much more important concerns on my
'hands: life and strength ebbing so fast, that I am
'hardly fit for any thing, or to wish for any thing, but to
'receive the last releasing stroke.'

Here he stopped, being under some concern himself, and we in much more. At last he resumed the subject.

'You will too naturally think, my lord, and you, my
'good ladies, that the mind must be truly diabolical, that
'could break through the regard due to the solemn
'injunctions and recommendations of a dying parent.
'They *did* hold me a good while indeed; and as fast as I
'found any emotions of a contrary nature rise in my
'breast, I endeavoured for some time to suppress them,
'and to think and act as I ought. But the dear bewitch-
'ing girl every day rose in her charms upon me: and,
'finding she still continued the use of her pen and ink, I
'could not help entertaining a jealousy that she was
'writing to somebody who stood well in her opinion; and
'my love for her, and my own spirit of intrigue, made it
'a sweetheart of course. And I could not help watching
'her motions; and seeing her once putting a letter she
'had just folded up, into her bosom, at my entrance into
'my mother's dressing-room, I made no doubt of detect-

'ing her, and her correspondent; and so I took the letter 'from her stays,* she trembling and courtesying with a 'sweet confusion: and highly pleased I was to find it 'contained nothing but innocence and duty to the de-'ceased mistress, and the loving parents, expressing her 'joy, that, in the midst of her grief for losing the one, she 'was not obliged to return to be a burden to the other: 'And I gave it her again, with words of encouragement, 'and went down much better satisfied, than I had been 'with her correspondents.

'But when I reflected upon the innocent simplicity of 'her style, I was still more in love with her, and formed a 'stratagem, and succeeded in it, to come at her other 'letters,† which I sent forward, after I had read them, all 'but three or four, which I kept back, when my plot 'began to ripen for execution; although the little slut was 'most abominably free with my character, to her father 'and mother.

'You will censure me, no doubt, that my mother's 'injunctions made not a more lasting impression upon me. 'But really I struggled hard with myself to give them 'their due force; and the dear girl, as I said, every day 'grew lovelier, and more accomplished. Her letters were 'but so many links to the chains in which she had bound 'me; and though once I had resolved to part with her‡ 'to Lady Davers, and you, madam, had an intention to 'take her, I could not for my life give her up; and think-'ing at that time more honourably of the state of a 'mistress than I have done since, I could not persuade 'myself, (since I intended to do as handsomely by her as

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* See Vol. I. p. 3. † Ibid. p. 105, 116. ‡ Ibid. p. 8.

'ever man did to a lady in that situation,) but that I 'should do better for her than my mother had wished me 'to do, and so *more* than answer all her injunctions, as to 'the providing for her: And I could not imagine I should 'have met with a resistance from her, that I had seldom 'encountered from persons much her superiors as to 'descent; and was amazed at it; for it confounded me in 'all the notions I had of her sex, which, like a true liber-'tine, I supposed wanted nothing but *importunity* and '*opportunity*, a bold attempter, and a mind not un-'generous.

'Sometimes I admired her for her virtue; at other 'times, impetuous in my temper, and unused to control, I 'could have beat her. She well, I remember, describes 'the tumults of my soul, when she repeats what once 'passed between us, in words like these: "Take the 'little witch from me, Mrs. Jervis.—I can neither bear 'nor forbear her.—But stay—you shan't go!—Yet begone! '—No, come back again."*—She thought I was mad, 'I remember she says in her papers. Indeed I was little 'less.

'She says, "I took her arm, and griped it black and 'blue, to bring her back again; and then sat down and 'looked at her as silly as such a poor girl as she!"

'Well did the dear slut describe the passion I struggled 'with; and no one can conceive how much my pride 'made me despise myself, at times, for the little actions 'my love for her put me upon, and yet to find that love 'increasing every day, as her charms and her resistance 'increased.

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* See Vol. I. p. 68.

'I have caught myself in a raging fit, sometimes vowing 'I would have her; and, at others, jealous, that, to secure 'herself from my attempts, she would throw herself into 'the arms of some menial or inferior, whom otherwise she 'would not have thought of.

'Sometimes I soothed her, sometimes threatened her; 'but never was such courage, when she apprehended her 'virtue was in danger, mixed with so much humility, 'when her fears gave way to her hopes of a juster treat-'ment.

'Then I would think it impossible (so slight an opinion 'had I of woman's virtue) that such a girl as this, cottage-'born, who owed every thing to my family, and had an 'absolute dependance upon my pleasure; myself not 'despicable in person or mind, as I supposed; she unpre-'judiced in any man's favour; at an age susceptible of 'impressions; and a frame and constitution not ice nor 'snow: Surely, thought I, all this frost must be owing to 'the want of fire in my attempts to thaw it: I used to 'dare more, and succeed better. Shall such a girl as *this* 'awe me by her rigid virtue? No, she shall not.

'Then I would resolve to be more in earnest. Yet my 'love was a traitor to me: That was more faithful to *her* 'than to *me:* it had more honour in it at bottom than I 'had designed it should have. Awed by her unaffected 'innocence, and a virtue I had never before encountered, 'so uniform and immovable, the moment I *saw* her I was 'half disarmed; and I courted her consent to that, which 'though I was not likely to obtain, yet it went against me 'to think of extorting by violence. Yet marriage was 'never in my thoughts; I scorned so much as to pro-'mise it.

'To what numberless mean things did not this unmanly

'passion subject me!—I used to watch for her letters, 'though mere prittle-prattle and chit-chat, received them 'with burning impatience, and read them with delight, 'though myself was accused in them, and stigmatized as I 'deserved.

'I would listen meanly at her chamber-door; try to 'overhear her little conversations; in vain attempted to 'suborn Mrs. Jervis to my purposes, inconsistently talking 'of honour, when no one step I took, or action I at-'tempted, shewed any thing like it; lost my dignity 'among my servants; made a party in her favour against 'me, of every body, but whom my money corrupted, and 'that hardly sufficient to keep my partisans steady to my 'interest; so greatly did the virtue of the servants triumph 'over the vice of the master, when confirmed by such an 'example!

'I have been very tedious, ladies, and my Lord Davers, 'in my narration: but I am come within view of the 'point for which I now am upon my trial at your dread 'tribunal (*bowing to us all*).

'After several endeavours of a smooth and a rough 'nature, in which my devil constantly failed me, and her 'good angel prevailed, I had talked to Mrs. Jervis to 'induce the girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I 'had given warning, but which she rejoiced to take, to 'my great disappointment) to desire to stay;* and sus-'pecting Mrs. Jervis played me booty, and rather con-'firmed her in her coyness, and her desire of leaving me, 'I was mean enough to conceal myself in the closet in 'Mrs. Jervis's room, in order to hear their private con-

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* See Vol. I. p. 73.

'versation: but really not designing to make any other 'use of my concealment, than to tease her a little, if she 'should say any thing I did not like; which would give 'me a pretence to treat her with greater freedoms than I 'had ever yet done, and would be an introduction to take 'off from her unprecedented apprehensiveness another 'time: And I had the less scruple as to Mrs. Jervis's 'presence, because I was sensible she knew as bad of me 'as she could know, from Pamela's apprehensions, as well 'as her own; and would find me, if I kept within any 'decent bounds, better than either of them expected. 'But I had no design of proceeding to extremities, 'although I had little hope of making any impression 'upon her by gentleness.

'So, like a benighted traveller, who having strayed out 'of his knowledge, and despairing to find his way, throws 'the reins upon the horse's neck, to be guided at its 'uncertain direction, I resolved to take my chance for the 'issue which the adventure should produce.

'But the dear prattler, not knowing I was there, as she 'undressed herself, began such a bewitching chit-chat with 'Mrs. Jervis, who I found but ill kept my secret, that I 'never was at such a loss in my life what to resolve upon. 'One while I wished myself, unknown to them, out of the 'closet into which my inconsiderate passion had meanly 'led me; another time I was incensed at the freedom 'with which I heard myself treated: But then, rightly 'considering, that I had no business to hearken to their 'private conversation, and that it was such as became '*them*, while I ought to have been ashamed to give occa-'sion for it, I excused them both, and admired still more 'and more the dear prattler.

'In this suspense the undesigned rustling of my night-

'gown, from changing my posture as I stood, giving 'alarm to the watchful Pamela, she in a fright came 'towards the closet to see who was there, so that I could 'be no longer concealed.

'What could I then do but bolt out upon the appre-'hensive charmer? And having so done, and she running 'to the bed, screaming, to Mrs. Jervis, would not any 'man have followed her thither, detected as I was? 'But yet I said, if she forbore her screaming, I would 'do her no harm; but if not, she should take the conse-'quence.

'I found, by their exclamations, that this would pass 'with both for an attempt of the worst kind; but really I 'had no such intentions as they feared.—When, indeed, I 'found myself detected; when the dear frightened girl 'ran to the bed; when Mrs. Jervis threw herself about 'her; when they would not give over their hideous squal-'lings; when I was charged by Mrs. Jervis with the worst 'designs; it was enough to make me go farther than I 'designed; and could I have prevailed upon Mrs. Jervis 'to go up, and quiet the maids, who were rising, as I 'heard by the noise they made overhead, upon the others' 'screamings, I believe, had Pamela kept out of her fit, I 'should have been a little freer with her, than ever I had 'been: but, as it was, I had no thought but of making as 'honourable a retreat as I could, and to save myself from 'being exposed to my whole family: and I was not guilty 'of any freedoms, that her modesty, unaffrighted, could 'reproach itself with having suffered; and the dear crea-'ture's fainting fits gave *me* almost as great apprehensions, 'as I could give *her*.

'Thus, ladies, and my lord, have I tediously, and little 'enough to my own reputation, given you a character of

'myself, and told you more against myself than any *one* 'person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the 'credit of my Pamela, redounds in part to my own; and 'so I have the less regret to accuse myself, since it exalts 'her. But as to a formed intention to hide myself in the 'closet, in order to attempt the girl by violence, and in 'the presence of a good woman, as Mrs. Jervis is, which 'you impute to me; indeed, bad as I was, I was not so 'vile, so abandoned as that.

'Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate vota- 'ries to innumerable meannesses, and unlawful passion to 'many more. I could not live without this dear girl. I 'hated the thoughts of matrimony with any body, and to 'be brought to the stake by my mother's waiting-maid, 'forbid it, pride! thought I; forbid it, example! forbid 'it, all my past sneers, and constant ridicule, both on the 'estate, and on those who descended to inequalities in it! 'and, lastly, forbid it, my family spirit, so visible in Lady 'Davers, as well as in myself, to whose insults, and those 'of all the world, I shall be obnoxious, if I make such a 'step!

'All this tends to demonstrate the strength of my pas- 'sion: I could not conquer my love; so I conquered a 'pride, which every one thought unconquerable: and since 'I could not make an innocent heart vitious, I had the 'happiness to follow so good an example; and by this 'means, a vitious heart is become virtuous; and I have 'the pleasure of rejoicing in the change, and hope I shall 'still more and more rejoice in it; for I really look back 'with contempt upon my past follies; and it is now a 'greater wonder to me how I could act as I did, than that 'I should detest those actions, which made me a curse, 'instead of a benefit, to society. Indeed I am not, yet, so

'pious as my Pamela; but that is to come; and it is one 'good sign, that I can truly say, I delight in every instance 'of her piety and virtue. And now I will conclude my 'tedious narration with the poet:

'Our passions gone, and reason in her throne,
Amaz'd we see the mischiefs we have done:
After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.'

Thus ended my dear Mr. B—— his affecting relation; which in the course of it gave me a thousand different emotions; and made me often pray for him, (as I constantly do,) that God will entirely convert a heart so generous and worthy, as his on most occasions. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to London, I shall have great hopes, that nothing will affect his morals again.

I have just read over again the foregoing account of himself. As near as I remember, (and my memory is the best faculty I have,) it is pretty exact; only he was fuller of beautiful similitudes, and spoke in a more flowery style, as I may say. Yet don't you think, miss, (if I have not done injustice to his spirit,) that the beginning of it, especially, is in the saucy air of a man too much alive to such notions? For so the ladies observed in his narration.—Is it very like the style of a true penitent?—But indeed he went on better, and concluded best of all.

But don't you observe what a dear good lady I had? Blessings, a thousand blessings, on her beloved memory! Were I to live to see my children's children, they should be all taught to lisp her praises before they could speak. *My* gratitude should always be renewed in *their* mouths; and GOD, and my dear father and mother, my lady, and my master that was, my best friend that is, but principally, as

most due, the FIRST, who inspired all the rest, should have their morning, their noon-tide, and their evening praises, as long as I lived!

I will only observe farther, as to this my third conversation-piece, that my Lord Davers offered to extenuate some parts of his dear brother-in-law's conduct, which he did not himself vindicate; and Mr. B—— was pleased to observe, that my lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his allowances for the sallies of an ungovernable youth. Upon which my lady said, a little tartly, Yes, and for a very good reason, I doubt not; for who cares to condemn himself?

Nay, said my lord, pleasantly, don't put us upon a foot neither: For what sallies I made before I knew your ladyship, were but like those of a fox, which now and then runs away with a straggling pullet, when nobody sees him: Whereas those of my brother were like the invasions of a lion, breaking into every man's fold, and driving the shepherds, as well as the sheep, before him.—Ay, said my lady, but I can look around me, and have reason perhaps to think the invading lion has come off, little as he deserved it, better than the creeping fox, who, with all his cunning, sometimes suffers for his pilfering theft.

O, my dear, these gentlemen are strange creatures!—What can they think of themselves?—for they say, there is not one virtuous man in five!—But I hope, for our sex's sake, as well as for the world's sake, all is not true that evil fame reports; for, you know, every man-trespasser must *find* or *make* a woman-trespasser!—And if so, what a world is this!—And how must the innocent suffer from the guilty! Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the cause of another's suffering!

I long to hear of you: And must shorten my future

accounts, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire *you* into the bargain, though I cannot my dear father and mother. I am, my dear miss,

Always yours,

P. B——.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

MY DEAR MRS. B——,

EVERY post you more and more oblige us to admire and love you: And let me tell you, I will gladly receive your letters upon your own terms:* Only, when your worthy parents have perused them, see that I have every line of them again.

Your account of the arrival of your noble guests, and their behaviour to you, and yours to them; your conversation, and wise determination, on the offered title of baronet; the just applauses conferred upon you by all, particularly the good countess; your breakfast conversation, and the narrative of your saucy abominable *master*, though amiable *husband;* all delight us beyond expression.

Do go on, dear excellent lady, with your charming journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the state of matters with us, I have desired my papa to allow me to decline Mr. Murray's addresses. The

* See p. 168 of this volume.

good man loved me most violently, nay, he could not live without me; life was no life, unless I favoured him: But yet, after a few more of these flights, he is trying to sit down satisfied without my papa's foolish perverse girl, as Sir Simon calls me, and to transpose his affections to a worthier object, my sister Nancy; and it would make you smile to see how, a little while before he *directly* applied to her, she screwed up her mouth to my mamma, and, truly, she'd have none of Polly's leavings; no, not she!—But no sooner did he declare himself in form, than the *gaudy wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well dressed* gentleman;—the *chattering magpie*, (for he talks and laughs much,) *quite conversible*—and has something *agreeable* to say upon *every subject*. Once, he would make a good master of the buck-hounds; but now, really, the *more* one is in his company, the *more polite* one finds him.

Then, on his part,—Indeed, he happened to see Miss Polly first; and, truly, he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young lady; yet there was always something of majesty (what a stately name is that for ill-nature!) in Miss Nanny; something so awful, that while Miss Polly engaged the affections at first sight, Miss Nanny struck a man with reverence; insomuch, that the one might be loved as a woman, but the other revered as something more: A goddess, no doubt.

I do but think, that when he comes to be lifted up to her celestial sphere, as her fellow constellation, what a figure Nancy and her *ursus major* will make together; and how will they glitter and shine to the wonder of all beholders!

Then she must make a brighter appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too; for why? she has three thousand

satellites, or little stars, in her train more than poor Polly can pretend to. Won't there be a fine twinkling and sparkling, think you, when the greater and lesser bear-stars are joined together.

But excuse me, dear Mrs. B——; this saucy girl has vexed me just now, by her ill-natured tricks; and I am even with her, having thus vented my spite, though she knows nothing of the matter.

So, fancy, my dear friend, you see Polly Darnford abandoned, by her own fault; her papa angry at her; her mamma pitying her, and calling her silly girl; Mr. Murray, who is a rough lover, growling over his mistress, as a dog over a bone he fears to lose; Miss Nancy, putting on her prudish pleasantry, and snarling out a kind word, and breaking through her sullen gloom, for a smile now and then in return; and I laughing at both in my sleeve, and thinking, that in a while I shall get leave to attend you in town, and that will be better than twenty humble servants of Mr. Murray's cast: Or, if I can't, that I shall have the pleasure of your correspondence here, and shall enjoy, unrivalled, the favour of my dear papa and mamma, which this ill-tempered girl is always envying me.

Forgive all this nonsense. I was willing to write something, though worse than nothing, to shew how desirous I would be to oblige you, had I capacity or subject, as you have. But nobody can love you better or admire you more, of this you may be assured, (however unequal in all other respects,)

Than your

POLLY DARNFORD.

I send you up some of your papers for the good couple in Kent. Pay my respects to them; and beg they'll let me have 'em again as soon as they can, by your conveyance.

Our Stamford friends desire their kindest respects: They mention you with delight in every letter.

LETTER XXXII.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Thursday and Friday evening.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I AM retired from a very busy day, having had no less than fourteen of our neighbours, gentlemen and ladies, to dinner with us: The occasion, principally, to welcome our noble guests into these parts; Mr. B—— having, as I mentioned in a former, turned the intended visit into an entertainment, after his usual generous manner.

Mr. B—— and Lord Davers are gone part of the way with them home; and Lord Jackey mounted with his favourite Colbrand as an escort to the countess and Lady Davers, who are gone to take an airing in the chariot. They offered to take the coach, if I would have gone; but, being fatigued, I desired to be excused. So I retired to my closet; and Miss Darnford, who is seldom out of my thoughts, coming into my mind, I had a new recruit of spirits, which enabled me to resume my pen, and thus I proceed with my journal:

Our company was,* the Earl and Countess of D——, who are so fashionable a married couple, that the earl made it his boast, and his countess bore it like one accustomed to such treatment, that he had not been in his lady's company an hour abroad before for seven years. You know his lordship's character: Every body does: And there is not a worse, as report says, in the peerage.

Sir Thomas Atkyns, a single gentleman, not a little finical and ceremonious, and a mighty beau, though of the tawdry sort, and affecting foreign airs; as if he was afraid it would not be judged by any other mark, that he had travelled.

Mr. Arthur, and his lady, a moderately happy couple, who seem always, when together, to behave as if they were upon a compromise; that is, that each would take it in turn to say free things of the other; though some of their freedoms are of so cutting a nature, that it looks as if they intended to divert the company at their own expense. The lady, being of a noble family, takes great pains to let every one know, that she values herself not a little upon that advantage: But, otherwise, has many good qualities.

Mr. Brooks, and his lady. The gentleman is a free joker on serious subjects, but a good-natured man, and says sprightly things with no ill grace: The lady is a little reserved, and of a haughty turn, though to-day she happened to be freer than usual; as was observed at table by Lady Towers, who is a maiden lady of family, noted for her wit and repartee, and who says many good things, with

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* For the characters of most of these gentlemen and ladies, see Vol. I. p. 60, 86, and Vol. II. p. 353 to 357, and 375 to 380.

so little doubt, and really so good a grace, that one cannot help being pleased with her. This lady is generally gallanted by

Mr. Martin of the Grove, as he is called, to distinguish him from a rich citizen of that name, who is settled in these parts, but, being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the gentry in their visits or parties of pleasure. Mr. Martin is a shrewd gentleman, but has been a little too much of the libertine cast, and has lived freely as to women; and for that reason has not been received by Lady Towers, who hates free actions, though she'll use free words, modestly free, as she calls them; that is to say, the double entendre, in which Sir Simon Darnford, a gentleman you are not unacquainted with, takes great delight; though, by the way, what that worthy gentleman calls innocent, Lady Towers would blush at.

Mr. Dormer, a gentleman of a very courteous demeanour, a widower, was another, who always speaks well of his deceased lady, and of all the sex for her sake.

Mr. Chapman, and his lady, a well behaved couple, who are not ashamed to be very tender and observing to one another, but without that censurable fondness which sits so ill upon some married folks in company.

Then there was the dean, our good minister, whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest; and his daughter, who came to supply her mamma's place, who was indisposed; a well-behaved prudent young lady. And here were our fourteen guests.

The Countess of C——, Lady Davers, Lord Davers, Mr. H——, my dear Mr. B——, and your humble servant, made up the rest of the company. So we had a capacious and brilliant circle, you may imagine; and all the avenues to the house were crowded with their equipages.

The subjects of discourse at dinner were various, as you may well suppose; and the circle was too large to fall upon any regular or very remarkable topics. A good deal of sprightly wit, however, flew about, between the Earl of D——, Lady Towers, and Mr. Martin, in which that lord suffered as he deserved: for he was by no means a match for the lady, especially as the presence of the dean was a very visible restraint upon him, and upon Mr. Brooks too: So much awe will the character of a good clergyman always have upon even forward spirits, where he is known to have had an inviolable regard to it himself.

Besides, the good gentleman has, naturally, a genteel and inoffensive vein of raillery, and so was too hard for them at their own weapons.

But after dinner was over, and the servants were withdrawn, Mr. Martin singled me out, as he loves to do, for a subject of encomium, and made some high compliments to my dear Mr. B—— upon his choice; and wished (as he often does) he could find just such another person for himself.

Lady Towers told him, that it was a thing as unaccountable as it was unreasonable, that every rake who loved to destroy virtue, should expect to be rewarded with it: And if his brother B—— had come off so well, she thought no one else ought to expect it.

Lady Davers said, It was a very just observation: and she thought it was pity there was not a law, that every man who made a harlot of an honest woman, should be obliged to marry one of another's making.

That would be too severe, Mr. B—— said: It would be punishment enough, if he was to marry his own; and especially if he had not seduced her under promise of marriage.

Then you'd have a man be obliged to stand to his promise, I suppose, Mr. B——? replied Lady Davers.

Yes, madam.

But, said she, the proof would be difficult perhaps: and the most unguilty heart of our sex might be least able to make it out. But what say you, my Lord D——, continued her ladyship; will you, and my Lord Davers, join to bring a bill into the house of peers, for the purposes I mentioned? I fancy my brother would give it all the assistance he could in the lower house.

Your ladyship, said Mr. Martin, is highly unreasonable, I think, to propose that: It would be enough, surely, that a man should be obliged, as Mr. B—— says, to marry the woman he himself seduced.

The earl said, that he thought neither the one nor the other should be imposed upon any man; for that when women's virtue was their glory, and they were brought up with that notion, and to avoid the snares of men, he thought, if they yielded, they ought to pay the forfeit, and take the disgrace of it to themselves.

May I ask your lordship, said I, how it comes to pass, that a woman's virtue is her glory, and that a man's shall not be his?—Or, in other words, Why you think virtue in a man is not as requisite as in a woman?

Custom, madam, replied the earl, has made it very different; and those things which are scandalous in a lady, are not so in a gentleman.

Will your lordship argue, that it should be so, because it is so? Does not the gentleman call himself the head of his family? Is it not incumbent upon him, then, to set a good example? And will he plead it as a fashion, that he may do by the dearest relatives of another man's family,

what, if any one should attempt to do by his, he would mortally resent?

Very well observed, madam, said the dean: there is not a free liver in the world, I believe, who can answer that argument.

Mr. B——, said the earl, pray speak to your lady: she is too close upon *us*. And where sentiments have been so well supported by a conduct so uniform and exemplary, I choose not to enter the lists with such an antagonist.

Well, well, said Mr. B——, since your lordship will speak in the plural number US, let me say, We must not pretend to hold an argument on this subject—But, however, I think, my lord, you should not call upon a man to defend it, who, bad as he has been, never committed a fault of this nature, that he was not sorry for, though the sorrow generally lasted too little a while.

Mr. B—— (said Lady Towers) has some merit with me for that answer: and he has still a greater on another account; and that is, that he has seen his error so early, and has left his vices before they left him.

She looked, as every one did, on the earl, who appeared a little disconcerted, as one conscious that he deserved the reflection. And the dean said, Lady Towers observes very well: for, although I presume not to make personal applications, yet I must say, that the gentleman who sees his error in the prime of life, before he is overtaken by some awakening misfortune, may be called one of the happiest of those who have erred.

Ay, Mr. Dean, said Lady Towers, I can tell you one thing, that such another buttress, as you know who, taken away from libertinism, and such another example as a certain lady every day gives, would go near in a few years to ruin the devil's kingdom in Bedfordshire.

The gentlemen looked round upon one another upon this home push: and the lady would not let them recover it. See, said she, how the gentlemen look upon one another, as who should say, each to his companion, I'm not so bad as you.

Ay, said Lady Davers, I see my Lord Davers, and the Earl of D——, and Mr. Martin, look most concerned.

Faith, ladies, said Mr. Martin, this is too severely personal: a man who contends with a lady has a fine time of it; for we are under restraint, while you say any thing you please. But, let me tell you, there's not a man of us all, it is my opinion, that could have attempted what a certain renegado has attempted, though he is so readily acquitted.

Not so hasty, my good friend, said Mr. B——: You don't consider well what you say, nor of whom: for did I take upon myself to censure *you?* But though I may challenge you to say the worst you can, because I always dealt upon my own stock, while other people I could name, entered into a society, and clubbed for mischief; yet I see you deal with a brother rake, when he reforms, as highwaymen with one of their gang, who would fain withdraw and be honest, but is kept among them by fear of an impeachment.

But is not this, ladies, said Mrs. Arthur, a sad thing, that so many fine gentlemen, as think themselves concerned in this charge, should have no way to clear themselves but by recrimination?

Egad, gentlemen, said Sir Thomas Atkyns, I know not what you're about! You make but sorry figures, by my faith!—I have heard of many *queer* pranks among my Bedfordshire neighbours; but, I bless my stars, I was in France and Italy all the time.

Said Mr. Martin, Mrs. Arthur spoke the words *fine gentlemen*, and Sir Thomas thought himself obliged to enter upon his own defence.

Ay, said the earl; and the best of it is, Sir Thomas pleads not his *virtue* neither, that he did not join in these *queer* pranks with his Bedfordshire neighbours, but his *absence*.

Gad take me, returned he, taking a pinch of snuff with an air, you're plaguy sharp, gentlemen: I believe in my conscience you're in a confederacy, as Mr. B—— says, and would swear an honest man into the plot, that would not care for such company. What say you, Mr. H——? Which side are you of?

Every gentleman, replied he, who is not of the ladies side, is deemed a criminal; and I was always of the side that had the power of the gallows.

That shews, returned Lady Towers, that Mr. H—— is more afraid of the *punishment*, than of *deserving* it.

'Tis well, said Mr. B——, that any consideration deters a man of Mr. H——'s time of life. What may be *fear* now, may improve to *virtue* in time.

Ay, said Lady Davers, Jackey is one of his uncle's *foxes*. He'd be glad to snap up a straggling pullet, if he was not well looked after, perhaps.

Pray, my dear, said Lord Davers, forbear: You ought not to introduce two different conversations into different companies.

I think, truly, said Mr. B——, you should take the dean's hint, my good friends; else you'll be less *polite* than *personal*.

Well, but, gentlemen, said Lady Arthur, since you seem to have been so hard put to it, as *single* men, what's to be done with the married man who ruins an innocent body?

What punishment, Lady Towers, shall we find out for such an one? And what reparation to the injured? This, it seems, was said with a particular view to the earl, on a late scandalous occasion: but I knew it not till afterwards.

As to the punishment of the gentleman, replied Lady Towers, where the law has not provided for it, it must be left, I believe, to his conscience. It will then one day be heavy enough. But as to the reparation to the woman, so far as it can be made, it will be determinable as the unhappy person *may* or may *not* know, that her seducer is a married man: if she knows he is, I think she neither deserves redress nor pity, though it alleviates not *his* guilt. But if the case be otherwise, and *she* had no means of informing herself, that he was married, and he promised to make her his wife, to be sure, though *she* cannot be acquitted, *he* deserves the severest punishment that can be inflicted. What say you, Mrs. B——?

If I must speak my mind, replied I, I think, that since custom, as the earl said just now, exacts so little regard to virtue from men, and so much from women, and since the designs of the former upon the latter are so flagrantly avowed and known, the poor creature who suffers herself to be seduced, either by a *single* or *married* man, *with* promises, or *without*, has nothing to do, but to sequester herself from the world, and devote the remainder of her days to penitence and obscurity. As to the gentleman, added I, he must, I doubt, be left to his conscience, as you say, Lady Towers, which he will one day have enough to do to pacify.

Every young lady has not your angelic perfection, madam, said Mr. Dormer. And there are cases in which the fair sex deserve compassion, ours execration. Love

may insensibly steal upon a soft heart. When once admitted, the oaths, vows, and protestations of the favoured object, who perhaps, on all occasions, declaims against the deceivers of his sex, confirm her good opinion of him, till, having lulled asleep her vigilance, in an unguarded hour he takes advantage of her unsuspecting innocence. Is not such a poor creature to be pitied? And what punishment does not such a seducer deserve?

You have put, sir, said I, a moving case, and in a generous manner. What, indeed, does not such a deceiver deserve?

And the more, said Mrs. Chapman, as the most innocent heart is generally the most credulous.

Very true, said the countess; for such an one as would do no harm *to* others, seldom suspects any *from* others: and her lot is very unequally cast; admired for that very innocence, which tempts some brutal ravager to ruin it.

Yet, what is that virtue, said the dean, which cannot stand the test?

But, said Lady Towers, very satirically, Whither, ladies, are we got? We are upon the subject of virtue and honour. Let us talk of something in which the gentlemen can join with us. This is such an one, you see, that none but the dean and Mr. Dormer can discourse upon.

Let us then, retorted Mr. Martin, to be even with *one* lady at least, find a subject that will be *new* to her: And that is CHARITY.

Does what I said concern Mr. Martin more than any other gentleman, returned Lady Towers, that he is disposed to take offence at it?

You must pardon me, Lady Towers, said Mr. B——, but I think a lady should never make a motion to wave such subjects as those of virtue and honour; and less still,

in company, where there is so much occasion, as she seems to think, for enforcing them.

I desire not to wave the subject, I'll assure you, replied she. And if, sir, you think it may do good, we will continue it, for the sakes of all *you*, gentlemen, (looking round her archly,) who are of opinion you may be benefited by it.

We are going into personals again, gentlemen and ladies, said the earl.

And that won't bear, my lord, you seem to think? retorted Lady Davers.

A health to the king and royal family brought on public affairs, and politics; and the ladies withdrawing to coffee and tea, I have no more to say as to this conversation, having repeated all that I remember was said to any purpose; for such large companies, you know, my dear, don't always produce the most agreeable and edifying talk. But this I was the more willing to recite, because I thought the characters of some of our neighbours would be thereby made more familiar to you, if ever I should have the happiness to see you in these parts.

I will only add, that Miss L——, the dean's daughter, is a very modest and agreeable young lady, and a perfect mistress of music; in which the dean takes great delight also, and is a fine judge of it. The gentlemen coming in, to partake of our coffee and conversation, as they said, obtained of miss to play several tunes on the harpsichord; and would have me play too. But really Miss L—— so very much surpassed me, that had I regarded my reputation for playing, above the desire I had (as I said, and truly said) to satisfy the good company, I ought not to have pretended to touch a key after such a mistress of it. Miss has no voice, which is great pity; and, at the request of every one, I sung to her *accompaniment*, twice

or thrice; as did Lady Towers, whose voice exceeds her taste. But here, miss, will I end my fourth conversation-piece.

Saturday morning.

THE countess being a little indisposed, Lady Davers and I took an airing this morning in the chariot, and had a great deal of discourse together. Her ladyship was pleased to express great favour and tenderness towards me; gave me a great deal of good advice, as to the care she would have me take of myself; and told me, that her hopes, as well as her brother's, all centered in my welfare; and that the way I was in made her love me better and better.

She was pleased to tell me, how much she approved of the domestic management; and to say, that she never saw such regularity and method in any family in her life, where was the like number of servants. Every one, she said, knew their duty, and did it without speaking to, in such silence, and with so much apparent cheerfulness and delight, without the least hurry or confusion, that it was her surprise and admiration: But kindly would have it, that I took too much care upon me. Yet, said she, I don't see but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tired or fatigued; and are always dressed and easy, so that no company find you unprepared, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to breakfast or dinner.

I told her ladyship, I owed all this, and most of the conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear brother, who, at the beginning of my happiness, gave me several cautions * and instructions for my behaviour;

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* See Vol. II. p. 207.

which had always been the rule of my conduct ever since, and I hoped ever would be: To say nothing, added I, which yet would be very unjust, of the assistance I receive from worthy Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent manager.

Good creature, sweet Pamela, and *charming girl,* were her common words, and she was pleased to attribute to me a graceful and unaffected ease, and would have it, that I have a natural dignity in my person and behaviour, which command love and reverence at the same time; so that, my dear Miss Darnford, I am in danger of being as proud as any thing. For you must believe, that her ladyship's approbation gives me great pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have come off near so well in her opinion.

As the chariot passed along, she took great notice of the respects paid me by people of different ranks, and of the blessings bestowed upon me, by several, as we proceeded; and said, She should fare well, and be rich in good wishes, for being in my company.

The good people, who know us, *will* do so, madam, said I; but I had rather have their silent prayers, than their audible ones; and I have caused some of them to be told so.

What I apprehend, madam, continued I, is, that you will be more uneasy to-morrow, when at church you'll see a good many people in the same way. Indeed, added I, my story, and your dear brother's tenderness to me, are so much talked of, that many strangers are brought hither to see us. 'Tis the only thing, continued I, (and so it is, miss,) that makes me desirous to go to London; for by the time we return, the novelty, I hope, will cease.

Then I mentioned some verses of Mr. Cowley, which had been laid under my cushion in our seat at church, two

Sundays ago, by some unknown hand; and how uneasy they have made me. I will transcribe them, my dear, and give you the particulars of our conversation on that occasion. The verses are these:

Thou robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights,
Ah! lovely thief, what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heav'n too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to GOD, and end them all to thee.

No, to what purpose should I speak,
No, wretched heart, swell till you break!
She cannot love me, if she would:
And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No, to the grave thy sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live:
So perish, that her killing thee,
May a chance-medley, and no murder be!

I had them in my pocket, and read them to my lady; who asked me, if her brother had seen them? I told her, it was he that found them under the cushion I used to sit upon; but did not shew them to me, till I came home, and that I was so vexed at them, that I could not go to church in the afternoon.

What should you be vexed at, my dear? said she. How could you help it?—My brother was not disturbed at them, was he?

No, indeed, replied I: he chid *me* for being so; and was pleased to make me a fine compliment upon it; that

he did not wonder, that every body who saw me, loved me. —But I said, This was all that wicked wit was good for, to inspire such boldness in bad hearts, which might otherwise not dare to set pen to paper to affront any one.

But pray, madam, added I, don't own I have told you of them, lest the least shadow of a thought should arise, that I was prompted by some vile, secret vanity, to tell your ladyship of them: when, I am sure, they have vexed me more than enough. For is it not a sad thing, that the church should be profaned by such actions, and such thoughts, as ought not to be brought into it?

Then, madam, to have any wicked man *dare* to think of one with impure notions! It gives me the less opinion of myself, that I should be so much as *thought of* as the object of any wicked body's wishes. I have called myself to account upon it, whether any levity in my looks, my dress, my appearance, could embolden such an affrontive insolence. And I have thought, upon this occasion, better of Julius Cæsar's delicacy, than I did, when I read of it; who, upon an attempt made on his wife, to which, however, it does not appear she gave the least encouragement, said, to those who pleaded for her against the divorce he was resolved upon, *That the wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected.*

Indeed, madam, continued I, it would extremely shock me, but to know, that any wicked heart had conceived a design upon me: Upon *me*, give me leave to repeat, whose only glory and merit is, that I have had the grace to withstand the greatest of trials and temptations, from a gentleman more worthy to be beloved, both for person and mind, than any man in England.

Your observation, my dear, is truly delicate, and such as

becomes your mind and character. And I really think, if any lady in the world is secure from vile attempts, it must be you; not only from your story so well known, and the love you bear to your man, and his merit to you, but from the prudence, and natural *dignity*, I will say, of your behaviour, which, though easy and cheerful, is what would strike dead the hope of any presumptuous libertine, the moment he sees you.

How can I enough, returned I, and kissed her hand, acknowledge your ladyship's polite goodness in this compliment! But, my lady, you see, by the very instance I have mentioned, that a liberty *is* taken, which I cannot think of without pain.

'Tis such a liberty, replied my lady, as shews more despair than hope, and is a confirmation of my sentiments on the prudence and dignity which not only I, but every body attributes to you.

Kind, kind Lady Davers! said I, again pressing her hand with my lips. But I think I will turn my quarrel (since I know not, and hope I never shall, the vile transcriber) upon the author of the verses; for had they not been written, I should not have been thus insulted, perhaps.

Cowley, replied my lady, is my favourite poet. He has a beautiful imagination, a vast deal of brilliant wit, and a chastity too in most of his pieces, that hardly any of the tribe can boast.

I once liked him better too, said I, than I have done since this; for he was one of the poets that my lady would permit me to read sometimes; and his pieces in praise of the country life, and those charming lines against ambition, used to delight me much:

If e'er ambition should my fancy cheat
With any wish so *mean*, as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of the life I love!

I have taken notice of these lines often, said my lady, and been pleased with them. But I think you have no reason to be out of conceit with Cowley, for the ill use made of his verses. He but too naturally describes the influence of love; which frequently interferes with our best duties. And there is something very natural, and easy, and witty, in the first lines; and shews that the poet *laments* the too engaging impressions which love made upon his mind, even on the most solemn occasions.—*What! rob me of heav'n too?*—A bad heart, Pamela, could not have so lamented, or so written.

Ah! but, madam, returned I, I have seen in your dear brother's collection of manuscripts, a poem, in which this very point, nice as it is, is touched with much greater propriety.

Can you repeat it, my dear?

The lines I mean, I can. Your ladyship must know it was upon a quarrel between a beloved couple, where the gentleman had been wild, and the lady's ill-natured uncle, who wanted to break the match, (although it was designed by her deceased parents,) had fomented it, so that she would not look upon her lover, nor see him, nor receive a letter of excuse from him, though they were betrothed, and she loved him dearly. This obliged him to throw himself in her way at church, and thus he writes:

But, O! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my fair
Robs thee of my devoir, disturbs my pray'r,
Confounds my best resolves, and makes me prove,
That she's too much a rival in thy love.

These now, madam, continued I, are the lines I admire:

> But better thoughts my happier hopes suggest,
> When once this stormy doubt's expell'd my breast;
> When once this *agitated flame* shall turn
> To *steadier* heat, and more *intensely* burn,
> My dear *Maria* then, thought I, will join,
> And we, *one heart, one soul,* shall *all* be THINE!

Ay, Pamela, these are very pretty lines. But you must not think ill of my favourite Cowley, however; for I say, with a gentleman, whose judgment and good heart have hardly any equal, That though Cowley was going out of fashion with some, yet he should always suspect the head or the heart of him or her, who could not taste, and delight in, his beauties.

The words,

> She *cannot* love me, if she would,
> And, *to say truth,* 'twere pity that she should;

Shew the *goodness* of the *poet's heart;* and even, that the transcriber himself, be he who he will, had not the *worst,* that he could single out *these;* when, if he would be shining with borrowed rays, he might have chosen a much worse poet to follow.

O madam! replied I, say not one word in behalf of the wicked transcriber. For a wretch to entertain the shadow of a wish for a married person, is a degree of impurity that ought not to be excused: But to commit such thoughts to writing, to put that writing under the seat of the married person at church, where her heart should be engaged *wholly* in her first duties; where, too, it might be more likely to be seen by the pew-keepers than her, and so be spread over the whole parish, to the propagation of bad

ideas, whenever I appeared; and, moreover, might come to the hands of one's husband, who, from his own free life formerly, and high passions, as far as the transcriber knew, might be uneasy at, and angry with, the innocent occasion of the insult.—Besides the apprehension it must give one, that the man who could take this vile step might proceed to greater lengths, which my busy fears could improve to duelling and murder—Then the concern it must fill me with, to the diverting of my mind from my first regards, when *any one* looked at me wistfully, that he might be the transcriber! which must always give me confusion of thought.—Dearest madam, can one forbear being vexed, when all these imaginations dart in upon a mind apprehensive as mine? Indeed this action has given me great uneasiness at times, ever since, and I cannot help it.

I am pleased with your delicacy, my dear, as I said before—You can never err, while thus watchful over your conduct: and I own you have the more reason for it, as you have married a mere Julius Cæsar, an open-eyed rake, that was her word, who would, on the least surmises, though ever so causeless on your part, have all his passions up in arms, in apprehension of liberties that might be offered like those he has not scrupled to take.

O but, madam, said I, your dear brother has given me great satisfaction in one point; for you must think I should not love him as I ought, if I had not a concern for his future happiness, as well as for his present; and that is, he has assured me, that in all the liberties he has taken, he never attempted a married lady, but always abhorred the thought of so great an evil.

'Tis pity, said her ladyship, that a man who could conquer his passions *so far*, could not subdue them entirely. This shews it was in his own power to do so; and increases

his crime: and what a wretch is he, who scrupling, under pretence of conscience or honour, to attempt ladies *within* the pale, boggles not to ruin a poor creature *without*; although he knows he thereby, most probably, for ever deprives her of that protection, by preventing her marriage, which, even among such rakes as himself, is deemed, he owns, inviolable, and so casts the poor creature headlong into the jaws of perdition!

Ah! madam, replied I, this was the very inference I made upon the occasion.

And what could he say?

He said, my inference was just; but called me *pretty preacher*;—and once having cautioned me* not to be over-serious to him, so as to cast a gloom, as he said, over our innocent enjoyments, I never dare to urge matters farther, when he calls me by that name.

Well, said my lady, thou'rt an admirable girl! God's goodness was great to our family, when it gave thee to it.

No wonder, continued her ladyship, as my brother says, every body that sees you, and has heard your character, loves you. And this is some excuse for the inconsiderate folly even of this unknown transcriber.

Ah! madam, replied I, but is it not a sad thing, that people, if they must take upon them to like one's behaviour in general, should have the *worst*, instead of the *best* thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I *ought* to be, and as some *think* me, must they wish to make me bad for that reason? And so to destroy the cause of that pleasure which they pretend to take in seeing a body set a good

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* See Vol. II. p. 155.

example? For what, my dear lady, could a wretch mean, even by the words your ladyship thinks most innocent?

She cannot love me, if she would;
And, to say truth—(as if this truth were extorted rather by his *fears* than his *wishes*)
——'twere pity that she should.

But why, then, if this be the case, and that he would bear his *sorrows*, as the poet calls them, to the grave, should he not keep them to *himself?* Make that very *mind* their grave, which gave them their *birth?* If the bold creature, whoever he be, had not thought this might be a hint that might somehow be improved, and a vile foundation for some viler superstructure, would he have transcribed them, and caused them to be placed where they were found?

Then, in my humble opinion, the thought that is contained in these lines,

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live!
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder be,

Is rather a *conceit* or *prettiness*, that won't bear examination, than that true wit in which this fine poet excels:—For if she cannot love him if *she would*, and if it were *pity* that she *should* love him, this implies she was a lady under previous obligation, whether marriage or betrothment is the same thing to him: Then, need the thing to be so *handsomely contrived*, need any pains be taken, (if her repulse *had killed*, as poetical license makes him say, this invader of another's right,) to bring it in *chance-medley;*—since no jury could have brought it in *murder;* except

that sort of murder which is called *felo de se?* You know, my lady, what a scholar your brother has made me: so that I presume to think, the poet himself is not so blameless in this, as he has taken care to be in most of his pieces. And permit me to make one observation, my good lady, That if the chastest writers (supposing Cowley meant ever so well) may have their works, and their thoughts, turned to be panders and promoters of the wickedness of coarse minds, whose grosser ideas could not be clothed in a dress fit to appear in decent company, without *their* assistance, how careful ought a good author to be, whose works are likely to live to the end of time, how he propagates the worst of mischiefs to such a duration, when he himself is dead and gone, and incapable of antidoting the poison he has spread?

Her ladyship was pleased to kiss me as we sat. My charming Pamela, my *more than sister!* (did she say)—Yes, she did say so! and made my eyes overflow with joy to hear the sweet epithet!—How your conversation charms me!—I charge you, when you get to town, let me have your remarks on the diversions you will be carried to by my brother. Now I know what to expect from *you*, and *you* know how acceptable every thing will be *to me* that comes from you. I promise great pleasure, as well to myself as to my worthy friends, particularly to Lady Betty, in your unrestrained, free correspondence.

Indeed, Pamela, I must bring you acquainted with Lady Betty: she is one of the worthies of our sex, and has a fine understanding.—I'm sure you'll like her.—But (for the world say it not to my brother, nor let Lady Betty know I tell you so, if ever you should be acquainted—) I had carried the matter so far by my officious zeal to have my brother married to so fine a lady, not doubting his joyful

approbation, that it was no small disappointment to *her*, I can tell you, when he married you: and this is the best excuse I can make for my furious behaviour to you at the Hall. For though I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost mad—Indeed my disappointment had given me so much indignation, both against you and him, that it is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you did feel the weight of my hand:*—But what was that?—'Twas well I did not *kill you dead*—these were her ladyship's words—For how could I think the wild libertine capable of being engaged by such noble motives, or thee what thou art?—So this will account to thee a little for my violence then.

Your ladyship, said I, all these things considered, had but too much reason to be angry at your dear brother's proceedings, so well as you always loved him, so high a concern as you always had to promote his honour and interest, and so far as you had gone with Lady Betty.

I tell thee, Pamela, said she, that the old story of Eleanor and Rosamond ran in my head all the way of my journey, and I almost wished for a potion to force down thy throat: and when I came, and found thy lewd paramour absent, (for little did I think thou wast married to him, though I expected thou wouldst endeavour to persuade me to believe it,) apprehending that his intrigue with thee would effectually frustrate my hopes as to Lady Betty and him: Now, thought I, all happens as I wish!—Now will I confront this brazen girl!—Now will I try her innocence, as I please, by offering to take her with me out of

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* Compare this part of the conversation, with Lady Davers's behaviour to Pamela, Vol. II. p. 225 to 250.

his hands: if she refuses, take that refusal for a demonstration of her guilt; and then, thought I, I will make the creature provoke me, in the presence of my nephew and my woman; (and I hoped to have got that woman Jewkes to testify for me too;) and I cannot tell what I might have done, if thou hadst not got out of the window as thou didst, especially after thou hadst told me thou wast as much married as I was, and hadst shewn me his tender letter to thee, which had a quite different effect upon me than thou hadst hoped for. But if I had committed any act of violence, what remorse should I have had, when I came to reflect, and had known what an excellence I had injured! Thank God thou didst escape me! Thank God thou didst! And then her ladyship folded her arms about me, and kissed me.

This was a sad story, you'll say, my dear; and I wonder what her ladyship's passion would have made her do! Surely she would not have *killed me dead*, indeed! surely she would not!—Let it not, however, Miss Darnford, nor you, my dear father and mother, when you see it,—go out of your own hands, nor be read, for my Lady Davers's sake, to any body else—No, not to your own mamma.—It made me tremble a little, even at this distance, to think what a sad thing passion is, when way is given to its ungovernable tumults, and how it deforms and debases the noblest minds.

We returned from this agreeable airing but just time enough to dress before dinner, and then I attended my lady, and we went together into the countess's apartment, where I received abundance of compliments from both. As this brief conversation will give you some notion of that management and economy for which they heaped upon me their kind praises, I will recite to you what passed

in it, and hope you will not think me too vain; and the less, because what I underwent formerly from my lady's indignation, half entitles me to be proud of her present kindness and favour.

Lady Davers said, Your ladyship must excuse us, that we have lost so much of your company; but here, this sweet girl has entertained me in such a manner, that I could have staid out with her all day; and several times did I bid the coachman prolong his circuit.

My good Lady Davers, madam, said I, has given me inexpressible pleasure, and has been all condescension and favour, and made me as proud as proud can be.

You, my dear Mrs. B——, said she, may have given great pleasure to Lady Davers; for it cannot be otherwise —But I have no great notion of her ladyship's condescension, as you call it, (pardon me, madam, said she to her, smiling,) when she cannot raise her style above the word *girl*, coming off from a tour you have made so delightful to her.

I protest to you, my Lady C——, replied her ladyship, with great goodness, that that word, which once, indeed, I used through pride, as you'll call it, I now use for a very different reason. I begin to doubt, whether to call her sister, is not more honour to myself than to her; and to this hour am not quite convinced. When I am, I will call her so with pleasure.

I was quite overcome with this fine compliment, but could not answer a word. And the countess said, I could have spared you longer, had not the time of day compelled your return. For I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, although but with the talk of your woman and mine. For here they have been giving me such an account of Mrs. B——'s economy, and family manage-

ment, as has highly delighted me. I never knew the like; and in so young a lady too! We shall have strange reformations to make in our families, Lady Davers, when we go home, were we to follow so good an example.

Why, my dear Mrs. B——, continued her ladyship, you out-do all your neighbours. And indeed I am glad I live so far from you:—For were I to try to imitate you, it would still be *but* imitation, and you'd have the honour of it.

Yet you hear, and you see by yesterday's conversation, said Lady Davers, how much her best neighbours of both sexes admire her. They all yield to her the palm, unenvying.

Then, my good ladies, said I, it is a sign I have most excellent neighbours, full of generosity, and willing to encourage a young person in doing right things: so it makes, considering what I was, more for their honour than my own. For what censures should not such a one as I deserve, who have not been educated to fill up my time like ladies of condition, were I not to employ myself as I do? I, who have so little other merit, and who brought no fortune at all?

Come, come, Pamela, none of your self-denying ordinances—that was Lady Davers's word—You must know something of your own excellence:—If you do not, I'll tell it you, because there is no fear you will be proud or vain upon it. I don't see, then, that there is the lady in your neighbourhood, or *any* neighbourhood, that behaves with more decorum, or better keeps up the port of a lady, than you do. How you manage it, I can't tell; but you do as much by a look, and a pleasant one too, that's the rarity! as I do by high words and passionate exclamations. I

have often nothing but blunder upon blunder, as if the wretches were in a confederacy to try my patience.

Perhaps, madam, said I, the awe they have of your ladyship, because of your high qualities, makes them commit blunders; for I myself have always been more afraid of appearing before your ladyship, when you have visited your honoured mother, than of any body else, and have been the more sensibly awkward through that very awful respect.

Psha, psha, Pamela, that is not it: 'Tis all in yourself. I used to think my mamma, and my brother too, had as awkward servants as I ever saw any where—except Mrs. Jervis.—Well enough for a bachelor, indeed!—But, here!—thou hast not parted with one servant—Hast thou?

No, madam.

How! said the countess; what excellence is here! All of them, pardon me, Mrs. B——, your fellow-servants, as one may say, and all of them so respectful, so watchful of your eye; and you, at the same time, so gentle to them, so easy, so cheerful!

Don't you think me, my dear, insufferably vain? But 'tis what they were pleased to say. 'Twas their goodness to me, and shewed how much they can excel in generous politeness. So I will proceed.

Why this, continued the countess, must be *born* dignity, —*born* discretion.—Education cannot give it:—If it could, why should not *we* have it?

The ladies said many more kind things of me then; and, after dinner, they mentioned all over again, with additions, before my best friend, who was kindly delighted with the encomiums given me by two ladies of such distinguishing judgment in all other cases. They told him, how much they admired my family management: then would have it,

that my genius was universal, for the employments and accomplishments of my sex, whether they considered it, they were pleased to say, as employed in penmanship, in needle-work, in paying or receiving visits, in music, and I can't tell how many other qualifications, which their goodness made them attribute to me, over and above the family management; saying, That I had an understanding which comprehended every thing, and an eye that penetrated into the very bottom of matters in a moment, and never was at a loss for the *should be*, the *why* or *wherefore*, and the *how:* these were their comprehensive words—That I did every thing with celerity, clearing all as I went; and left nothing, that was their observation, to recur or come over again, that could be despatched at once: by which means, they said, every hand was clear to undertake a new work, as well as my own head to direct it: and there was no hurry nor confusion; but every coming hour was fresh and ready, and unencumbered (so they said) for its new employment: and to this they attributed that ease and pleasure with which every thing was performed, and that I could *do*, and *cause* to be done, so much business, without hurry either to myself or servants.

These things, they would have it, they observed in part themselves, and in part were beholden for to the observations of their women, who looked, they said, so narrowly into every part of the management, as if they were spies upon it; but were such faithful ones, that it was, like a good cause brought to a strict scrutiny, the brighter and fairer for it.

Thus, my dear Miss Darnford, did their ladyships praise me for what I *ought* to be; and I will endeavour to improve more and more by their kind admonitions, which come clothed in the agreeable and flattering shape

of praise; the noblest incitement to the doing of one's duty.

Judge you how pleasing this was to my best beloved, who found, in their kind approbation, such a justification of his own conduct, as could not fail of being pleasing to him, especially as Lady Davers was one of the kind praisers.

Lord Davers was so highly delighted, that he rose once, begging his brother's excuse to salute me, and remained standing over my chair, with a pleasure in his looks that cannot be expressed, now and then lifting up his hands, and his good-natured eye glistening with joy, which a pier-glass gave me the opportunity of seeing, as sometimes I stole a bashful glance towards it, not knowing how or which way to look. Even Mr. H—— seemed to be touched very sensibly; and recollecting his behaviour to me at the Hall, he once cried out, What a sad whelp was *I*, to behave as I formerly did, to so much excellence!—Not, Mr. B——, that I was any thing uncivil, neither;—but in unworthy sneers, and nonsense—You know me well enough—P—x on me for a Jackanapes—You called me, *tinseled toy*,* though, madam; don't you remember that? and said, *Twenty or thirty years hence, when I was at age, you'd give me an answer.*—Egad! I shall never forget your looks, nor your words neither!—They were d—d severe speeches! Were they not, sir?

O, you see, Mr. H——, replied my dear Mr. B——, Pamela is not quite perfect—We must not provoke her; for she'll call us both so, perhaps; for I wear a laced coat, sometimes, as well as you.

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* See Vol. II. p. 237.

Nay, faith, I can't be angry, said he, I deserved it richly, that I did, had it been worse.

Thy silly tongue, said my lady, runs on without fear or wit. What's past is past.

Why, i'faith, madam, I was plaguily wrong; and I said nothing of any body but *myself*:—And have been ready to hang myself since, as often as I have thought of my nonsense.

My nephew, said my lord, must bring in hanging, or the gallows, in every speech he makes, or it will not be he.

Mr. B——, smiling, said, with severity enough in his meaning, as I could see by the turn of his countenance—Mr. H—— knows, that his birth and family entitle him more to the *block*, than the rope, or he would not make so free with the latter.

Good! very good, by Jupiter! said Mr. H——, laughing. The countess smiled. Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, and said to her nephew, Thou'rt a good-natured foolish fellow, that thou art.

For what, madam? Why the word *foolish*, aunt? What have I said now?

Nothing to any purpose, indeed, said she; when thou dost, I'll write it down.

Then, madam, said he, have your pen and ink always about you, when I'm present.—The devil's in't if you won't put that down, to begin with!

This made every one laugh. What a happy thing is it, thought I, that good-nature generally accompanies this character; else, how would some people be supportable?

But here I'll break off. 'Tis time, you'll say.—But you know to whom I write, as well as to yourself, and they'll

be pleased with all my silly scribble.—So excuse one part for that, and another for friendship's sake, and then I shall be wholly excusable to you.

Now the trifler again resumes her pen. I am in some pain, miss, for to-morrow, because of the rules we observe of late in our family on Sundays, and of going through a crowd to church; which will afford new scenes to our noble visitors, either for censure, or otherwise. But I will sooner be censured for doing what I think my duty, than for the want of it; and so will omit nothing that we have been accustomed to do.

I hope I shall not be thought ridiculous, or as one who aims at works of supererogation, for what I think is very short of my duty.—Some order, surely, becomes the heads of families; and, besides, it would be discrediting one's own practice, if one did not appear at one time what one does at another. For that which is a reason for discontinuing a practice for some company, would seem to be a reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a family visiting and visited as ours.

And I remember well a hint given me by my dearest friend once on another subject,* that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself, after a while, and persons see what is one's way, and that one is not to be put out of it.

But my only doubt is, that to ladies, who have not been accustomed perhaps to the *necessary* strictness, I should make myself censurable, as if I aimed at too much perfec-

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* See Vol. II. p. 209.

tion: For, however one's duty is one's duty, and ought not to be dispensed with; yet when a person, who uses to be remiss, sees so hard a task before them, and so many great points to get over, all to be no more than tolerably regular, it is rather apt to frighten and discourage, than to allure; and one must proceed, as I have read soldiers do in a difficult siege, inch by inch, and be more studious to intrench and fortify themselves, as they go on gaining upon the enemy, than by rushing all at once upon an attack of the place, be repulsed, and perhaps obliged, with great loss, to abandon a hopeful enterprise.

And permit me to add, that, young as I am, I have often observed, that over-great strictnesses, all at once enjoined and insisted upon, are not fit for a beginning reformation, but for stronger Christians only; and therefore generally do more harm than good, in such a circumstance.

What a miserable creature am I, said a neighbouring widow gentlewoman, (whom I visited in her illness, at her own desire, though a stranger to me but by name,) if all the good *you* do, and the strict life *you* live, is no more than absolutely necessary to salvation!

I saw the poor gentlewoman, through illness and low spirits, was ready to despond, and, to comfort her, I said, Dear madam, don't be cast down: God Almighty gives us all a light to walk by in these our dark paths; and 'tis my humble opinion, He will judge us according to the *unforced* and *unbiassed* use we make of that light. I think it my duty to do several things, which, perhaps, the circumstances of others will not permit *them* to do; or which they, on serious and disinterested reflection, may not think absolutely necessary to be done: In each case our judgments are a law to each; and I ought no more to

excuse myself from doing such parts as I think my duty, than you to condemn yourself for not doing what does not appear to you so strictly necessary: And besides, madam, you may do as much good one way, as I another, and so both may be equally useful in the general system of Providence.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear friend?—Excuse me, for this is Saturday night: and as it was a very good method which the ingenious authors of the *Spectators* took, generally to treat their more serious subjects on this day; so I think one should, when one can, consider it as the preparative eve to a still better.

Sunday.

Now, my dear, by what I have already written, it is become in a manner necessary to acquaint you briefly with the method my dear Mr. B—— not only permits, but encourages me to take in the family he leaves to my care, as to the *Sunday duty*.

The worthy dean, at my request, and by my beloved's permission, recommended to me, as a sort of family chaplain, for Sundays, a young gentleman of great sobriety and piety, and sound principles, who having but lately taken orders, has at present no other provision. And this gentleman comes, and reads prayers to us about seven in the morning, in the lesser Hall, as we call it,—a retired apartment, next the little garden; for we have no chapel with us here, as in your neighbourhood: And this generally, with some suitable exhortation, or meditation out of some good book, which the young gentleman is so kind as to let me choose now and then, when I please, takes up little more than half an hour.

We have a great number of servants of both sexes: and myself, my good Mrs. Jervis, and my Polly Barlow, are generally in a little closet, which, when we open the door, is but just a separation, and that's all, from the Hall.

Mr. Adams (for that is our young clergyman's name) has a desk, at which sometimes Mr. Jonathan makes up his running accounts to Mr. Longman, who is very scrupulous of admitting any body to the use of his office, because of the writings in his custody, and the order he values himself upon having every thing in.

About seven in the evening the young gentleman comes again; and I generally, let me have what company I will, find time to retire for about another half-hour; and my dear Mr. B—— connives at, and excuses my absence, if inquired after; though, for so short a time, I am seldom missed.

To the young gentleman I shall present, every quarter, five guineas; and Mr. B—— presses him to accept of a place at his table, at his pleasure: but, as we have generally a good deal of company, his modesty makes him decline it, especially at those times.

Mr. Longman is so kind as to join with us very often in our Sunday office, and Mr. Colbrand seldom misses: and they tell Mrs. Jervis, that they cannot express the pleasure they have to meet me there; and the edification they receive, as they are so kind to say, from my example; and from the cheerful temper I am always in, which does 'em good to look upon me. And they will have it, that I do credit to religion. But if they do but think so, it must have been of service to me in the order I have now established, as I hope; and that through less difficulties than I expected to meet with, especially from the cook-

maid;* but she says, she comes with double delight to have the opportunity to see her blessed lady, as it seems she calls me at every word.

My best beloved dispenses as much as he can with the servants, for the evening part, if he has company; or will be attended only by John or Abraham, perhaps, by turns; and sometimes looks upon his watch, and says, 'Tis near seven; and if he says so, they take it for a hint they may be dispensed with for half an hour: and this countenance which he gives me, has not contributed a little to make the matter easy and delightful to me, and to every one.

I am sure, were only policy to be considered, this method must be laudable; for, since I begun it, there is not a more diligent, a more sober, nor more courteous set of servants in any family in a great way. We have no broils, no hard words, no revilings, no commandings nor complainings: and Mrs. Jervis's government is made so easy, as she says, that she need not speak twice: and all the language of the servants is, Pray, John, or, Pray, Jane, do so or so: and they say, Their master's service is a heaven upon earth.

When I part from them, on the breaking up of our assembly, they generally make a little row on each side of the hall-door; and when I have made my compliments, and paid my thanks to Mr. Adams, one whispers, as I go out, God bless you, madam! and so says another, and another, and indeed every one; and bow and courtesy with such pleasure in their honest countenances, as greatly delights me: And I say, (if it so happens,) So, my good friends!—I am glad to see you—Not one absent! or but

* See Vol. I. p. 128. Vol. II. p. 344.

one—as it falls out—This is very obliging, I cry: And thus I shew them that I take notice, if any body be not there. And back again I go, to pay my duty to my earthly benefactor; and he is pleased to say sometimes, that I come to him with such a radiance in my countenance, as gives him double pleasure to behold me; and often he tells me afterwards, that, but for appearing too fond before company, he could meet me, as I enter, with embraces as pure as my own heart.

I hope, in time, I shall prevail upon the dear man to give me his company.—But, thank God, I am enabled to go thus far already!—I will leave the rest to his providence. For I have a point very delicate to touch upon in this particular; and I must take care not to lose the ground I have gained, by too precipitately pushing at too much at once. This is my comfort, that next to being uniform *himself*, is that permission and encouragement he gives *me*, to be so, and the pleasure he takes in seeing me so delighted—And, besides, he always gives me his company to church. O how happy should I think myself, if he would be pleased to accompany me to the divine office, which yet he has not done, though I have urged him as much as I durst! One thing after another, he says; we shall be better and better, I hope: but nobody is good all at once. But, my dear Miss Darnford, as I consider this as the seal of all the rest, and he himself has an awful notion of it, I shall hardly think my dear Mr. B——'s morals fully secured till then.

Mrs. Jervis asked me, on Saturday evening, if I would be concerned to see a larger congregation in the lesser Hall next morning than usual? I answered, No, by no means. She said, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley, (the two ladies' women,) and Mr. Sidney, my Lord Davers's gentleman,

and Mr. H——'s servant, and the coachmen and footmen belonging to our noble visitors, who are, she says, all great admirers of our family management and good order, having been told our method, begged to join in it. I knew I should be a little dashed at so large a company; but the men being orderly, for lords' servants, and Mrs. Jervis assuring me that they were very earnest in their request, I consented to it.

When, at the usual time, (attended by my Polly,) I went down, I found Mr. Adams there, (to whom I made my first compliments,) and every one of our own people waiting for me, Mr. Colbrand excepted, (whom Mr. H—— had kept up late the night before,) together with Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, and Mr. Sidney, with the servants of our guests, who, as also worthy Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Jonathan, paid me their respects: and I said, This is early rising, Mrs. Lesley and Mrs. Worden; you are very kind to countenance us with your companies in this our family order. —Mr. Sidney, I am glad to see you. How do you, Mr. Longman? And looked round with complacency on the servants of our noble visitors. And then I led Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley to my little retiring-place, and Mrs. Jervis and my Polly followed; and throwing the door open, Mr. Adams began some select prayers; and as the young gentleman reads with great emphasis and propriety, and as if his heart was in what he read, all the good folks were exceedingly attentive.

After prayers, Mr. Adams read a meditation, from a collection made for private use, which I shall more particularly mention by and by; and ending with the usual benediction, I thanked the worthy gentleman, and gently chid him, in Mr. B——'s name, for his modesty in de-

clining our table; and thanking Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley, received their kind wishes, and hastened, blushing through their praises, to my chamber, where being alone, I pursued the subject for an hour, till breakfast was ready, when I attended the ladies, and my best beloved, who had told them of the verses placed under my cushion at church.

We set out, my Lord and Lady Davers, and myself, and Mr. H——, in our coach; and Mr. B——, and the countess, in the chariot, both ladies and the gentlemen splendidly dressed; but I avoided a glitter as much as I could, that I might not seem to vie with the two peeresses. —Mr. B—— said, Why are you not full dressed, my dear? —I said, I hoped he would not be displeased: If he was, I would do as he commanded. He kindly answered, As you like best, my love. You are charming in every dress.

The chariot first drawing up to the church-door, Mr. B—— led the countess into the church. My Lord Davers did me that honour; and Mr. H—— handed his aunt through a crowd of gazers, many of whom, as usual, were strangers. The neighbouring gentlemen, and their ladies, paid us their silent respects; but the thoughts of the wicked verses, or rather, as Lady Davers will have me say, wicked action of the transcriber of them, made me keep behind in the pew: But my lady, with great goodness, sat down by me; and whisperingly talked a good deal, between whiles, to me, with great tenderness and freedom in her aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I knew she intended by it, to shew every one she was pleased with me.

Among other things, she said softly, Who would wish to be a king or queen, Pamela, if it is so easy for virtue and

beauty (so she was pleased to say) to attract so many sincere admirers, without any of their grandeur?—Look round, my dear girl, and see what a solemn respect and mingled delight appears in every countenance: And pressing my hand, Thou art a charming creature! Such a natural modesty, and such a becoming dignity, in thy whole appearance—No wonder that every one's eyes are upon thee, and that thou bringest to church so many booted gentlemen, as well as neighbours, to behold thee!

Afterwards she was pleased to add, taking my hand, (and Mr. B—— and the countess heard her, for she raised her voice to a more audible whisper,) I am proud to be in thy company; and in this solemn place I take thy hand, and acknowledge with pride, my *sister*. I looked down; and indeed here, at church, I can hardly at any time look up; for who can bear to be gazed at so?—And softly said, Oh! my good lady! how much you honour me, the place, and these surrounding eyes, can only hinder me from acknowledging as I ought.

My best friend, with pleasure in his eyes, said, pressing his hand upon both ours, as my lady had mine in hers, You are two beloved creatures: both excellent in your way. God bless you both! And you too, my dear brother, said my lady.

The countess whispered, You should spare a body a little! You give one, ladies, and Mr. B——, too much pleasure all at once. Such company, and such behaviour, adds still more charms to devotion; and were I to be here a twelvemonth, I would never miss once accompanying you to this good place.

Mr. H—— thought he must say something, and addressing himself to his noble uncle, who could not keep his good-natured eye off me, I'll be *hanged*, my lord, if I know

how to behave myself!—Why, this outdoes the chapel!—I'm glad I put on my new suit! And then he looked upon himself, as if he would support, as well as he could, his part of the general admiration.

But think you not, my dear Miss Darnford, and my dearest father and mother, that I am now at the height of my happiness in this life, thus favoured by Lady Davers?

The dean preached an excellent sermon; but I need not have said that. Only to have mentioned, that *he* preached, was saying enough.

My lord led me out, when divine service was over (and being a little tender in his feet, from a gouty notice, walked very slowly). Lady Towers, and Mrs. Brooks, joined us in the porch; and made us their compliments, as did Mr. Martin. Will you favour us with your company home, my old acquaintance? said Mr. B—— to that gentleman. I can't, having a gentleman, my relation, to dine with me; but if it will be agreeable in the evening, I will bring him with me to taste of your Burgundy; for we have not any such in the county. I shall be glad to see you, or any friend of yours, replied Mr. B——.

Mr. Martin whispered, It it more, however, to admire your lady, I can tell you that, than your wine.—Get into your coaches, ladies, said he, with his usual freedom: Our maiden and widow ladies have a fine time of it, wherever you come: By my faith, they must every one of them quit this neighbourhood, if you were to stay in it: But all the hopes they have, are, that, while you are in London, they'll have the game in their own hands.

Sister, said Lady Davers, most kindly to me, in presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gathered near

us, Mr. Martin is the same gentleman he used to be, I see.

Mr. Martin, madam, said I, smiling, has but one fault: he is too apt to praise whom he favours, at the expense of his absent friends!

I am always proud of your reproofs, Mrs. B——, replied he.

Ay, said Lady Towers, that I believe. And therefore I wish, for all our sakes, you'd take him oftener to task, Mrs. B——.

Lady Towers, Lady Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mr. Martin, all claimed visits from us; and Mr. B—— making excuses, that he must husband his time, because of being obliged to go to town soon, proposed to breakfast with Lady Towers the next morning, dine with Mrs. Arthur, and sup with Mrs. Brooks: and as there cannot be a more social and agreeable neighbourhood any where, his proposal, after some difficulty, was accepted; and our usual visiting neighbours were all to have notice accordingly, at each of the places.

I saw Sir Thomas Atkyns coming towards us, and fearing to be stifled with compliments, I said, Your servant, ladies and gentlemen! and, giving my hand to Lord Davers, stept into the chariot, instead of the coach; for people that would avoid bustle, sometimes make it. Finding my mistake, I would have come out; but my lord said, Indeed you shan't: and I'll step in, because I'll have you all to myself.

Lady Davers smiled, Now, said she, (while the coach drew up,) is my Lord Davers pleased; but I see, sister, you were tired with part of your company in the coach.

'Tis well contrived, my dear, said Mr. B——, as long as you have not deprived me of this honour; taking the countess's hand, and leading her into the coach.

Will you excuse all this impertinence, my dear?—I know my father and mother will be pleased with it; and you will have the goodness to bear with me on that account; for their kind hearts will be delighted to hear every minute thing in relation to Lady Davers and myself.

When Mr. Martin came in the evening, with his friend, (who is Sir William G——, a polite young gentlemen of Lincolnshire,) he told us a deal of the praises lavished away upon me by several genteel strangers; one saying to his friend, he had travelled twenty miles to see me.

My Lady Davers was praised too for her goodness to me, and the gracefulness of her person; the countess for the noble serenity of her aspect, and that charming ease and freedom which distinguish her birth and quality: My dear Mr. B——, he said, was greatly admired too: But he would not make *him* proud; for he had superiorities enough already, that was his word, over his neighbours: But I can tell you, said he, that for most of your praises you are obliged to your lady, and for having rewarded her excellence as you have done: For one gentleman, added he, said, He knew no one but you could deserve her; and he believed *you* did, from that tenderness in your behaviour to her, and from that grandeur of air, and majesty of person, that seemed to shew you formed for her protector, as well as rewarder.—Get you gone to London, both of you, said he. I did not intend to tell you, Mr. B——, what was said of you.

The women of the two ladies had acquainted their ladyships with the order I observed for the day, and the devout behaviour of the servants. And about seven, I with-

drawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised, as I was going through the great hall, to be joined by both.

I shall come at all your secrets, Pamela, said my lady, and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know whither you are going.

My good ladies, said I, pardon me for leaving you. I will attend you in half an hour.

No, my dear, said Lady Davers, the countess and I have resolved to attend you for that half hour, and we will return to company together.

Is it not descending too much, my ladies, as to the company?

If it is for us, it is for you, said the countess: so we will either act up to you, or make you come down to us; and we will judge of all your proceedings.

Every one, but Abraham, (who attended the gentlemen,) and all their ladyships' servants, and their two women, were there; which pleased me, however; because it shewed, that even the strangers, by this their second voluntary attendance, had no ill opinion of the service. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see the ladies accompanying me.

I stept up to Mr. Adams.—I was in hopes, sir, said I, we should have been favoured with your company at our table.

He bowed.

Well, sir, said I, these ladies come now to be obliged to you for your good offices; and you'll have no better way of letting them return their obligation, than to sup, though you would not dine with them.

Mr. Longman, said my lady, how do you?—We are come to be witnesses of the family decorum.

We have a blessed lady, madam, said he: and your ladyship's presence augments our joys.

I should have said, we were not at church in the afternoon—And when I do not go there, we have the evening service read to us, as it is at church; which Mr. Adams performed now with his usual distinctness and fervour.

When all was concluded, I said, Now, my dearest ladies, excuse me for the sake of the delight I take in seeing all my good folks about me in this decent and obliging manner.—Indeed I have no ostentation in it, if I know my own heart.

The countess and Lady Davers, delighted to see such good behaviour in every one, sat a moment or two looking upon one another in silence; and then my Lady Davers took my hand: Beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of husbands, what a blessing art thou to this family!

And to every family, said the countess, who have the happiness to know, and the grace to follow, her example! But where, said Lady Davers, collectedst thou all this good sense, and fine spirit in thy devotions?

The bible, my dear ladies, said I, is the foundation of all: But this, and the common prayer book, and the duty of man, our worthy folks have every one of them, and are so good as to employ themselves in them at all leisure opportunities on other days. For which reason, that I may diversify their devotions, I have, with the assistance of Mr. Adams, and by advice of the dean, made extracts from several good pieces, which we read on these days. Mr. Adams, said my Lady Davers, will you oblige me with a copy of my sister's book, at your leisure? He readily engaged to do this; and the countess desired another copy, which he also promised.

Lady Davers then turning herself to Mrs. Jervis, How do you, good woman? said she.—Why, you are now made ample amends for the love you bore to this dear creature formerly!

You have an angel, and not a woman, for your lady, my good Mrs. Jervis, said the countess.

Mrs. Jervis, folding her uplifted hands together, O my good lady! you know not our happiness; no, not one half of it. We were before blessed with plenty, and a bountiful indulgence, by our good master; but our plenty brought on wantonness and wranglings: But now we have peace as well as plenty; and peace of mind, my dear lady, in doing all in our respective powers, to shew ourselves thankful creatures to God, and to the best of masters and mistresses.

Good soul! said I, and was forced to put my handkerchief to my eye: your heart is always overflowing thus with gratitude and praises, for what you so well merit from us.

Mr. Longman, said my lady, assuming a sprightly air, although her eye twinkled, to keep within its lids the precious water, that sprang from a noble and well-affected heart, I am glad to see you here, attending your pious young lady.—Well might you love her, honest man! well might you!—I did not know there was so excellent a creature in any rank.

Madam, said the other worthy heart, unable to speak but in broken sentences,—You don't know—indeed you don't, what a—what a—hap—happy—family we are!—Truly, we are like unto Alexander's soldiers, every one fit to be a general; so well do we all know our duties, and *practise* them too, let me say.—Nay, and please your lady-

ship, we all of us long till morning comes, thus to attend my lady; and after that is past, we long for evening, for the same purpose: for she is *so* good to us—You cannot think how good she is!—But permit your honoured father's old servant to say one word more, That though we are always pleased and joyful on these occasions; yet we are in transports to see our master's noble sister thus favouring us, with your ladyship too (to the countess), and approving our young lady's conduct and piety.

Blessing on you all! said my lady.—Let us go, my lady; —let us go, sister;—for I can stay no longer!

As I slid by, following their ladyships, How do you, Mr. Colbrand? said I, softly:—I feared you were not well in the morning.—He bowed, Par-don me, ma-dame—I vas leetel indispose, dat ish true!

Now, my dear friend, will you forgive me all this self-praise, as it may seem?—Yet when you know I give it you, and my dear parents, as so many instances of my Lady Davers's reconciliation and goodness to me, and as it will shew what a noble heart that good lady has at bottom, when her pride of quality and her passion have subsided, and her native good sense and excellence taken place, I flatter myself, I may be the rather excused; and especially, as I hope to have my dear Miss Darnford's company and countenance one day, in this my delightful Sunday employment.

I should have added, for I think a good clergyman cannot be too much respected, that I repeated my request to Mr. Adams, to oblige us with his company at supper: but he so very earnestly begged to be excused, and with so much concern of countenance, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it; though I was sorry for it, because

I am sure, as of any thing, that modesty is always a sign of merit.

We returned to the gentlemen as soon as supper was ready, and as cheerful and easy, as Lady Davers observed, as if we had not been present at so solemn a service: and this, said she, after the gentlemen were gone, makes religion so pleasant and delightful a thing, that I profess I shall have a much higher opinion of those who make it a regular and constant part of their employment, than ever I had. But I have seen, added her ladyship, perhaps, such characteristic wry faces, and such gloomy countenances, among some of your pious folks, in and after a solemn office, as was enough to dishearten such an one as me, and make one think that it would be a sin to go to bed with a smile upon one's face, or without sighing and groaning.

Then, said she, I was once, I remember, when a girl, at the house of a very devout man, for a week, with his grand-daughter, my school-fellow; and there were such preachments *against* vanities, and *for* self-denials, that, were we to have followed the good man's precepts, (though indeed not his practice, for well did he love his belly,) half God Almighty's creatures and works would have been useless, and industry would have been banished the earth.

Then, added her ladyship, have I heard the good man confess himself guilty of such sins, as, if true, (and, by his hiding his face with his broad brimmed hat, it looked a little bad against him,) he ought to have been hanged on a gallows fifty feet high.

These reflections, as I said, fell from my lady, after the gentlemen were gone, when she recounted to her brother the entertainment, as she was pleased to call it, I had given her. On which she made high encomiums, as did the

countess; and they praised also the natural dignity which they imputed to me, saying, I had taught them a way they never could have found out, to descend to the company of servants, and yet to secure, and even augment, the respect and veneration of inferiors at the same time. And, Pamela, said my lady, you are certainly very right, to pay so much regard to the young clergyman; for that makes all he reads, and all he says, of greater efficacy with the auditors, facilitates the work you have in view to bring about, and in your own absence (for your monarch may not always dispense with you, perhaps) strengthens his influences, and encourages the young gentleman beside.

Monday.

I AM to thank you, my dear Miss Darnford, for your kind letter, approving of my scribble.* When you come to my Saturday's and Sunday's accounts, I shall try your patience. But no more of that; for as you can read them, or let them alone, I am the less concerned, especially as they will be more indulgently received somewhere else than they may merit; so that my labour will not be wholly lost.

I congratulate you with all my heart, on your dismissing Mr. Murray; for, besides that some of his qualities are not to be approved by a lady of your taste and judgment, I will never give my consent, that any gentleman shall have the honour of calling you his, who can so easily resign his pretensions to you, and address your sister.

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* See Letter XXVIII. of this Volume.

You are extremely diverting, my dear, with your greater and lesser bear stars; and I could not help shewing your letter to Mr. B——. And what do you think the free gentleman said upon it? I am half afraid to tell you: but do, now you are so happily disengaged, get leave to come, and let us two contrive to be even with him for it. You are the only lady in the world that I would join with against him.

He said, That your characters of Mr. Murray and Miss Nanny, which he called severe, (but I won't call them so, without your leave,) looked a little like pretty spite, and as if you were sorry the gentleman took you at your word.—That was what he said—Pray let us punish him for it. Yet, he called you charming lady, and said a great deal in your praise, and joined with me, that Mr. Murray, who was so easy to part with you, could not possibly deserve you.

But, Pamela, said he, I know the sex well enough. Miss Polly may not love Mr. Murray; yet to see her sister addressed and complimented, and preferred to herself, by one whom she so lately thought it was in her own power to choose or to refuse, is a mortifying thing. And young ladies cannot bear to sit by neglected, while two lovers are playing pug's tricks with each other.

Then, said he, all the preparations to matrimony, the clothes to be bought, the visits to be paid and received, the compliments of friends, the busy novelty of the thing, the day to be fixed, and all the little foolish humours and nonsense attending a concluded courtship, when *one sister* is to engross all the attention and regard; the new equipages, and so forth; these are all subjects of mortification to the *other*, though she had no great value for the man, perhaps.

Well, but, sir, said I, a lady of Miss Darnford's good sense, and good taste, is not to be affected by those parades, and has well considered the matter, no doubt: and, I dare say, rejoices, rather than repines, at missing the gentleman.

I hope you will leave the happy pair, for they are so, if they think themselves so, together, and Sir Simon to rejoice in his accomplished son-in-law elect, and give us your company to London: For who would stay to be vexed by that ill-natured Miss Nanny, as you own you were, at your last writing?

But I will proceed with my journal; and the rather, as I have something to tell you of a conversation, the result of which has done me great honour, and given me inexpressible delight: of which in its place.

We pursued Mr. B——'s proposal, returning several visits in one day; for we have so polite and agreeable a neighbourhood, that all seem to concur in a desire to make every thing easy to one another: and, as I mentioned before, hearing Mr. B——'s intention to set out for London, as soon as our company should leave us, they dispensed with formalities, being none of them studious to take things amiss, and having a general good opinion of one another's intentions not to disoblige.

We came not home till ten in the evening, and then found a letter from Sir Jacob Swynford, uncle by the half blood to Mr. B——, acquainting him, That hearing his niece Lady Davers was with him, he would be here in a day or two, (being then upon his journey,) to pay a visit to his nephew and niece at the same time.

This gentleman is very particularly odd and humoursome; and his eldest son being next heir to the maternal estate, if Mr. B—— should have no children, has been

exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me; and would have been better pleased had he not married at all, perhaps.

There never was any cordial love between Mr. B——'s father and him, nor between the uncle, and nephew and niece; for his positiveness, roughness, and self-interestedness too, has made him, though very rich, but little agreeable to the generous tempers of his nephew and niece; yet when they meet, which is not above once in four or five years, they are always very civil and obliging to him.

Lady Davers wondered what could bring him hither now; for he lives in Herefordshire, and seldom stirs ten miles from home. Mr. B—— said, he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our nuptials. No, rather, said my lady, to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own cubs. Thank God we are, said my dearest friend. Whenever I was strongest set against matrimony, the only reason I had to weigh against my dislike to it was, that I was unwilling to leave so large a part of my estate* to that family.

My dear, said he to me, don't be uneasy; but you'll see a relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine: but no doubt you have heard his character.

Ah, Pamela, said Lady Davers, we are a family that value ourselves upon our ancestry: but, upon my word, Sir Jacob, and all his line, have nothing else to boast of: and I have been often ashamed of my relation to them.

No family, I believe, my lady, has every body excellent in it, replied I: but I doubt I shall stand but poorly with Sir Jacob.

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* See Vol. II. p. 69 and 381.

He won't dare to affront you, my dear, said Mr. B——, although he'll say to you, and to me, and to my sister too, blunt and rough things. But he'll not stay above a day or two, and we shall not see him again for some years to come; so we'll bear with him.

I am now, miss, coming to the conversation I hinted at.

Tuesday.

On Tuesday, Mr. Williams came to pay his respects to his kind patron. I had been to visit the widow gentlewoman I mentioned before, and, on my return, went directly to my closet, so knew not of his being there till I came to dinner; for Mr. B—— and he were near two hours together in discourse in the library.

When I came down, Mr. B—— presented him to me. My friend Mr. Williams, my dear, said he.

Mr. Williams, how do you do? said I. I am glad to see you.

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well; and had longed for an opportunity to pay his respects to his worthy patron and me before: but had been prevented twice when he was upon the point of setting out.

Mr. B—— said, I have prevailed upon my old acquaintance to take up his residence with us, while he stays in these parts. Do you, my dear, see that every thing is made agreeable to him.

To be sure, sir, I will.

Mr. Adams being in the house, Mr. B—— sent to desire he would dine with us; if it were but in respect to a gentleman of the same cloth, who gave us his company.

Mr. B——, when dinner was over, and the servants were withdrawn, said, My dear, Mr. Williams's business, in part, was to ask my advice as to a living that is offered him by the Earl of ———, who is greatly taken with his preaching and conversation.

And to quit yours, I presume, sir, said Lord Davers?

No, the earl's is not quite so good as mine, and his lordship would procure him a dispensation to hold both. What would *you* advise, my dear?

It becomes not me, sir, to meddle with such matters as these.

Yes, my dear, it does, when I ask your opinion.

I beg pardon, sir—My opinion then is, that Mr. Williams will not care to do any thing that *requires* a dispensation, and which would be unlawful without it.

Your ladyship, said Mr. Williams, speaks exceedingly well.

I am glad, Mr. Williams, that you approve of my sentiments. You see they were required of me by one who has a right to command me in every thing; otherwise this matter is above my sphere; and I have so much good will to Mr. Williams, that I wish him every thing that will contribute to make him happy.

Well, my dear, said Mr. B——, but what would you advise in this case? The earl proposes, that Mr. Williams's present living be supplied by a curate: to whom, no doubt, Mr. Williams will be very genteel; and, as we are seldom or never there, his lordship thinks we shall not be displeased with it, and insists upon it, that he will propose it to me; as he has done.

Lord Davers said, I think this may do very well, brother. But what, pray, Mr. Williams, do you propose to

allow to your curate? Excuse me, sir; but I think the clergy do so hardly by one another generally, that they are not to be surprised, that some of the laity treat them as they do.

Indeed, said Mr. H——, that's well observed; for I have heard it said twenty and twenty times, if you would know how to value a clergyman, and what he deserves for spending his whole life in the duties of his function, you need but form your opinion upon the treatment they give to one another; and forty or fifty pounds a year would be thought too much, even for him who does all the labour.

Who says my nephew speaks not well? said my lord.

O, said my lady, no wonder! This is Jackey's peculiar. He has always something to say against the clergy. For he never loved them, because his tutors were clergymen; and since, said her ladyship, (very severely,) he never got any good from them, why should they expect any from him?

Always hard upon my poor nephew, said Lord Davers.

Thank you, aunt, said Mr. H——.

Mr. Williams said, Mr. H——'s observation was but too true! that nothing gave greater cause of scandal than the usage some even of the dignified clergy gave their brethren: that he had always lamented it, as one of the greatest causes of the contempt with which the clergy are too generally treated.

He was proceeding; but Lady Davers said, I am not at all surprised at their treatment of one another; for if a gentleman of education and learning can so far forget what belongs to his function, as to accept of two livings, when one would afford him a handsome maintenance, it is no wonder, that such a one would make the most of it,

for does he not as good as declare, that he takes it for that very purpose?

I must not let this argument proceed, said Mr. B——, without clearing my worthy friend. He is under no difficulty about holding the two. He proposes *not* to do it; and, like a good man, as I always thought him to be, is of opinion he *ought not* to do it: But here is the difficulty, and all his difficulty; he is desirous to oblige his good friend the earl, who is very pressing to have him near him; but apprehending that I may take it amiss, if he relinquishes my living, he came to ask my advice; and after we had talked a good deal of the matter, I told him we would refer it to Pamela, who was a kind of a casuist in such matters of equity and good order as fell within the compass of her observation and capacity: And so, my dear, give us your free opinion; for this is a subject you have spoken your mind to me upon once before.

I am very glad, sir, replied I, that Mr. Williams's own resolution was so conformable to what I wished it to be, and indeed expected from his character; and I can therefore more freely speak my mind upon the occasion, though I am but a poor casuist neither.

You remember, my dear, said Mr. B——, what you observed to me in favour of the clergy, and their maintenance, when we fell occasionally upon that subject a while ago. I found you had considered the point, and thought you spoke well upon the occasion. Let us hear your opinion now upon it.

Indeed, replied I, I say now, as I then took the liberty to say, that I have so general a good will to the order, that if my wishes could have effect, there is not one of it, but should have a handsome competency; at least such a one as to set him above contempt. And this, I am per-

suaded, would be a great furtherance to the good we expect from them, in teaching the lower rank of people (as well as the higher) their duties, and making them good servants, and useful members of the commonwealth.

But, my dear, you took notice of some things, which would, if you can recollect them, be very *a-propos* to the subject we are now upon.

I remember, sir, we were talking of impropriations. I took the liberty to express myself a little earnestly against impropriations; and I remember you stopped my mouth at once upon that head.

As how, sister? said Lady Davers.

Ay, as how, Mrs. B——? said the countess.

Why, madam, Mr. B—— was pleased to say, That when the clergy would come into a regulation for the more equal and useful disposition of the revenues which at present were in the church, he would be the first who would bring in a bill for restoring to it all that it had lost by impropriations and other secularizations, and leave it upon the public to make satisfaction to such of the laity as would be sufferers by the restoration.

That was not, my dear, what I meant, returned Mr. B——. You were particularly against dispensations; which is the point before us now.

I remember, sir, I did say, that as there are so many gentlemen of the function, who have no provision at all, I could not wish any one of it should hold two livings; especially if they cannot perform the duties of both, and where one would afford a tolerable competence. Much less (I remember I took the liberty to add) could I think it excusable, that a gentleman should rate the labours of his brother, who does *every* thing, so low, as is too frequently the case, and pay himself so well, for doing *nothing* at all.

This is what I mean, returned Mr. B——, and I thought you observed very well upon it, my dear. For my own part, I have always been of opinion, that the clergy who do thus, make the best excuse that can be made for impropriators and lay patrons. For here is a gentleman, the son of a layman, (I speak to general cases,) is sent to the university, and takes orders. He has interest, perhaps, to get two or more livings, and hires a person, who is as deserving as himself, but destitute of friends, at a low rate, to do the duties of one of them. We will suppose in his favour, that he has several children to provide for out of these, and makes that his pretence for oppressing the person he employs to do his own duty. Some of these children are males, some females, and not one in five of the former is brought up to the church; and all that he saves for them, and gives them out of what he squeezes from his unhappy brother, is it not secularizing, as it were, at least as far as he can do it, the revenues appropriated to the church? And can *he*, whatever others may, blame an impropriator for applying that portion of the produce of church-lands to *his* lay-family, which the other intends for the lay-family he is endeavouring to build up? Some one or two of which impropriator's sons may possibly, too, in order to possess the living in their father's gift, be brought up to the church: What is the difference, I would fain know?

If the clergy were always to have done thus, continued Mr. B——, should we not have wanted many endowments, and charitable foundations, which we now have? And I am very sorry to have reason to say, that we owe such sort of works more to the piety of the clergy of past times than to the present; for now, let us cast our eye upon the practices of some of our prelates; for who is it that looks

not up first for examples to that venerable order? And we shall find, that too many among them seem more intent upon making a family, as it is called, and thereby secularizing, as I observed, as much as they can, the revenues of the church, than to live up either to the ancient hospitality, or with a view to those acts of munificence, which were the reason for endowing the church with such ample revenues, as it once had, and still has, were it not so unequally distributed, and in so few hands.

But, dear sir, said I, what a sad hardship do the inferior clergy labour under all this time!—To be oppressed and kept down, by their brethren, and by the laity too! This is hard indeed!—'Tis pity, methinks, this, at least, could not be remedied.

It will hardly ever be done, my dear. The evil lies deep; 'tis in human nature; and when that can be mended, it will be better; but I see not how it can be expected, while those who have most influence to procure the redress, are most interested to prevent it: and the views of others, aspiring to the same power and interest, make too many wish to have things left as they are; although they have no present benefit by it. And those would join in a cry of the church's danger, were the legislature to offer at a redress.

'Tis pity, sir, said I, the convocation are not permitted to sit. They would, perhaps, undertake this province, and several others, for the benefit of the whole body of the clergy: and I should think such regulations would come best from them.

So it is, my dear, would they employ themselves and their deliberations in such good works. But 'tis a sad thing to consider, that there is little good to be expected from bodies of men in general; for although an individual

cares not to pull down upon himself the odium of a bad or unpopular action, yet when there are many to share it among them, I see not that they scruple doing things which very little become them to do. But far be it from me to say this with a view to convocations *as* convocations: I speak what is but too generally the case in all bodies of men whatever, whether clergy or laity. And let us look into the greater or lesser corporations and societies throughout the kingdom, and we shall find, if a poor witticism may be excused, that bodies are really *bodies*, and act too often as if they had no *souls* among them.

I hope, sir, said the countess, when you judge thus hardly of bodies, you include the two supreme bodies.

Thou shalt not, said Mr. B——, I know these reverend gentlemen (looking at Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams) will tell me, *speak evil of the rulers of thy people.*—But I wish I could always defend, what I am loath at any time to censure. But were you to read, or attend to the debates in both houses, which sometimes happen in cases almost self-evident, you would find it impossible not to regret, that you are now and then under a necessity to join with the minority; as well in your house, Lord Davers, as in ours.

I wish, brother, replied his lordship, I could differ from you with reason; but this always *was*, and, I fear, always *will be* so, more or less, in every session.

But, to return to our first subject, said Mr. B——: You know, my dear, how much pleasure I take to hear your opinion in cases of natural equity: and you must tell us freely, what you would advise your friend Mr. Williams to do.

And must I, sir, speak my mind on such a point, before so many better judges?

Yes, *sister*, said her ladyship, (a name she is now pleased

to give me freely before strangers, after her dear brother's example, who is kindest, though always kind, at such times,) you *must;* if I may be allowed to say *must.*

Why then, proceeded I, I beg leave to ask Mr. Williams one question; that is, Whether his present parishioners do not respect and esteem him in that particular manner, which I think every body must, who knows his worth?

I am very happy, madam, in the good-will of all my parishioners, and have great acknowledgments to make for their civilities to me.

I don't doubt, said I, but it will be the same wherever you go; for, bad as the world is, a prudent and good clergyman will never fail of respect. But, sir, if you think your ministry among them is attended with good effects; if they esteem your person with a preference, and listen to your doctrines with attention; methinks, for *their* sakes, 'tis pity to leave them, were the living of *less* value, as it is of *more,* than the other. For, how many people are there who can benefit by one gentleman's preaching rather than by another's; although, possibly, the one's abilities may be no way inferior to the other's? There is a great deal in a *delivery,* as it is called, in a way, a manner, a deportment, to engage people's attention and liking: and as you are already in possession of their esteem, you are sure to do much of the good you aim and wish to do. For where the flock loves the shepherd, all his work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the tongue of an angel, and let him live the life of a saint, he will be heard with indifference, and oftentimes, as his subject may be, with disgust.

I paused here: but every one being silent, As to the earl's friendship, sir, continued I, you can best judge, what force that ought to have upon you; and what I have

mentioned would be the only difficulty with me, were I in Mr. Williams's case. To be sure it will be a high compliment to his lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better living to oblige him. And he will be bound in honour to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking, that a prudent regard to worldly interest misbecomes the character of a good clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the world, for their own sakes, as well as for the sakes of their hearers; since independency gives a man respect, besides the power of doing good, which will enhance that respect, and, of consequence, give greater efficacy to his doctrines.

The countess mentioned, hereupon, the saying of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. because he would not own the king's supremacy. This prelate, being offered a richer bishoprick, would not accept of it, saying, 'He looked upon his 'bishoprick as his wife; and he should not think it ex-'cusable to part with his wife because she was poor.' This brought so many reflections upon frequent translations, and the earnestness with which richer bishopricks were sought after, that I was very sorry to hear, or to think, there were occasion for them. And I did take the liberty to say, that as Mr. B—— had observed the fault was in human nature, and though it was an inexcusable one, perhaps we that censured them, might find it hard, in their circumstances, to resist the temptation.

Mr. B—— said, he wished, for the sake of the clergy in general, that there was a law against translations; and that all the bishopricks in England were made equal in revenue: For, do we not see, said he, that the prelates, almost to a man, vote on the side of power? And, by this means, contribute not a little to make themselves and the

whole body of the clergy (so numerous, and so deserving too, as those of the *church of England* are) a by-word to free-thinkers of all denominations, who are ever ready to take occasion to malign them, and their venerable order.

Would you not, asked Lord Davers, have the two primacies distinguished in revenue?

No, said Mr. B——, the distinction of dignity and precedence would be enough; if not too much; for where there is but one pope, the whole college of cardinals, seventy in number, are always looking up to, and gaping after, the chair: And I would have no temptations laid in the way of good men to forfeit their characters, and weaken their influences, which are of so much consequence, for example-sake, to the public weal.

I think, said Lord Davers, there was some reason for the celibacy of the clergy in the Roman church at first, although the inconveniencies arising from it are too many and too obvious, to wish the restraint so general. For the provision for families and children furnishes so natural and so laudable a pretence to clergymen to lay up all they can for them, that their characters suffer not a little on that account.

If we look around us, said Mr. B——, and see how many good and worthy families are sprung from the clergy; and look abroad, and see what are too often the effects of celibacy in the Roman church, and the scandal, worse than what we complain of, thrown upon them, even by bigots of their own communion, we shall have sufficient reason to condemn the celibacy which that church enjoins. Besides, a bad mind, an oppressive or covetous nature, will be the same, whether married or single: For have we not seen to what a scandalous height nepotism has been carried in that

church? And has not a pope, of a private and narrow spirit, done as much for his nephews and nieces, (and, perhaps, nearer relations under those names,) as he could have done for his sons and daughters? So still *here* too, we must resolve all into that common sewer of iniquity, human nature; and conclude, That a truly good man will not do a bad thing upon any the nearest and most affecting considerations; and that a bad man will never want a pretence to display his evil qualities, nor flatterers neither, (if he has power,) to defend him, in the worst he can do.

I well remember the argument, when I was at Rome, used to the pope, on such an occasion. His holiness declared against nepotism, saying, That he would never look upon the revenues of the church as the patrimony of his private family; and forbade his numerous relations, who, on his promotion, swarmed about him, with looks as hungry as if they were so many *North Britons* travelling southward for preferment—(that was Mr. B——'s word, spoken pleasantly)—to think of him in any other light than that of the common father of all his people; and as having no other relation but merit.

This was setting out well, you'll say: But what was the event?—Why, two thirds of his relations rushed into orders directly; and it was not long, before parasites were found, to represent to the holy father, that it was a sin to deprive the church of so many excellent props and buttresses; and that, for the good of the public, he ought to prefer them to the first dignities; so that the good man, overcome with their reasons, and loath to continue in so great a sin, graced the cardinalate with one, the episcopate with half a dozen; and the richest abbacies with a score or two: and the emperor having occasion to make interest with his

holiness, found merit enough in some of the lay relations, to create them princes and counts of the holy Roman empire.

But, sir, said I, (for I am always sorry to hear things said to the discredit of the clergy, because I think it is of public concern that we reverence the function, notwithstanding the failings of particulars,) have I not been a silent witness, that you have made the same observations on a minister of state, who, though he shall be perhaps the first to blame this disposition in a clergyman, will be equally ready to practise it himself, to relations and children, full as worthless, to the exclusion of the worthy?—So that, sir, this is all human nature still; and should we not be tender in our censures of the one, when we are so ready to acquit the other?

There is this difference, Mrs. B——, said the countess: From the one we expect a better example; from the other, no example fit to be followed. And this is one reason that makes the first minister generally so hated a thing in all nations, because he usually resolves all considerations into self, and is beloved by nobody but those to whom he gives the overflowings of such benefits as he has not relations enough to heap them upon.

Well, Mr. Adams, said I, if I may be allowed to be so serious, does not this shew the excellency of the prayer we are taught by the Supreme Teacher, and that part of it, *Lead us not into temptation?* For it seems too natural a consequence, that no sooner are we tempted, but we *deliver ourselves up to evil.*

Right, sister, said Lord Davers; and this ends in Mr. B——'s *human nature* again.

What remains, then, observed Lady Davers, but that we

take the world as we find it? Give praise to the good, dispraise to the bad; and every one try to mend *one?*

Yet I wish, said Mr. B——, so over-tender are many good clergymen of the failings in their brethren, which they would not be guilty of themselves, that we might avoid displeasing them, if they were to know the freedom of this conversation, when we are all so well disposed to reverence their function.

I hope otherwise, returned Mr. Williams; for it is but giving *due* praise and dispraise, as my lady says; and were evil actions to go uncensured, good ones would lose their reward, and vice, by being put upon a foot with virtue in this life, would meet with too much countenance.

But give me leave, resumed Lady Davers, to interpose a little in the matter we have departed from, that of the curate and dispensation; and when I have delivered my sentiments, I insist upon it, that Mrs. B—— will as freely give us hers, as if I had been silent.

Dispensations are usual things. Mr. Williams may pay a young gentleman *handsomely*; and the censure we have passed, is only upon such as do *not*. To a young man at first setting out, a good curacy will be very acceptable. If he has merit, it will put him in a way of shewing it, and he may raise himself by it. If he has not, he will not deserve more. And Mr. Williams may marry, perhaps, and have a family to provide for. His opportunities may not always be the same. The earl may die, and he should be excused if he makes the best use of his interest and favour, for the very reason Mrs. B—— gave, that, as he is a good man, it will strengthen his influences: And, come, brother, you know I am always for prescribing: Here is a worthy young gentleman in my eye, who won't take it

amiss to begin with a curacy: And you shall give *your* dispensation, previous to the legal one, on condition, that Mr. Williams will permit you to present his curate: And thus all will be resolved.

Both the gentlemen bowed,—and Mr. Williams was going to speak: but Mr. B—— said, Take my sister at her word, Pamela; and if you have any thing to say to this scheme, speak it freely, as if her ladyship had been silent; for I perceive, by your downcast eye and silence, you could say something, if you would.

Ay, pray do, said my lady. I love to hear you speak. You always make me think of something I had not considered before.

I am very loath to say any thing on so nice a subject. Indeed it would not become me. There is so much generosity and benevolence in my good lady's scheme, that I ought not.

Ought not! repeated my dearest friend, interrupting me: None of your *ought nots!* I know you are always forming in your mind notions of right and wrong, in the common cases of life. Let us therefore have your opinion in this matter more fully than you have hitherto given it; and deliver it too without hesitation, and with that ease and freedom, which are born with you; for, I can tell you, that were we, through the corruption of human nature, to lose the distinctions of right and wrong, I know not where we could apply ourselves, but to such as you, to recover them.

I bowed, and said, If you will have it so, sir, it must be so, and I will then bespeak all your kind allowances, (casting my eye around me, to each person,) and tell you all I think upon this matter; and, when I have done, submit

my poor sentiments, as becomes me, to your superior judgments.

Thus, then, I would say—Pardon me, madam, for taking your ladyship's words for my theme, as I remember them; and hardly any thing falls from your ladyship that I do *not* remember—*That dispensations are usual things*—I am sure I am going to display my ignorance, because, knowing nothing of their original or design, I must presume them to be very ancient in this kingdom, and introduced only when there were fewer clergymen than benefices. Was there ever such a time?

They smiled—Nay, now, you *would* command me, sir, to speak; when I need to do nothing else, to expose myself. There was a time, as I have read, that there were so few scholars, that the benefit of clergy was allowed to some sort of criminals who could do no more than read, because the commonwealth could ill spare learned men, and thought it right to encourage the love of letters—And might there not be a time then, when dispensations were allowed to worthy men, because it was difficult to find enow of such as deserved that character, to fill the church preferments?

Tell us, Pamela, said Mr. B——, whether you do not intend this as a satire upon the practice? Or, is it really your pretty ignorance, that has made you pronounce one of the severest censures upon it, that could be thought of?

I smiled, and said, Indeed, sir, I think only some such reason, or a worse, must be the original of dispensations; for is it right, that one gentleman shall have two or three livings, the duties of no more than one of which he can personally attend; while so many are destitute of bread,

almost, and exposed to contempt, the too frequent companion of poverty? And what though custom may have sanctified it, to be sure that is all that can; and a good man will not do all he may do without incurring a penalty, because there is in every thing a right and a wrong; and because, be the custom what it will, a man should regulate his actions by his conscience and the golden rule.

My good lady says, Mr. Williams may pay a gentleman handsomely: I don't doubt but Mr. Williams would do so; and this, I am sorry to say it, would be doing what is not so often done as one would wish. But may I be permitted to ask, for *what* would he pay the gentleman handsomely?—Why, for doing that duty for him, which in conscience and honour he ought to do himself, and which, when he takes institution and induction, he engages solemnly to do! And pray, excuse me, my dear every body—that was my foolish word, which made them smile—To what end is all this?—Only, that the gentleman who does all the labour in the vineyard, shall live upon thirty, forty, or fifty pounds per annum, more or less; while the gentleman, who has *best* nothing but *best* interest, (another of my foolish phrases,) shall receive twice, and perhaps three times the sum for doing nothing at all. Can any dispensation, my dear friends, make this a just or equitable thing? Indeed, if the living be so poor, as too many of them are, that a man cannot comfortably and creditably subsist without putting two poor ones together to make one tolerable one, that is another thing. But pray now, my good Mr. Williams, excuse me; if Mr. Adams can live upon a curacy of forty or fifty pounds a year, cannot another gentleman live, unless his rectory or vicarage bring him two or three hundred? Mr. Adams may marry as well as Mr. Williams: and both, I believe, will find God's

providence a better reliance, than the richest benefice in England.

A good curacy, no doubt, continued I, may be a comfortable thing, at setting out, to a young gentleman: But if here be a rectory or vicarage, of two hundred a year, for example, (for if it be of no more value than a good curacy, he *must* be content,) is not that two hundred a year the reward for doing such and such labour? And if this be the stated hire for this labour, to speak in the scripture phrase, *Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?* Or is he that does *not* labour, to go away with the greatest part of it?

If the gentleman, my lady is pleased to say, has merit, this curacy may put him in the way of shewing it. But does the manifestation of merit, and the reward of it, always go together?

My lady is so good as to observe:—But may I, madam, be excused?

Proceed, proceed, child!—I shall only have a care of what I say before you for the future, that's all.

And I too, said Mr. H——; which made them smile.

Nay, now, my lady—

Proceed, I tell you—I only wonder, as my brother has said, on another occasion, where thou gottest all these equitable notions.

My lady is so good as to observe, proceeded I, (for they were pleased to be attentive,) that Mr. Williams should make use of his opportunities. I know her ladyship speaks this rather in generous indulgence to the usual practice, than what always *ought* to be the chief consideration; for if the earl should die, may not some other friend arise to a gentleman of Mr. Williams's merit?

As to strengthening of a good man's influence, which is

a point always to be wished, I would not say so much as I have done, if I had not heard Mr. Longman say, and I am sure I heard it with great pleasure, that the benefice Mr. Williams so worthily enjoys, is a clear two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

But after all, does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser income?—On the contrary, Is it not oftener to be found in a happy competency, or mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. B—— had five thousand pounds a year added to his present large income, would that increase his happiness? That it would add to his cares, is no question: but could that addition give him one single comfort which he has not already? And if the dear gentleman had two or three thousand less, might he be less happy on that account? No, surely, for it would render a greater prudence on my humble part necessary, and a nearer inspection, and greater frugality, on his own; and he must be contented (if he did not, as now, perhaps, lay up every year) so long as he lived within his income—And who will say, that the obligation to greater prudence and economy is a misfortune?

The competency, therefore, the golden mean is the thing; and I have often considered the matter, and endeavoured to square my actions by the result of that consideration. For a person, who being not born to an estate, is not satisfied with a competency, will probably not know any limits to his desires. One whom an acquisition of one hundred or two hundred pounds a year will not satisfy, will hardly sit down contented with any sum. For although he may propose to himself at a distance, that such and such an acquisition will be the height of his ambition; yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and

farther, and know no bound, till the natural one is forced upon him, and his life and his views end together.

Now let me humbly beg pardon of you all, ladies and gentlemen, turning my eye to each; but most of you, my good lady, whose observations I have made so free with. If *you* can forgive me, it will be an instance of your goodness that I may wish for, but hardly can promise to myself. Will you, my dear lady? said I, and laid my hand upon her ladyship's, in a supplicatory manner: for she sat next me.

I think *not*, said her ladyship. I think I *ought* not.—Should I, brother? Can I, my lord?—Ought I, my lady countess?—Brother, brother, if you have been in any degree contributing to the excellency of this—what shall I call her? How cunningly do you act, to make her imbibe your notions, and then utter them with such advantage, that you have the secret pride to find your own sentiments praised from her mouth? But I will forgive you both, be it as it will; for I am sure, outdone as I am, in thought, word, and deed, and by so young a gipsy—that was her word—it is by one that would outdo every body else, as well as me: Only I would except your ladyship.

None of your exceptions, Lady Davers, replied the countess—I know not, in so young a lady, whether I should most envy or admire her excellence.

Well; but since I have the pleasure, resumed I, to find myself forgiven, may I be indulged a few moments prattle more? Only just to observe, that the state of the case I have given, is but *one* side of the question; that which a good clergyman, in my humble opinion, would choose to act. But when we come to the *other* side, what it would be kind we of the laity should think fit and act by them,

that is another thing. For, when we think of the hardships the clergy lie under, more than almost any other body of men, we shall see they are entitled to better usage than they often meet with.

Here, in the first place, a youth is sent to the university, after a painful course to qualify him for it. He endangers his health and impairs his constitution, by hard study and a sedentary life; and, after he has passed such a number of years, he is admitted into orders, perhaps gets a small fellowship, turns tutor, a painful employment; and his education having been designed for all his portion, and that expended in it, he at last, by interest or favour, gets a curacy or little living of forty, fifty, or sixty pounds a year; if less, so much the worse; and is obliged to maintain himself in a genteel appearance out of that, and be subject not seldom to the jests of buffoons and rakes at a great man's table, where the *parson* is too often the butt to receive the supposed witty shafts of such as can allow themselves to say any thing. If he marries, which possibly too he is kept from, contrary to his wishes, of all men he is the least to follow his own liking; since prudence too often obliges him to take the person his inclination would not.

If children follow, what melancholy views has he of providing for them, did not his strong reliance on Providence exercise his faith against worldly appearance?

Then has he too often to contend for his dues, the produce of his poor income, with churlish and ignorant spirits, whom his function would make him wish to smooth and instruct; who, though they farm and pay to the landlord for no more than nine tenths of the lands they occupy, hardly think it a sin to cheat the parson of his tithe; who, however, has the same right to it, by the laws of the land,

as the gentleman has to the estate, or the tenant to the produce of his farm.

This obliges the poor gentleman to live in a state of war among a people with whom both his duty and inclination would make him desirous to cultivate a good understanding. And what benefits can result from his ministry in such a situation, when the people to be instructed look upon him as an invader of their substance, at the very time that they are robbing him of what is legally his?

In the next place, I presume to think, that the clergy are too much looked upon by some as a detached body, as I may say, from the rest of the people, and as persons acting upon a separate interest, quite opposite to that of the laity: When, possibly, that very churl, who refuses them their right, or would cheat them of it, has a view to bring up one of his family to the church, and hopes to get him provided for out of its revenues. And are not the clergy, moreover, the fathers, the sons, the uncles, the brothers of the laity, who shall set themselves against their maintenance? And must their education debar them of those comforts, which it better qualifies them to enjoy, and which it incapacitates them any other way to procure?

Forgive me, looking all around me, and courtesying when I cast my eye on Mr. B——, for entering so deeply into this subject. I have often heard my excellent lady, who had a great veneration for good clergymen, talk to this purpose with a lady who had very different sentiments from hers; And I have not been used to forget any thing that fell from her lips. Mr. B—— and Lady Davers bid me proceed; I could not, my lady said, have had a better instructress.

What opportunity, resumed I, have not the laity in general, of all degrees and ranks, to make their lives easy and happy, to what the clergy have? Here is a middling family with three or four sons: Suppose the father's circumstances will allow him to bring up one to the *law:* What opportunities has *he*, unenvied, to make a fortune! Another is brought up to *trade:* if he has but tolerable success in the world, in what ease and affluence does he support himself, and provide for his family! And as to the *physic line*, what fortunes are raised in that! And nobody envies any of these. But the son, whose inclination shall lead him perhaps *best* to deserve, and *most* to require, an easy and comfortable subsistence, and who ought wholly to devote himself to the duties of his function, is grudged every thing, and is treated as if he were not a son of the same family, and had not a natural right and stake in the same commonwealth.

There are, 'tis true, preferments, and some great ones, and honours too, in the church; but how few, compared to the numbers of the clergy, or to those livings which are so poor as can hardly set a man above penury and contempt!—And how are those few engrossed by the descendants or dependants of the rich and powerful! And, what by commendams, dispensations, and such like contrivances, how does one man of interest and address swallow up the provision which was designed for several, as deserving, perhaps, at least, as himself!—For, my good lady, (you *have* forgiven me, and must not be displeased,) a man's friends *may die off*, and he must, you know, *make the best use of his opportunities.*

O you dear sauce-box! as my brother calls you—How dare you, by that arch pretty look, triumph over me thus?

—Let me, brother, give her a slap for this!—I'm sure she deserves it.

I think she *is* a little insolent indeed, Lady Davers. But to the case in hand. There is so much truth in what Pamela says, of the hardships to which the clergy, the inferior clergy particularly, are subjected, that I wonder any gentleman who can choose for himself, and has no probable prospect, should enter into orders, under such discouragements.

I humbly conceive, sir, said I, that there can be but one *good* inducement, and this is what the apostle hints at in these words—*If in* this life *only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.*

Well, said Mr. B——, by how much this is their motive, by so much are they entitled to that better hope; and may it never deceive them!

But I have the pleasure to acquaint this company, that I had a mind only to hear what Pamela, who, as I hinted, talked to me learnedly on this very subject a few days ago, would say, when she came face to face, to her two worthy friends, Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams, (and so I desired Mr. Williams would let her run on, if I could set her into the subject)—else my old acquaintance was resolved not to hold both livings; since *either*, he was so good as to say, would afford him as handsome a provision as he wished for; his only difficulty being about obliging the earl, or whether he should not disoblige me, if he complied with that nobleman's request.

Indeed, madam, said Mr. Williams, this is the very case; and, after what I have heard from you, I would not, for the world, have been of another mind, nor have put it upon any other foot than I did.

You are a good man, said I; and I have such an opinion of your worthiness, and the credit you do your function, that I can never suspect either your judgment or your conduct. But pray, sir, may I ask, what have you determined to do?

Why, madam, replied he, I am staggered in that too, by the observation your ladyship made, that where a man has the love of his parishioners, he ought not to think of leaving them.

Else, sir, I find you were rather inclined to oblige the earl, though the living be of *less* value! This is very noble, sir; it is more than generous.

My dear, said Mr. B——, I'll tell you (for Mr. Williams's modesty will not let him speak it before all the company) what *is* his motive; and a worthy one you'll say it is. Excuse me, Mr. Williams—for the reverend gentleman blushed.

The earl has of late years—we all know his character—given himself up to carousing, and he will suffer no man to go from his table sober. Mr. Williams has taken the liberty to expostulate, as became his function, with his lordship on this subject, and upon some other irregularities, in so agreeable a manner, that the earl has taken a great liking to him, and promises, that he will suffer his reasonings to have an effect upon him, and that he shall reform his whole household, if he will come and live near him, and regulate his table by his own example.

The countess is a very good lady, and privately presses Mr. Williams to oblige the earl: and this is our worthy friend's main inducement; with the hope, which I should not forget to mention, that he has, of preserving untainted the morals of the two young gentlemen, the earl's sons, who, he fears, will be carried away by the force of such an

example. And he thinks, as the earl's living has fallen, mine, probably, will be better supplied than the earl's, if he, as he kindly offers, gives it me back again; otherwise the earl, as he apprehends, will find out for his, some gentleman, if such a one can be found, as will rather further, than obstruct his own irregularities; as was the unhappy case of the last incumbent.

Well, said Lady Davers, (and so said the countess,) I shall always have the highest respect for Mr. Williams, for a conduct so genteel and so prudent. But, brother, will you, and will you, Mr. Williams, put this whole affair, in all its parts, into Mrs. B——'s hands, since you have such testimonies, *both* of you, of the rectitude of her thinking and acting?

With all my heart, madam, replied Mr. Williams; and I shall be proud of such a direction.

What say *you*, brother? You are to suppose the living in your own hands again: Will you leave the whole matter to my *sister* here?

Come, my dear, said Mr. B——, let us hear how you'd wish it to be ordered. I know you have not need of one moment's consideration, when once you are mistress of a point.

Nay, said Lady Davers, that is not the thing. I repeat my demand: Shall it be as Mrs. B—— lays it out, or not?

This is a weighty matter, my good sister; and, bad as I have been, I think patrons are accountable, in a great measure, for the characters of the persons they present; and I do assure you, that, had I twenty livings in my gift, I should think I ought not to prefer my brother to any one of them, if his morals and character were not likely to do honour to the church as well as to my presentation. And I expected to hear from Pamela, when she was enumerating

the hardships of the clergy, of that scandalous practice of some patrons, who rob the regularly bred clergymen, by pushing into orders some kinsman, or friend, or friend's kinsman, or friend, when a living falls in, let his character or qualifications be ever so faulty and defective. I could name several such instances, that ought to make the ordainers, as well as the ordained, *blush;* as (were I to borrow one of Pamela's serious inferences, I would say) it will one day make them both *tremble,* when they come to give an account of the trusts committed to them.

Well, said my lady, I have a noble brother, that's true. What pity you ever were wicked at all! But come, (and laid her hand upon mine,) this same good girl will be a blessing to you: Nay, why said I, *will* be? she *is,* and the greatest that man can receive.—But still I must have you put this matter into Mrs. B——'s hands.

Conditionally, I will—Provided I cannot give satisfactory reasons, why I *ought not* to conform to her opinion: for this, as I said, is a point of conscience with me; and I made it so, when I presented Mr. Williams to the living; and have not been deceived in that presentation.

To be sure, said I, that is very reasonable, sir; and, on that condition, I shall the less hesitate to speak my mind, because I shall be in no danger to commit an irreparable error.

I know well, Lady Davers, added Mr. B——, the power your sex have over ours, and their subtle tricks; and so will never, in my weakest moments, be drawn in to make a blindfold promise. There have been several instances, both in sacred and profane story, of mischiefs done by such surprises: so you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear slut's power over me, and have been taught by the inviolable regard she pays to her own word,

to value mine.—And now, Pamela, speak all that's in your heart to say.

With your *requisite* condition in my eye, I will, sir. But let me see that I state the matter right. And, preparative to it, pray, Mr. Williams, though you have not been long in possession of this living, yet may be you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in clear?

Madam, said he, by the best calculation I can make, (I thank *you* for it, good sir,) it may, one year with another, be reckoned at 300*l. per annum.* It is the best living within twenty miles of it, having been improved within these two last years.

If it was 500*l.* and would make you happier,—(for *that*, sir, is the thing,)—I should wish it you, said I, and think it short of your merits. But pray, sir, what is the earl's living valued at?

At about 220*l.* madam.

Well then, replied I, very pertly, I believe now I have it.

Mr. Williams, for motives most excellently worthy of his function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. B—— his living of 300*l. per annum*, and to accept of the earl's living of 220*l. per annum.* Dear sir, I am going to be very bold; but under *your* condition nevertheless:—Let the gentleman to whom you shall present the living of F—— allow 80*l. per annum* out of it to Mr. Williams, till the earl's favour shall make up the difference to him, and no longer.—And—but I dare not name the gentleman:—For how, dear sir, were I to be so bold, shall I part with my chaplain?

Admirable! most admirable! said Lord and Lady Davers, in the same words. The countess praised the decision too;

and Mr. H——, with his Let me be hanged, and his Fore Gads, —and such exclamations natural to him, made his plaudits.

Mr. Williams said, He could wish with all his heart it might be so; and Mr. Adams was so abashed and surprised, that he could not hold up his head:—but joy danced in his silent countenance for all that.

Mr. B—— having hesitated a few minutes, Lady Davers called out for his objection, or consent, according to condition: and he said, I cannot so soon determine as that prompt slut did. I'll withdraw one minute.

He did so, as I found afterwards, to advise, like the considerate and genteel spirit he possesses, with Mr. Williams, whom he beckoned out, and to examine whether he was in *earnest* willing to give it up, or had any body he was very desirous should succeed him; telling him, that, if he had, he thought himself obliged, in return for his worthy behaviour to him, to pay a particular regard to his recommendation. And so being answered as he desired, in they came together again.

But I should say, that his withdrawing with a very serious aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: and I said, before they come in, What *shall* I do, if I have incurred Mr. B——'s anger by my over-forwardness?—Did he not look displeased? Dear ladies, if he be so, plead for me, and I'll withdraw, when he comes in; for I cannot stand his anger: I have not been used to it.

Never fear, Pamela, said my lady; he can't be angry at any thing you say or do. But I wish, for the sake of what I have been witness to of Mr. Adams's behaviour and modesty, that such a thing could be done for him.

Mr. Adams bowed, and said, Oh, my good ladies! 'tis too, too considerable a thing!—I cannot expect it—I do not—It would be presumption, if I did.

Just then re-entered Mr. B—— and Mr. Williams; the first with a stately air, the other with a more peace-portending smile on his countenance.

But Mr. B—— sitting down; Well, Pamela, said he, very gravely, I see that power is a dangerous thing in any hand. —Sir, sir! said I—My dear lady, whispering to Lady Davers, I will withdraw, as I said I would.—And I was getting away as fast as I could: But he arose, and coming up to me, took my hand: Why is my charmer so soon frightened? said he, most kindly; and still more kindly, with a noble air, pressed it to his lips.—I must not carry my jest too far upon a mind so apprehensive, as I otherwise might be inclined to do. And leading me to Mr. Adams and Mr. Williams, he said, taking Mr. Williams's hand with his left, as he held mine in his right, Your worthy brother clergyman, Mr. Adams, gives me leave to confirm the decision of my dear wife, and you are to thank her for the living of F—— upon the condition* she proposed; and may you give but as much satisfaction *there*, as you have done in *this* family, and as Mr. Williams has given to his flock; and they will then, after a while, be pleased as much with your ministry, as they have hitherto been with his.

Mr. Adams trembled with joy, and said, He could not tell how to bear this excess of goodnes in us both: and his countenance and his eyes gave testimony of a gratitude that was too high for further expression.

As for myself, you, my honoured and dear friends, who

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* This condition Mr. Williams generously renounced, afterwards, lest it should have a Simoniacal appearance.—See Vol. IV. p. 238.

know how much I am always raised (even out of myself, as I may say) when I am made the dispenser of acts of bounty and generosity to the deserving; and who now, instead of incurring blame, as I had apprehended, found myself applauded by every one, and most by the gentleman whose approbation I chiefly coveted to have: You, I say, will judge how greatly I must be delighted.

But I was still more affected, when Mr. B—— directing himself to me, and to Mr. Williams, at the same time, was pleased to say, Here, my dear, you must thank this good gentleman for enabling you to give such a shining proof of your excellence: and whenever I put power into your hands for the future, act but as you have now done, and it will be impossible that I should have any choice or will but yours.

O sir, said I, pressing his hand with my lips, forgetting how many witnesses I had of my grateful fondness, How shall I, oppressed with your goodness, in such a signal instance as this, find words equal to the gratitude of my heart!—But here, patting my bosom, just here, they stick; —and I cannot——

And, indeed, I could say no more; and Mr. B——, in the delicacy of his apprehensiveness for me, led me into the next parlour; and placing himself by me on the settee, said, Take care, my best beloved, that the joy, which overflows your dear heart, for having done a beneficent action to a deserving gentleman, does not affect you too much.

My Lady Davers followed us: Where is my angelic sister? said she. I have a share in her next to yourself, my noble brother. And clasping me to her generous bosom, she ran over with expressions of favour to me, in a style

and words, which would suffer, were I to endeavour to repeat them.

Coffee being ready, we all three returned to the company. My Lord Davers was pleased to make me a great many compliments; and so did Mr. H——, after his manner. But the countess exceeded *herself* in goodness.

Mr. Williams seemed so pleased, or, rather, so elated, with the deserved acceptation his worthy conduct had met with, that it shewed he was far from repenting at the generous turn the matter had taken in favour of Mr. Adams: on the contrary, he congratulated him upon it, telling him, he would introduce him, when his generous patron thought proper, to his new parishioners, and would read prayers for him at his first preaching. And I think, Mr. Adams, said he, since this happy affair has been brought about from the conversation upon dispensations, you and I, both by our example and our arguments, must, on all occasions, discredit that practice; since, as my lady has observed, God's providence is a better reliance, than the richest benefice in England; and since, as her ladyship has also observed, we ought not to look beyond a happy competency, as if in *this life only we had hope.*

My lady, said Mr. Adams, has given me many lessons relating to different parts of my duty, both as a Christian and a clergyman, that will not only furnish me with rules for my future conduct, but with subjects for the best sermons I shall ever be able to compose.

Mr. B—— was pleased to say, It is a rule with me not to leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day: And *when*, my dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr.

Adams's good offices in your family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to town with us?

I had not proposed any thing, sir, as to that; for I had not asked your kind direction: But the good dean will supply us, I doubt not; and when we set out for London, Mr. Adams will be at full liberty, with his worthy friend Mr. Williams, to pursue the happy scheme, which your goodness has permitted to take effect.

Mr. Adams, my dear, who came so lately from the university, can, perhaps, recommend such another young gentleman as himself, to perform the functions *he* used to perform in your family.

I looked, it seems, a little grave; and Mr. B—— said, What have you to offer, Pamela? What have I said amiss?

Amiss! dear sir!——

Ay, and dear madam, too! I see by your bashful seriousness, in place of that smiling approbation which you always shew when I utter any thing you *entirely* approve, that I have said something which would rather meet with your acquiescence, than choice. So, as I have often told you, none of your reserves: And never *hesitate* to me your consent in any thing, while you are sure I will conform to your wishes, or pursue my own liking, as *either* shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard *your* reasons.

Why then, dear sir, what I had presumed to think, but I submit it to your better judgment, was, whether, since the gentleman who is so kind as to assist us in our family devotions, in some measure acts in the province of the worthy dean, it were not right, that our own parish minister, whether here or in London, should name, or at least approve *our* naming, the gentleman!

Why could not I have thought of that, as well as you, sauce-box? Lady Davers, I am entirely on your side: I think she deserves a slap now from us both.

I'll forgive her, said my lady, since I find her sentiments and actions as much a reproof to others as to me.

Mr. Williams, did you ever think, said Mr. B——, it would have come to this? Did you ever know such a saucy girl in your life?—Already to give herself these reproaching airs!

No, never, if your honour is pleased to call the most excellent lady in the world by such a name, nor any body else.

Pamela, I charge you, said the dear gentleman, if you *study* for it, be sometimes in the wrong, that one may not always be taking lessons from such an assurance; but, in our turns, have something to teach *you*.

Then, dear sir, said I, must I not be a strange creature? For how, when you, and my good ladies, are continually giving me such charming examples, can I do a wrong thing?

Mr. H—— said, Let *him be hanged* if he would not marry, as soon as ever he could get any body to have him.

Foolish fellow! said Lady Davers, dost think that thou'lt meet with such a wife as that, when thou marriest?

Why not, madam?—For if I am not so good as Mr. B—— now is, I have not been so bad neither as he was formerly:—Excuse me, sir:—And so I may stand a chance.

A chance! said my lady—that's like thee.—Didst ever hear of such an one as she?

I never, said he, and fell a laughing, *saw* such an one, I own. And take *that*, my good lady, for calling me *foolish fellow*.

There's not the reproach in thy answer that thou intendest, except to thy own grinning insolence, said her ladyship, (severe enough, but smiling,) that makes thee think *that* a reflection, which is none in this case.

Egad, madam, you're always hard upon me! I can say nothing to please you. While every body else gives and receives compliments, I can come in for nothing but *foolish fellow* with your ladyship.

Nephew, said my lord, laughing, I think you come in for a large part, and a facetious one too: for when you're present, and conversation takes a serious turn, you make an excellent character to set us all a laughing.

He got up, and bowed very low: I thank your lordship. —You might as well have called me a jack-pudding in plain words: but then I would have looked upon you all as so many mountebanks!—There I have you! said he, and fell a laughing.

The countess, shuddering, said, Dear, dear Mr. H——, be silent, I beseech you, whenever we are serious: for you tear one from the feast of souls to the froth of bodies.

I hope you will forgive me, my dear, for being so tedious on the aforegoing subject, and its most agreeable conclusion. It is an important one; because several persons, as conferrers or receivers, have found their pleasure and account in it; and it would be well, if conversation were often attended with like happy consequences. I have one merit to plead in behalf even of my prolixity; that, in reciting the delightful conferences I have the pleasure of holding with our noble guests and Mr. B——, I am careful not to write twice upon one topic, although several which I omit, may be more worthy of your notice, than

those I give; so that you have as much variety from me, as the nature of the facts and cases will admit of.

But here I will conclude, having a very different subject, as a proof of what I have advanced, to touch in my next. Till when, I am

Your most affectionate and faithful

P. B——.

LETTER XXXIII.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I NOW proceed with my Journal, which I brought down to Tuesday evening; and of course I begin with

Wednesday.

Towards the evening came Sir Jacob Swynford, on horseback, attended by two servants in liveries. I was abroad; for I had got leave for a whole afternoon, attended by my Polly; which time I passed in visiting no less than four several poor sick families, whose hearts I made glad. But I should be too tedious, were I to give you the particulars; and, besides, I have a brief list of cases, which, when you'll favour me with your company, I may shew you; for I have obliged myself,* though not desired, to keep an account of what I do with no less than two hundred pounds a year, that Mr. B—— allows me to expend in acts of charity and benevolence.

* See Vol. II. p. 352.

Lady Davers told me afterwards, that Sir Jacob carried it mighty stiff and formal, when he alighted. He strutted about the court-yard in his boots, with his whip in his hand; and though her ladyship went to the great door, in order to welcome him, he turned short, and whistling, followed the groom into the stable, as if he had been at an inn; only, instead of taking off his hat, pulling its broad brim over his eyes, for a compliment. In she went in a pet, as she says, saying to the countess, A surly brute he always was! *My* uncle! He's more of an hostler than a gentleman: I'm resolved I'll not stir to meet him again. And yet the wretch loves respect from others, though he never practises common civility himself.

The countess said, she was glad he was come, for she loved to divert herself with such odd characters, now and then.

And now let me give you a short description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a gentleman he is.

He is about sixty-five years of age; a coarse, strong, big-boned man, with large irregular features: he has a haughty, supercilious look, a swaggering gait, and a person not at all bespeaking one's favour in behalf of his mind: and his mind, as you shall hear by and by, not clearing up those prepossessions in his disfavour, with which his person and features at first strike one. His voice is big and surly: his eyes little and fiery: his mouth, large with yellow and blackish stumps of teeth, what are left of which, being broken off to a tolerably regular height, looked as if they were ground down to his gums, by constant use. But, with all these imperfections, he has an air that sets him somewhat above the mere vulgar, and such as makes one think, that half his disadvantages are rather owing to his

own haughty humour, than to nature; for he seems to be a perfect tyrant at first sight, a man used to prescribe, and not to be prescribed to: and has the advantage of a shrewd penetrating look, which yet, methinks, seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had seen his horses well served, and put on an old-fashioned gold-buttoned coat, which by its freshness shewed he had been very chary of it; a better wig, but in stiff buckle; and a long sword, stuck stiffly, as if through his coat lappets; in he came; and with an imperious air entering the parlour: What, nobody come to meet me! said he; and saluting her ladyship, How do you do, niece? and looked about haughtily, she says, as if he expected to see me.

My lady, presenting the countess, said, The Countess of C——, Sir Jacob!—O, cry mercy! said he. Your most obedient humble servant, madam; I hope his lordship is well?

At your service, Sir Jacob.

I wish he was, said he, bluntly; he should not have voted as he did last sessions, I can tell you that.

Why, Sir Jacob, said she, *servants*, in this free kingdom, don't always do as their *masters* would have 'em.

Mine do, I can tell you that, madam.

Right or wrong, Sir Jacob?

It can't be wrong, if I command them.

Why, truly, Sir Jacob, there's many a private gentleman carries it higher to a servant, than he cares his *prince* should to him: But I thought, till now, 'twas the king only could do no wrong.

But, madam, I always take care to be right.

A good reason—because, I dare say, you never think you *can* be in the wrong.

Your ladyship should spare me: I'm but just come off a journey. Let me turn myself about, and I'll be up with you, never fear, madam. But where's my nephew, Lady Davers? And where's your lord? I was told you were all here, and young H—— too, upon a very extraordinary occasion; so I was willing to see how causes went among you, and what you were about. It will be long enough before you come to see me.

My brother, and Lord Davers, and Mr. H——, have all rode out together.

Well, niece, strutting with his hands behind him, and his head held up—Ha!—He has made a fine kettle on't—han't he!—'Sblood, (that was his profligate word,) that ever such a rake should be so caught!—They tell me she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome.—But I wish his father were living.—Yet what could he have done? Your brother was always unmanageable. I wish he'd been my son;—by my faith I do!—What! I hope, niece, he locks up his baby, while you're here! You don't keep her company, do you?

Yes, Sir Jacob, I do; and you'll not scruple to do so too, when you see her.

Why, thou countenancest him in his folly, child; I'd a better opinion of thy spirit! Thou married to a lord, and thy brother to a—Canst tell me what, Barbara? If thou canst, pr'ythee do.

To an angel; and so you'll say presently.

What, dost think I shall look through *his* foolish eyes? —What a disgrace to a family ancienter than the conquest!—*O tempora! O mores!* What will this world come to!

The countess was diverted with this odd gentleman, but ran on in my praise, for fear he should say some rude

things to me when I came in, and Lady Davers seconded her. But all, it seems, signified nothing. He would tell us both his mind, let the young whelp, that was his word, take it as he would. And pray, said he, can't I see this fine body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a question or two; and, by her answers, I shall know what to think of her in a twinkling.

She is gone to take a little airing, Sir Jacob, and won't be back till supper-time.

Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit down at table, is she? If she does, I won't; that's positive.—But now you talk of supper, what have you?—I must have a boiled chicken, and shall eat it all myself.—Who's housekeeper now? I suppose all's turned upside down.

No, there's not one new servant, except a girl that waits upon her own person: All the old servants are continued.

That's much! These creatures generally take as great state upon them as a born lady: And they're in the right. If they can make the man stoop to the great point, they'll hold his nose to the grindstone, never fear; and all the little ones come about in course.

Well, Sir Jacob, when you see her, you'll alter your mind.

Never, never! that's positive.

Ay, Sir Jacob, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she was my own sister.

O hideous, hideous!—Tell it not in Gath; for thou'lt make the daughters of Philistia triumph! All the fools that he has made wherever he has travelled, will clap their hands at him, and at you too, if you talk at this rate.—But let me speak to Mrs. Jervis, if she be here: I'll order my own supper.

So he went out, saying, He knew the house, though in a better mistress's days.

The countess said, If Mr. B—— kept his temper, as she hoped he would, there would be good diversion with the old gentleman.

O yes, said my lady, my brother will, I dare say. He despises the surly brute too much to be angry with him, let him say what he will.

He went, and talked a great deal against me, to Mrs. Jervis. You may guess, my dear, that she lanched out in my praises; and he was offended at her, and said, Woman! woman! forbear these ill-timed praises! Her birth's a disgrace to our family! What! my sister's waiting maid, taken upon charity! I cannot bear it.

I mention all these things, as the ladies afterwards told them to me, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine time I was likely to have of it.

When Mr. B——, and my Lord Davers, and Mr. H——, came home, which they did about half an hour after six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the parlour; and Mr. B—— smiled at Lord Davers, and entering,—Sir Jacob, said he, welcome to Bedfordshire! And thrice welcome to this house! I rejoice to see you.

My lady says, Never was so odd a figure as the old baronet made, when thus accosted. He stood up, indeed; but, as Mr. B—— offered to take his hand, he put them both behind him—Not that you know of, sir!—And then looking up at his face, and down at his feet, three or four times successively—Are you my brother's son? That very individual son, that your good father used to boast of, and say, that for handsome person, true courage, noble mind, was not to be matched in any three counties in England!

The very same, dear sir, that my honoured father's partiality used to think he never praised enough.

And what is all of it come to at last?—He paid well, did he not, to teach you to know the world?—Ad's life, nephew! hadst thou been born a fool, or a raw greenhead, or a doating greyhead—

What then, Sir Jacob?

What then? Why then thou wouldst have done just as thou hast done!

Come, come, Sir Jacob, you know not my inducements. You know not what an angel I have in person and mind. Your eyes shall by and by be blest with the sight of her: your ears with hearing her speak: and then you'll call all you have said, profanation.

What is it I hear! What is it I hear!—You talk in the language of romance; and, from the housekeeper to the head of the house, you're all stark staring mad! By my soul! nephew, I wish, for thy own credit, thou wert—But what signifies wishing?—I hope you'll not bring your siren into my company.

Yes, I will, sir, because I love to give you pleasure. And say not a word more, for your own sake, till you see her.—You'll have the less to unsay, Sir Jacob, and the less to repent of.

The devil!—I'm in an enchanted castle, that's certain. What a plague has this little witch done to you all?—And how did she bring it about?

The ladies and Lord Davers laughed, it seems; and Mr. B——, begging him to sit down, and answer him some family questions, he said, (for it seems he is very captious at times,) What, a devil! am I to be laughed at? Lord Davers, I hope *you're* not bewitched too, are you?

Indeed, Sir Jacob, I am. My sister B—— is my doating-piece.

Whew, whistled he, with a wild stare. And how is it with *you*, youngster?

With me, Sir Jacob? said Mr. H——: I'd give all I'm worth in the world, and ever shall be worth, for such another wife.

He ran to the window, and throwing up the sash, looking into the court-yard, said, Hollo—So-ho—Groom—Jack—Jonas—get me my horse!—I'll keep no such company!—I'll be gone! Why, Jonas! calling again.

You're not in earnest, Sir Jacob? said Mr. B——.

I am, by my soul!—I'll away to the village this night! Why, you're all upon the high game!—I'll—But who comes here?—For just at that instant the chariot brought me into the court-yard.—Who's this? Who is she?

One of *my* daughters, started up the countess: my youngest daughter Jenny!—She's the pride of my family, Sir Jacob!

By my soul, said he, I was running; for I thought it was the grand enchantress.

Out stepped Lady Davers to me: Dear Pamela, said she, humour all that's said to you. Here's Sir Jacob come. You're the Countess of C——'s youngest daughter Jenny—That's your cue.

Ah! but, madam, said I, Lady Jenny is not married—looking (before I thought) on a circumstance that I think too much of sometimes, though I carry it off as well as I can

She laughed at my exception. Come, Lady Jenny, said she, (for I just then entered the great door,) I hope you've had a fine airing?

A very pretty one, madam, said I, as I entered the parlour. This is a pleasant country, Lady Davers—(*Wink when I'm wrong, whispered I.*)—Where's Mrs. B——? —Then, as seeing a strange gentleman, I started half back, into a more reserved air; and made him a low courtesy.

Sir Jacob looked as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at Mr. B——: but the dear gentleman put him quite out of doubt, by taking my hand: Well, Lady Jenny, did you meet my fugitive in your tour?

No, Mr. B——, replied I. Did she go my way? I told you I would keep the great road.

Lady Jenny C——, said Mr. B——, presenting me to his uncle. A charming creature! added he: Have you not a son worthy of such an alliance?

Ay, marry, nephew, this is a lady indeed! Why the plague, whispered he, could you not have pitched your tent here?—Miss, by your leave! And saluting me, turned to the countess: By my soul, madam, you've a charming daughter! Had my rash nephew seen this lovely creature, and you'd have condescended, he'd never have stooped to the cottage, as he has done.

You're right, Sir Jacob, returned Mr. B——; but I always ran too fast for my fortune: yet these ladies of family never bring out their jewels into bachelors' company; and when, too late, we see what we've missed, we are vexed at our precipitation.

Well said, however, boy. By my soul I wish thee repentance, though it is out of thy power to amend! Be that one of thy curses, when thou seest this lady, as I make no doubt it is.

Again, taking my hand, and surveying me from head to foot, and turning me round, which, it seems, is a mighty

practice with him to a stranger lady, (and a modest one too, you'll say, miss)—Why, truly, you're a charming creature, miss—Lady Jenny, I would say—By your leave, once more!—Upon my soul, my lady countess, she is a charmer!—But—but—staring at me, Are you married, madam?

I looked a little silly; and my new mamma came up to me, and took my hand: Why, Jenny, you are dressed oddly to-day!—What a hoop you wear! It makes you look I can't tell how!

Upon my soul, madam, I thought so! What signifies lying?—But 'tis only the hoop, I see—Really and truly, Lady Jenny, your hoop is enough to make half a hundred of our sex despair, for fear you should be married. I thought it was something! Few ladies escape my notice. I always kept a good look out; for I have two daughters of my own. But it is the hoop, I see plainly enough. You are so slender every where but *here*, putting his hand upon my hip, which quite dashed me: and I retired behind my lady countess's chair.

Fie, Sir Jacob! said Mr. B——; before us young gentlemen, to take such liberties with a maiden lady!—You give a bad example.

Hang him that sets you a bad example, nephew. But I see you are right; I see Lady Jenny's a maiden lady, or she would not have been so shamefaced, I'll swear for her, on occasion. Ha, ha, ha!—I'm sure, repeated he, she's a maiden—for our sex give the married ladies a freer air in a trice.

How, Sir Jacob? said Lady Davers.

O fie, said the countess!—Can't you praise the maiden ladies, but at the expense of the married ones? What do you see of freedom in me?

Or in me? said Lady Davers.

Nay, for that matter, you are very well, ladies, I must needs say.—But will you pretend to blush with that virgin rose?—Will ye?—Od's my life, miss—Lady Jenny, I would say, taking my hand, come from behind your mamma's chair, and you two ladies stand up now together.—— There, so you do—Why now, blush for blush, and Lady Jenny shall be three to one, and a deeper crimson by half. Look you there, look you there else! An hundred guineas to one against the field!—Then stamping with one foot, and lifting up his hands and eyes—O Christ! Lady Jenny has it all to nothing!—By my soul, she has!—Ha, ha, ha!—You may well sit down both of you; but you're a blush too late, I can tell you that—Well hast thou done, Lady Jenny, tapping my shoulder with his rough paw.

I was hastening away; and he said, But let's see you again, miss; for now I will stay, if they bring nobody else —And away I went; for I was quite out of countenance— What a strange creature, thought I, is this!

Supper being nearly ready, he continued calling out for Lady Jenny; for the sight of her, he said, did him good. But he was resolved he would not sit down at table with *somebody else.*

The countess said, she would fetch her daughter: and stepping out, returned, saying, Mrs. B—— understands that Sir Jacob is here, and that he does not choose to see her; so she begs to be excused; and my Jenny and she desire to sup together.

The very worst tidings I have heard this twelvemonth. Why, nephew, let your girl sup with any body, so we may have Lady Jenny back with us.

I know, said the countess, (who was desirous to see how far he would carry it,) Jenny won't leave Mrs. B——; so if you see *one,* you must see *t'other.*

Nay, then, if it must be so, I must sit down contented —But yet I should be glad to see Lady Jenny; that I should. But I will not sit down at table with Mr. B——'s girl—that's positive.

Well, well, let them sup together, and there's an end of it, said Mr. B——: I see my uncle has as good a judgment as any body of fine ladies—(*That I have, nephew:*)—But he can't forego his humour, in compliment to the finest lady in England.

Consider, nephew, consider—'Tis not thy doing a foolish thing, and calling a girl wife, shall cram a niece down my throat, that's positive. The moment thy girl comes down to take place of these ladies, I am gone, that's most certain.

Well then, shall I go up, and oblige Pamela to sup by herself, and persuade Lady Jenny to come down to us?

With all my soul, nephew—A good motion.—But, Pamela—did you say?—A queer sort of name! I've heard of it somewhere!—Is it a Christian or a Pagan name?—Linsey-wolsey—half one, half t'other—like thy girl—Ha, ha, ha!

Let me be *hanged*, whispered Mr. H—— to his aunt, if Sir Jacob has not a power of wit; though he's so whimsical with it. I like him much.

But hark ye, nephew, said Sir Jacob, as Mr. B—— was going out of the parlour—one word with you. Don't fob upon us your girl with the Pagan name for Lady Jenny. I have set a mark upon her, and should know her from a thousand, although she had changed her hoop.—Then he laughed again, and said, He hoped Lady Jenny would come—And come without any body with her.—But I smell a plot, said he.—By my soul I won't stay, if they

both come together. I won't be put upon—But here comes one or both—Where's my whip?—I'll go.

Indeed, Mr. B——, I had rather have staid with Mrs. B——, said I, as I entered—as he had bid me.

'Tis she, 'tis she!—You've nobody behind you?—No, she han't.—Why now, nephew, you're right: I was afraid you'd have put a trick upon me.—You'd *rather*, repeated he to me, have staid with Mrs. B——. Yes, I warrant. —But you shall be placed in better company, my dear child.

Sister, said Mr. B——, will you be pleased to take that chair? for Pamela does not choose to give my uncle disgust, who so seldom comes to see us.

My lady took the upper end of the table, and I sat next below my new mamma. So, Jenny, said she, how have you left Mrs. B——?

A little concerned—But she was the easier, as Mr. B—— himself desired I'd come down.

My Lord Davers sat next me; and Sir Jacob said, Shall I beg a favour of you, my lord; to let me sit next to Lady Jenny?

Mr. B—— said, Won't it be better to sit over against her, uncle?

Ay, that's right. I'faith, nephew, thou know'st what's right. Well, so I will.—He accordingly removed his seat, and I was very glad of it; for though I was sure to be stared at sufficiently by him, yet I was afraid, if he sat next me, he would not keep his hands off my hoop.

He run on a deal in my praises, after his manner; but so rough at times, that he gave me pain; and I was under a difficulty too, lest he should observe my ring; but he stared so much in my face, that that escaped his notice.

After supper, the gentlemen sat down to their bottle, and the ladies and I withdrew, and about twelve they broke up, Sir Jacob talking of nothing but Lady Jenny, and wished Mr. B—— had married so happily as with such a charming creature: One, he said, that carried tokens of her high birth in her face, and whose every feature, and look, shewed her to be nobly descended.

They let him go to bed with his mistake: But the countess said next morning, She thought she never saw a greater instance of stupid pride and churlishness, and she should be sick of the advantage of birth or ancestry, if this was the natural fruit of it. For a man, said her ladyship, to come to his nephew's house, and to suffer the mistress of it to be closetted up, (as he thinks,) and not permitted to appear, in order to humour his absurd and brutal insolence, and to behave as he has done; is such a ridicule upon the pride of descent, that I shall think of it as long as I live. O Mrs. B——, said she, what advantages have you over every one who sees you; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily!

I expect to be called to breakfast every minute, and shall then, perhaps, see how this matter will end. I wish, when it is revealed, he is not in a fury, and don't think himself imposed on. I fear it won't go off so well as I wish; for every body seems to be grave, and angry at Sir Jacob.

Thursday.

I NOW proceed with my tale. At breakfast time, when every one was sat, and a chair left for me, Sir Jacob began to call out for Lady Jenny. But, said he, I'll have none of your girl, nephew; although the chair at the tea-table is left for somebody.

No, said Mr. B——, we'll get Lady Jenny to supply Mrs. B——'s place, since you don't care to see her.

With all my heart, replied he.

But, uncle, said Mr. B——, Have you really no desire, no curiosity, to see the girl I have married?

No, none at all, by my soul.

Just then I came in, and paying my compliments to the company, and to Sir Jacob, Shall I, said I, supply Mrs. B——'s place in her absence? And down I sat.

After breakfast, and the servants were withdrawn, Lady Jenny, said Lady Davers, you are a young lady, who have all the advantages of birth and descent; and some of the best blood in the kingdom runs in your veins; and here Sir Jacob Swynford is your great admirer: cannot *you*, from whom it will come with a double grace, convince him that he does an unkind thing, at my brother's house, to keep the person my brother has thought worthy of making the mistress of it, out of company? And let us know your opinion, Whether my brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable distaste?

Why, how now, Lady Davers! This from you! I did not expect it.

My uncle, said Mr. B——, is the only person in the kingdom that I would have humoured thus: And I made no doubt, when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in so high a point, he would have acted a more generous part than he has yet done. But, Lady Jenny, what say you to my sister's questions?

If I must speak my mind, replied I, I should take the liberty to be very serious with Sir Jacob, and to say, That when a thing is done, and cannot be helped, he should take care how he sows the seeds of indifference and animosity between man and wife: and how he makes a gentleman

dissatisfied with his choice, and, perhaps, unhappy as long as he lives.

Nay, miss, said he, if all are against me, and you, whose good opinion I value more than all, you may e'en let the girl come, and sit down, if you will.—If she is but half as pretty, and half as wise, and modest, as you, I shall, as it cannot be helped, as you say, be ready to think better of the matter. For, 'tis a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appeared before all the good company, to have her kept out of the way on my account.

Really, Sir Jacob, said the countess, I have blushed for you *more* than once on this occasion. But the mistress of this house is more than half as wise, and modest, and lovely: And in hopes you will return me back some of the blushes I have lent you, see *there*, in my daughter Jenny, whom you have been so justly admiring, the mistress of the house, and the lady with the pagan name.

Sir Jacob sat aghast, looking at one, and at another, and at me, each in turn, and then cast his eyes on the floor. At last, up he got, and swore a sad oath: And am I thus tricked and bamboozled? (that was his word,) am I?—There's no bearing this house, nor her presence, now, that's certain; and I'll be gone.

Mr. B—— looking at me, and nodding his head towards Sir Jacob, as he was in a flutter to be gone, I rose from my chair, and went to him, and took his hand. I hope, Sir Jacob, you will be able to bear *both*, when you shall see that there is no other difference but that of descent, between the supposed Lady Jenny, whom you so kindly praised, and the girl your dear nephew has so much exalted.

Let me go, said he; I'm most confoundedly bit!—I

cannot look you in the face!—By my soul I cannot!—For 'tis impossible you should forgive me!

Indeed it is not, sir: you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear nephew can; for to him was the wrong, if any, and I'm sure he can overlook it.—And for his sake, to the uncle of so honoured a gentleman, to the brother of my late good lady, I can, with a bent knee, *thus*, ask your blessing, and desire your excuse for joining to keep you in this suspense.

Bless you!—O Christ! said he, and stamped—Who can choose but bless you? And he kneeled down, and wrapped his arms about me.—But, curse me, that was his strange word, if ever I was so touched before!

My dear Mr. B——, for fear my spirits should be too much affected, (for the rough baronet, in his transport, had bent me down lower than I kneeled,) came to me, and held me by my arm; but permitted Sir Jacob to raise me, only saying, How does my angel? Now she has made this conquest, she has completed all her triumphs.

Angel did you call her!—By my soul, I'm confounded with her goodness, and her sweet carriage!—Rise, and let me see if I can stand myself!—And, believe me, I am sorry to have acted so much like a bear as I have done: and the more I think of it, the more I shall be ashamed of myself.—And the tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough cheeks; which moved me a good deal: for to see a man with so hard a countenance weep, was a touching sight.

Mr. H——, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, his aunt said, What's the matter, Jackey?—The matter! answered he; I don't know how the d—l it is—But here's strange doings, as ever I knew—For here, day after day,

one's ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for joy or sorrow!—What a plague's the matter with me, I wonder!—And out he went; the two ladies, whose charming eyes, too, glistened with pleasure, smiling at the effect the scene had upon Mr. H——, and at what he said.

Well, madam, said Sir Jacob, approaching me; for I had sat down, but then stood up—You will forgive me; and from my heart I wish you joy. By my soul I do—and saluted me—I could not have believed there had been such a person breathing. I don't wonder at my nephew's loving you!—And you call her sister, Lady Davers, don't you?—If you do, I'll own her for my niece.

Don't I?—Yes, I do, said her ladyship, coming to me, and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for *your* comfort, though to *my own* shame, that I used her worse than you have done, before I knew her excellence; and have repented of it ever since.

I bowed to her ladyship—and kissing her hand—My dearest lady, said I, you have made me such rich amends since, that I am sure I may say, *It was good for me that I was afflicted.*

Why, nephew, she has the fear of God, I perceive, before her eyes too! I'm sure I've heard those words. They are somewhere in the scripture, I believe!—Why, who knows but she may be a means to save your soul?—Hey, you know!

Ay, Sir Jacob, she'll be a means to save an hundred souls, and might go a great way to save yours, if you were to live with her but one month.

Well, but nephew, I hope *you* forgive me, too; for, now I think of it, I never knew you take any matter so patiently in my life.

I knew, said the dear gentleman, that every extravagance you insisted upon, was heightening my charmer's triumph, and increasing your own contrition; and, as I was not *indeed* deprived of her company, I could bear with every thing you said or did—Yet, don't you remember, that I cautioned you, that the less you said against her, the less you'd have to unsay, and the less to repent of?

I do; and let me ride out, and call myself to account for all I have said against her, in her own hearing; and when I can think of but one half, and how she has taken it, by my soul, I believe 'twill make me *more* than half mad.

At dinner (when we had Mr. Williams's company) the baronet told me, he admired me now as much as he did when he thought me Lady Jenny; but complained of the trick put upon him by us all, and seemed now and then a little serious upon it.

He took great notice of the dexterity which he imputed to me, in performing the honours of the table. And every now and then he lifted up his eyes, God take me! Very clever, by my soul!—Why, madam, you seem to me to be born to these things!—I will be helped by nobody but you!—And you'll have a task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping stomach; and were there fifty dishes, I always taste of every one. And, indeed, John was in a manner wholly employed in going to and fro between the baronet and me, for half an hour together.

He went from us afterwards to Mrs. Jervis, and made her answer him abundance of questions about me, and how all these matters had *come about*, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank coffee, said, I have been

confabbing, that was his word, with Mrs. Jervis, about you, niece. By my soul I never heard the like! She tells me you can play on the harpsichord, and sing too! Will you let a body have a tune or so? My Mab can play pretty well, and so can Dolly:—I'm a judge of music, and would fain hear you. I said, If he was a judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be asked twice, when we had taken our coffee.

Accordingly, he repeating his request, I gave him a tune, and, at his desire, sung to it: Od's my life, said he, you do it purely!—But I see where it is—My girls have got *my* fingers! And then he held both hands out, and a fine pair of paws shewed he!—Plague on't, they touch two keys at once; but those slender and nimble fingers, how they sweep along! My eye can't follow 'em.—Whew—whistled he—They are here and there, and every where at once!—Why, nephew, I believe you have put another trick upon me. My niece is certainly of quality! And report has not done her justice.—One more tune, one more song.—By my faith, your voice goes sweetly to your fingers. 'Slife—I'll thrash my jades—that was his polite phrase—when I come home. Lady Davers, you know not the money they have cost me to qualify them; and here's a mere baby to them, outdoes 'em by a bar's length, without any expense at all bestowed upon her. Go over that again—Confound me for a puppy! I lost it by my prating.—Ay, there you have it!—That's it! By my soul it is! Oh, that I could but dance as well as thou singest! I'd give you a saraband, as old as I am.

After supper we fell into a conversation, of which I must give you some account, because it was upon a topic

that Mr. B—— has been blamed for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his friends, even after they have, in kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, *The example that he has set to young gentlemen of family and fortune to marry beneath them.*

It was begun by Sir Jacob, who said, I am in love with my new niece; that I am: But still one thing sticks with me in this affair; and that is, What will become of degree and distinction, if the practice of gentlemen's marrying their mothers' waiting-maids, (excuse me, madam,) should come into vogue? Already, young ladies and young gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away in this manner, and to disgrace their families. We have too many instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you.

That, said Lady Davers, is the *only* thing!—I must needs say, Sir Jacob has hit upon the point, that would make one wish this example had not been set by a gentleman of such an ancient family; till one comes to be acquainted with this dear creature; and then every body thinks it ought not to be otherwise than it is.

Ay, Pamela, said Mr. B——, what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this charge? This is a point that has been often objected to me: Try for one of your pretty arguments in my behalf.

Indeed, sir, replied I, looking down, it becomes not me to say any thing to this.

But indeed it does, if you can: And I beg you'll help me to some excuse, if you have any at hand.

Won't you, sir, dispense with me on this occasion? Indeed I know not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one *word* to this subject.—

For it is my absolute opinion, that degrees, in general, should be kept up; although I must always deem the present case an happy exception to the rule.

Mr. B—— looking as if he still expected I should say something, Won't you, sir, dispense with me? repeated I. Indeed I should not speak to this point, if I may be my own judge.

I always intend, my dear, you shall judge for yourself; and you know, I seldom urge you farther, when you use those words. But if you have any thing upon your mind to say, let's have it: For your arguments are always new and unborrowed.

I would then, if I *must*, sir, ask, If there be not a nation, or if there has not been a law in some nation, that, whenever a young gentleman, be *his* degree what it would, has seduced a poor creature, be *her* degree what it would, obliges the gentleman to marry that unhappy person?

I think there is such a law in some country, I can't tell where, said Sir Jacob.

And do you think, sir, whether it be so, or not, that it is equitable it should be so?

Yes, by my troth—Though I must needs own, if it were so in England, many men, that I know, would not have the wives they now have.

You speak to your knowledge, I doubt not, Sir Jacob? said Mr. B——.

Why, indeed—Why, truly—I don't know but I do.

All then, said I, that I would infer, is, Whether another law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the gentleman, who is repulsed from a principle of virtue and honour, should not be censured for marrying a person he could *not* seduce? And whether it is not more for both their honours, if he does; inasmuch as it is nobler to

reward a virtue, than to repair a shame; were that shame to be repaired by matrimony, which I take the liberty to doubt? But I beg pardon; you commanded me, sir—else this subject should not have found a speaker to it in me.

This is admirably said!—By my soul it is! said Sir Jacob.

But yet this comes not up to the objection, said Mr. B——. The setting an example to waiting-maids to aspire, and to young gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the subject myself; and the rather, because, as I go along, I will give Sir Jacob a faint sketch of the merit and character of my Pamela, of which he cannot be so well informed, as he has been of the disgrace, which he imagined I had brought upon myself by marrying her.

In order to this, give me leave to say, That I think it necessary, that as well those persons who are afraid the example should be taken, as those who are inclined to follow it, should take *all* the material parts of it into their consideration: Otherwise, I think the precedent may be justly cleared: and the fears of the one be judged groundless, and the plea of the other but a pretence, in order to cover a folly, into which they would have fallen, whether they had this example or not.

For instance: in order to lay claim to the excuses which my conduct, if I may suppose it of force enough to do either good or hurt, will furnish, it is necessary;

That the object of their wish should be a girl of exquisite beauty, (and that not only in their own blinded and partial judgments, but in the opinion of *every one* who sees her, friend or foe,) in order to justify the force which the *first* attractions have upon him;

That she be descended of honest and conscientious, though poor and obscure parents; who having preserved

their integrity, through great trials and afflictions, have, by their examples, as well as precepts, laid deep in the girl's mind the foundations of piety and virtue:

It is necessary, that to the charms of person, this waiting-maid should have an humble, teachable mind, fine natural parts, a sprightly, yet inoffensive wit, a temper so excellent, and a judgment so solid, as should promise for her, (by the love and esteem these qualities should attract to herself from her fellow-servants, superior and inferior,) that she would become an higher station, and be respected in it:

It is necessary, that after so good a foundation laid by her parents, she should have all the advantages of female education conferred upon her: The example of an excellent lady, improving and building upon so worthy a foundation: A capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her: An attention, assiduity and diligence, almost peculiar to herself, at her time of life: insomuch as, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, to be able to vie with any young ladies of rank, as well in the natural genteelness of her person, as in her acquirements: And that in nothing but her *humility* she should manifest any difference between herself and the high-born:

It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a mind above temptation; that she should resist the *offers* and *menaces* of one upon whom all her worldly happiness seemed to depend; the son of a lady to whom she owed the greatest obligations; a person whom she did not *hate*, but greatly *feared*, and whom her grateful heart would have been *glad* to oblige; and who sought to prevail over her virtue, by all the inducements that could be thought of, to *attract* a young inexperienced virgin, at one time; or to *frighten* her, at another, into his purposes; who

offered her high, very high terms, her circumstances considered, as well for herself, as for parents she loved better than herself, whose circumstances at the same time were low and distressful:

Yet to all these *offers* and *menaces*, that she should be able to answer in such words as these, which will always dwell upon my memory:—* 'I reject your proposals with 'all my soul.'—'May GOD desert me, whenever I make 'worldly grandeur my chiefest good!'—'I know I am in 'your power; I dread your will to ruin me is as great as 'your power.'—'Yet, will I dare to tell you, I will make 'no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I *can* do, 'poor as it is, I *will* do, to shew you, that my will bore 'no part in the violation of me.'—And when future marriage was intimated to her, to induce her to yield, to be able to answer, 'The moment I yield to your proposals, 'there is an end of all merit, if now I have any.—And I 'should be so far from *expecting* such an honour, that I 'will pronounce, I should be most unworthy of it.'

If, I say, my dear friends, such a girl can be found, thus beautifully attractive in *every one's* eye, and not partially so only in a young gentleman's *own;* and after that, (what good persons would infinitely prefer to beauty,) thus piously principled; thus genteelly educated and accomplished; thus brilliantly witty; thus prudent, modest, generous, undesigning; and having been thus tempted, thus tried, by the man she hated not, pursued, (not intriguingly pursuing,) be thus inflexibly virtuous, and proof against temptation: Let her reform her libertine, and let him marry her: And were he of princely extraction, I dare answer for it, that

* See Vol. I. p. 255, et seq.

no *two* princes in *one* age, take the world through, would be in danger. For, although I am sensible it is not to my credit, I will say, that I never met with a repulse, nor a conduct, like this; and yet I never sunk very low, for the subjects of my attempts, either at home or abroad.

These are obvious inferences, added the dear gentleman, and not refinements upon my Pamela's story; and if the gentleman were capable of thought and comparison, would rather make such an example, as is apprehended, *more*, than *less* difficult than *before*.

But if indeed, added he, the young fellow be such a booby, that he cannot *reflect* and *compare*, and take the case *with all its circumstances* together, I think, his good papa or mamma should get him a wife to their own liking, as soon as possible; and the poorest girl in England, who is honest, would rather have reason to bless herself for escaping such a husband, than to glory in the catch she would have of him. For such a young fellow as that, would hardly do honour to his family in any *one* instance.

Indeed, said the countess, it would be pity, after all, that such an one should marry any lady of prudence and birth; for 'tis enough, in conscience, that he is a disgrace to *one* worthy family: it would be pity he should make *two* unhappy.

Why, really, nephew, said Sir Jacob, I think you have said a great deal to the purpose. There is not so much danger from the example, as I apprehended, from *sensible* and *reflecting* minds. I did not consider this matter thoroughly, I must needs say.

All the business is, said Lady Davers—You'll excuse me, sister—There will be more people will hear, that Mr. B——

has married his mother's waiting-maid, than will know his inducements.

Not many, I believe, sister.—For when 'tis known I have some character in the world, and am not quite an idiot, (and my faults, in having not been one of the most virtuous of men, will stand me in some stead in *this* case, though hardly in *any other*,) they will naturally inquire into my inducements.

But see you not, when we go abroad to church, or elsewhere, what numbers of people her character draws to admire the dear creature? Does not this shew, that her virtue has made her more conspicuous, than my fortune had made me? For I passed up and down quietly enough before, (handsome as my equipage always was,) and attracted not any body's notice: And indeed I had as lief these honours were not so publicly paid *her;* for even, were I *fond* of show and parade, what are they, but a reproach to me?—And can I have any excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my persecutions of her, done but common justice to her merit?

This answers your objection, Lady Davers, and shews, that *my* inducements and *her* story must be equally known. And, upon my conscience, I think, (every thing I have said considered, and every thing that might still farther be urged, and the conduct of that dear creature in the station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped, or could flatter myself with, from the most promising appearances,) that she does *me* more honour, than I have done *her;* and if I am capable of putting myself in a third person's place, I think I should be of the same opinion, were I to determine upon such another pair, exactly circumstanced as we are.

You may believe, my friend, how much this generous defence of the step he had taken, attributing every thing to me, and depreciating his worthy self, affected me. I played with a cork one while; with my rings another, turning them round my fingers; looked down, and on one side; and every way I looked, but on the company: for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful eye now and then upon the dear man: and when it would overflow, catch in my handkerchief the escaped fugitives, that would start unbidden beyond their proper limits, though I often endeavoured, by a twinkling motion, to disperse the gathering water, before it had formed itself into drops too big to be restrained.

All the company praised the dear generous speaker: and he was pleased to say farther, Although, my good friends, I can truly say, that with all the pride of family, and the insolence of fortune, which once made me doubt whether I should not sink too low, if I made my Pamela my mistress, (for I should then have treated her not ungenerously, and should have suffered her, perhaps, to call herself by my name,) I have never once repented of what I have done: On the contrary, I have always rejoiced in it; and it has been, from the first day of our marriage, my pride and my boast, (and shall be, let others say what they will,) that I can call such an excellence, and such a purity, which I so little deserve, mine; and I look down with contempt upon the rashness of all such as reflect upon me; for they can have no notion of my happiness, or her merit.

O dear sir, said I, how do you over-rate my poor merit! —Some persons are happy in a life of *comforts*, but mine's a life of *joy!*—One rapturous instance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them.

Whew!—whistled Sir Jacob—Whereabouts am I?—I hope, by and by, you'll come down to our pitch, that one may put in a word or two with you.

May you be long thus blest, and thus happy together! said Lady Davers. I know not which to admire most, the dear girl that never was bad; or the dear gentleman, that having been bad, is now so good!

Said my Lord Davers, There is hardly any bearing these moving scenes, following one another so quick, as my sister says.

The countess was pleased to say, That, till now, she had been at a loss to form any notion of the happiness of the first pair before the fall: But now, by so fine an instance as this, she comprehended it in all its force.—God continue you to one another, added her ladyship, for a credit to the state, and to human nature.

Mr. H—— having his elbows on the table, folded his hands, shaking them and looking down, Egad, this is uncommon life, that it is!—Your two souls, I can see that, are like well-tuned instruments: But they are too high set for me a vast deal.

The best thing, said Lady Davers, (always severe upon her poor nephew,) thou ever saidst. The music must be equal to that of Orpheus, which can make such a savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another word to-night.

Why, indeed, aunt, returned he, laughing, I believe it *was* pretty well said for your foolish fellow: Though it was by chance, I must confess: I did not think of it.

That I believe, replied my lady;—if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well.

Sir Jacob and Mr. B—— afterwards fell into a family

discourse; and Sir Jacob gave us an account of two or three courtships *by* his three sons, and *to* his two daughters, and his reasons for disallowing them: And I could observe, he is an absolute tyrant in his family, though they are all men and women grown, and he seemed to please himself how much they stood in awe of him.

One odd piece of conversation I must tell you, miss, because of the inference that followed it.

Sir Jacob asked Mr. B——; If he did not remember John Wilkins, his steward? He was an honest fellow, said he, as ever lived.—But he's dead. Alas, for him, poor Jack!—He physicked himself out of his life.—He would be always taking slops: Had I done so, I should have gone to the dogs long ago.—But whom do you think, nephew, I have got in his place?—Nay, you can't know him neither. Why 'tis Jerry Sherwood, a boy I took upon charity, and taught to write and read; or paid for't, and that's the same thing—Hay, you know!—And now Jerry's a gentleman's fellow, and is much respected by all our hunters; for he's a keen sportsman, I'll assure you. I brought him up to that myself, and many a jerk has the dog had from me, before I could make any thing of him. Many and many a good time have I thwacked the rascal's jacket; and he owes all he is, and will be, to me: And I now suffer him to sit down at table with me, when I have no guests.

But is not this a bad example, said Mr. B——, to promote so low a servant to the command of the family, under you? What do *gentlemen* say to this?

Gentlemen say to it?—Why, what gentlemen have any thing to do with my family management?—Surely I may do as I will in my own house, and in my own family; or else it would be very hard.

True, Sir Jacob; but people will be meddling, where they have least business. But are not all the gentlemen uneasy, for fear their *lowest servants*, from the example set by so leading a man as you, a chairman of the sessions, a colonel of militia, a deputy lieutenant, and a justice of quorum, should want to be made their *stewards?*

Why, I can't say that any body has taken it into their heads to question me upon this subject. I should think them plaguy impertinent, if they had, and bid them mind their own business.

But you'll allow, Sir Jacob, that every one who knows you have raised your foot-boy to be your steward, will not know your *inducements;* although, I doubt not, they are very good ones.

Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, saying, Very well, sir! very well!

Sir Jacob cried out, O ho, nephew; are you thereabouts with your bears! Why, I can't say but you're in with me now.—Let's see, what have I said?—Ay, by my soul, you have nabbed me cleverly. Faith and troth, you have convinced me, by an example of my own, that I was impertinent to trouble my head about the management of your family.—Though near kindred makes some excuse for me, too.—And, besides, a *steward* and a *wife* are two things.

So I'd have 'em be, Sir Jacob. But good wives are but stewards to their husbands in many cases; and mine is the best that ever man had.

Pretty expensive ones, nephew, for all that, as the world runs.—Most gentlemen find, I believe, stewards of this sort run them out more than they save: but that's not your case, I dare say.—I'faith, though, you have nicked me cleverly; that you have.

But, my witty brother, said my lady, I believe you'd better, for all your fling at me, as to *inducements*, stick to your first defence, as to the example sake; for, who stands upon birth or degree in the office of a steward?

It will answer several purposes, sister, and come nearer the point in what you object, than you are aware of, were we to dispute upon it. But I have gained my end in the observation: Sir Jacob takes the force of the comparison, and is convinced, I dare say, there is some justice in it.

Ay, ay, a great deal, said Sir Jacob; for a wife is, or ought to be, her husband's steward. I'm sure, when mine was living, I made her so, and had no other; for she made memorandums, and I digested them into a book; and yet she brought me a noble fortune too, as you all know.

Here, miss, I conclude my tedious narrations.—Be so good as to skim them over lightly, that you may not think the worse of me; and then return them, (with some of your charming penmanship,) that I may send them on to Kent. To be sure, I would not have been so tediously trifling, but for the sake of my dear parents: and there is so much self-praise, as it may seem, from a person repeating the fine things said of herself, that I am half of opinion I should send them to Kent only, and to think you should be obliged to me for saving you so much trouble and impertinence.

Do, dear miss, be so free as to forbid me to send you any more long journals, but common letters only, of How you do? and who and who's together? and of respects to one, and to another, and so forth.—Letters that one might despatch, as Sir Jacob says, in a *twinkling*, and, perhaps,

be more to the purpose, than the tedious scrawl, which kisses your hands, from

Yours, most sincerely,

P. B——.

Do, dear, good Sir Simon, let Miss Polly add to our delights, by her charming company. Mr. Murray, and the new affair, will divert *you*, in her absence.—So pray, since my good Lady Darnford has consented, and she is willing, and her sister can spare her, don't be so cross as to deny me.

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

MY DEAR MRS. B——,

You have given us great pleasure in your accounts of your conversations, and of the verses put so boldly and wickedly under your seat; and in your just observations on the lines, and the occasion.

I am quite shocked, when I think of Lady Davers's passionate intentions, at her first coming down to you to the Hall, but have let nobody into the worst of the matter, in compliance with your desire. We are delighted with your account of your family management, and your Sunday's service.—What an excellent lady are you! And how happy, and how good, you make every one who knows you, is seen by the ladies joining in your evening service, as well as their domestics.

We go on here swimmingly with our courtship. Never was there a fonder couple, than Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy. The moody girl is quite alive, easy and pleased, except now and then with me.—We had a sad falling-out t'other day. Thus it was:

She had the assurance, on my saying, they were so fond and so free beforehand, that they would leave nothing for improvement afterwards; to tell me, She had for some time perceived, that my envy was very disquieting to me. This she said before Mr. Murray, who had the good manners to retire, seeing a storm rising between us.

Poor foolish girl! cried I, when he was gone, provoked to great contempt by her expression before him, Thou wilt make me despise thee in spite of my heart!—But pr'ythee manage thy matters with common decency, at least.

Good lack! *Common decency,* did you say? When my sister Polly is able to shew me what it is, I shall hope to be better for her example.

No, thou'lt never be better for any body's example! Thy ill-nature and perverseness will keep thee from that, as it has always hitherto done.

My ill-temper, you have often told me, is *natural* to me; so it must become *me:* But upon such a sweet-tempered young lady as Miss Polly, her late assumed petulance sits but ill!

I must have had no bad temper, and that every one says, to bear with thy sullen and perverse one, as I have done all my life.

But why can't you bear with it a little longer, sister?—Does any thing provoke you *now,* (with a sly leer, and affected drawl,) that did not *formerly?*

Provoke me!—What should provoke me?—I gave thee

but a hint of thy fond folly, which makes thee behave so before company, that every one smiles at thee; and I'd be glad to save thee from contempt for thy *new* good humour, as I used to try to do for thy *old* bad nature.

Is that it?—What a kind sister have I!—But, perhaps, I see it vexes you; and *ill-natured* folks love to tease, you know.—But, dear Polly, don't let the affection Mr. Murray expresses for me, put such a good-tempered body out of humour, pray don't!—Who knows, (continued the provoker, who never says a tolerable thing that is not ill-natured, that being her talent,) but the gentleman may think himself happy, that he has found a way, with so much ease, to dispense with the difficulty that eldership laid him under?—But as he did you the favour to let the repulse come from you, don't be angry, sister, that he took you at the *first* word.

Indeed, indeed, said I, with a contemptuous smile, thou'rt in the right, Nancy, to take the gentleman at *his* first word. Hold him fast, and play over all thy monkey tricks with him, with all my heart: Who knows but it may engage him more? For should *he* leave thee, I might be too much provoked at thy ingratitude, *to turn over* another gentleman to thee—And let me tell thee, without such an introduction, thy temper would keep any body from thee, that knows it.

Poor Miss Polly!—Come, be as easy as you can! Who knows but we may find out some cousin or friend of Mr. Murray's, between us, that we may persuade to address you? Don't make us your enemies: We'll try to make you easy, if we can—'Tis a little hard, that you should be so cruelly taken at your word, that it is.

Dost think, said I, poor, stupid, ill-judging Nancy, that I can have the same regret for parting with a man I could

not like, that thou hadst, when thy vain hopes met with the repulse they deserved from Mr. B——?

Mr. B——, come up again! I have not heard of Mr. B—— a great while.

No, but it was necessary that one nail should drive out another; for thou'dst been repining still, had not Mr. Murray been *turned over* to thee.

Turned over! You used that word once before, sister: such great wits as you, methinks, should not use the same word twice.

How dost *thou* know what wits *should*, or should *not* do? Thou hast no talent but ill-nature, and 'tis enough for thee, that *one* view takes up thy whole thought. Pursue that—But I would only caution thee, not to *satiate* where thou wouldst *oblige*, that's all: Or, if thy man can be so gross, as to like thy fondness, to leave something for *hereafter*.

I'll call him in again, sister, and you shall acquaint us how you'd have it. Bell, (for the maid came in just then,) tell Mr. Murray I desire him to walk in.

I'm glad to see thee so teachable all at once!—I find now what was the cause of thy constant perverseness; for had the unavailing lessons my mamma was always inculcating into thee, come from a *man* thou couldst have had hopes of, they had succeeded better.

In came Sir Simon, with his crutch-stick—But can you bear this nonsense, Mrs. B——? What! sparring, jangling again, you sluts!—O what fiery eyes on one side, and contemptuous looks on t'other!

Why, papa, my sister Polly has *turned over* Mr. Murray to me, and she wants him back again, and he won't come —That's all the matter!

You know your daughter Nancy, papa—She never could

bear reproof, and yet would always *deserve* it!—I was only gently remarking, for her instruction, on her fondness before company, and she is as she *used to be!*—Courtship, indeed, is a new thing to the poor girl, and so she knows not how to behave herself in it.

So, Polly, because you have been able to run over a long list of humble servants, you must insult your sister, must you?—But are you really concerned, Polly?—Hay!

Sir, this, or any thing, is very well from you.—But these imputations of envy, before Mr. Murray, must make the man very considerable with himself. Poor Nancy don't consider that.—But, indeed, how should she? How should *she* be able to reflect, who knows not what reflection is, except of the spiteful sort? But, papa, should the poor thing add to *his* vanity, which wants no addition, at the expense of that pride, which can only preserve her from contempt.

I saw her affected, and was resolved to pursue my advantage.

Pr'ythee, Nancy, continued I, canst thou not have *a little* patience, child?—My papa will set the day as soon as he shall think it proper. And don't let thy man toil to keep pace with thy fondness; for I have pitied him many a time, when I have seen him stretched on the tenters to keep thee in countenance.

This set the ill-natured girl into tears, and fretfulness; all her old temper came upon her, as I designed it should; for she had kept me at bay longer than usual; and I left her under the dominion of it; and because I would not come into a fresh dispute, got my mamma's leave, and the chariot, and went and begged a dinner at Lady Jones's; and then came home as cool and as easy as I used to be;

and found Nancy as sullen and silent, as was her custom before Mr. Murray tendered himself to her ready acceptance. But I went to my spinnet, and suffered her to swell on.

We have said nothing but No, and Yes, ever since; and I wish I was with you for a month, and all their nonsense over without me. I am, my dear, obliging, and excellent Mrs. B——,

Your faithful and affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

The two following, anticipating the order of time, for the reasons mentioned p. 163, we insert here.

LETTER XXXV.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

MY DEAR MRS. B——,

PRAY give my service to your Mr. B——, and tell him, he is very unpolite, in his reflections * upon me, in relation to Mr. Murray, when he supposes I regret the loss of him. You are much more favourable and *just* too, I will say, to your Polly Darnford. These gentlemen, the very best of them, are such indelicates! They think so highly of their saucy selves, and confident sex, as if a lady cannot from *her* heart despise them: But if she turns them off, as they

* See this Vol. p. 270, 271.

deserve, and happens to continue her dislike, what should be interpreted in her favour, as a just and *regular* piece of conduct, is turned against her, and it must proceed from spite.

Mr. B—— may think he knows a good deal of the sex. But, perhaps, were I as malicious as he is reflecting, (and yet, if I have any malice, he has raised it,) I could say, That his acquaintance was not with the most unexceptionable, till he had the happiness to know you: And he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do justice to those who are proud to emulate your virtues.

But I can't bear, *it seems*, to see my sister addressed and complimented, and preferred by one whom I had thought in my own power! But he may be mistaken: With all his sagacity, he *has been* often. Nor is it so mortifying a thing to me, as he imagines, to sit and see two such anticks playing their pug's tricks, as he calls them, with one another.

But you hardly ever saw *such* pug's tricks played as they play, at so early a time of courtship. The girl hangs upon his arm, and receives his empty head on her shoulder, already, with a freedom that would be censurable in a bride, before folks. A stiff, sullen, proud, scornful girl, as she used to be, she now puts on airs that are not natural either to her features or her character; and judge then how it must disgust one; especially when one sees her man so proud and vain upon it, that, like a *true* man, he treats her with the less ceremony for her condescensions, putting on airs of consequence, while her easiness of behaviour makes him secure of acceptance, and a kind reception, let him be as *negligent* or as *forward* as he pleases.

I say, Mrs. B——, there can be no living with these men upon such beginnings.—They ought to know their

distance, or be taught it, and not to think it in their power to confer that as a favour, which they should esteem it an honour to receive.

But neither can I bear, it seems, the preparatives to matrimony, the fine clothes, the compliments, the *busy novelty*, as he calls it, the new equipages, and so forth. That's his mistake again, tell him: For one, who can look forwarder than the nine days of wonder, can easily despise so flashy and so transient a glare. And were I fond of compliments, it would not, perhaps, be the way to be pleased, in that respect, if I were to marry.

Compliments in the single state are a lady's due, whether courted or not; and she receives them, or ought always to receive them as such: but in courtship they are poured out upon one like a hasty shower, that one knows will soon be over.—A mighty comfortable consideration this, to a lady who *loves to be complimented!*—Instead of the refreshing April-like showers, which beautify the sunshine, she shall stand a deluge of complaisance, be wet to the skin with it; and then—What then?—Why, be in a Libyan desert ever after;—experience a constant parching drought, and all her attributed excellencies will be swallowed up in the quicksands of matrimony.

It may be otherwise with you; and it *must* be otherwise; because there is such an infinite variety in your excellence.—But does Mr. B—— think it must be so in *every* matrimony?

'Tis true, he improves every hour, as I see in your kind papers, in his fine speeches to you. But it could not be Mr. B——, if he did not: your merit *extorts* it from him: and what an ungrateful, as well as absurd churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian lustre, that dazzles the eyes of every one else?

But let me observe, moreover, that you had so few of these fine speeches *beforehand*, that you have all the reason in the world to expect them *now:* and this lessens his merit a good deal, as the most he can say, is but common justice, on *full proof;* for, can the like generosity be attributed to him, as might to a gentleman who praises *on trust?*

You promise, if I will come to you, you will join with me against Mr. B—— on this subject. 'Tis very kindly offered: but when Mr. B—— is in the question, I expect very little assistance from you, be the argument what it will.

But 'tis not *my* fault I don't come. I am quite tired with the perverse folly of this Nancy of ours. She every day behaves *more* like a fool to Mr. Murray, and *less* like a sister to me, and takes delight to tease and vex me, by all the little ways in her power. And then surliness and ill-temper are so natural to her, that I, who can but throw out a spiteful word, by way of flourish, as I may say, and 'tis over, and I am sorry for it as soon as spoken, am no match for her:—For she *perseveres* so intolerably, and comes back to the attack, though never so often repulsed, rising like *Anteus*, with fresh vigour for every fall, or like the *Lernæan Hydra*, which had a new head sprouting up, as fast as any one of the seven was lopt off, that there is no bearing her. Wedlock, in fine, must be her Hercules, and will furnish me, I doubt, with a revenge I wish not for.

But let me thank you for your delightful narratives, and beg you to continue them. I told you how your Saturday's conversation with Lady Davers, and your Sunday employments, charmed us all: so regular, and so easy to be performed!—That's the delightful thing!—

What every body may do.—And yet so beautiful, so laudable, so uncommon in the practice; especially among people in genteel life.

Your conversation and decision in relation to the two parsons (more than charm) transport us. Mr. B——, let me tell you, judges right, and acts a charming part, to throw such a fine game into your hands. And so excellently do you play it, that you do as much credit to your partner's judgment as to your own. Never, surely, was so happy a couple!

He has a prodigious merit *with* me, I can tell him, though he thinks not so well *of* me as I would have him. To *see*, to *praise*, and to *reward* a virtue, is *next* to having it *one's self:* and, in time, he will make as good a *man* (these fine appearances encourage one to hope so) as he is a *husband.*

Your notions of dispensations, and double livings, are admirably just. Mr. Williams is more my favourite than ever.—And the amply rewarded Mr. Adams, how did that scene affect us!

Again, and again, I say, (for what can I say else, or more—since I can't find words to speak all I think?) you're a charming lady!—Yet, methinks, poor Mr. H—— makes but a sorry figure among you.

We are delighted with Lady Davers: but still more, if possible, with the countess; she is a fine lady, as you have drawn her: but your characters, though truth and nature, are the most shocking, or the most amiable, that ever I read.

We are full of impatience to hear of the arrival of Sir Jacob Swynford. We know his character pretty well: but when he has sat for it to your pencil, it must be an original indeed.

I will have another trial with my papa, to move him to let me attend you. I am rallying my forces for that purpose: I have got my mamma on my side again; who is concerned to see her girl vexed and insulted by her younger sister; and who yet minds no more what *she* says to her, than what I say; and Sir Simon loves at his heart to make mischief between us, instead of interposing to silence either: and, truly, I am afraid, the delight of this kind, which he takes, will make him deny his Polly what she so ardently wishes for.

I had a good mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three days, to give it the better appearance: But then my mamma, who loves not deceit, would blame me, if she knew my stratagem; and be grieved, if she thought I was really ill. I know, fasting, when one has a stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortified air.

What would I not do, in short, to procure to myself the inexpressible pleasure that I should have in your company and conversation! But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be *next best*. I am

Your most obliged and obedient

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

MY DEAREST MRS. B——,

I AM all over joy and rapture. My good papa has given me leave to tell you, that he will put his Polly under your

protection, when you go to London. If you have but a *tenth part* of the pleasure I have on this occasion, I am sure I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it, he says, that Mr. B—— signs some acknowledgment, which I am to carry along with *me*, that I am intrusted to his honour and yours, and to be returned to him *heart-whole* and *dutiful*, and with a reputation as unsullied as he receives me.

But do, dearest Mrs. B——, continue your Journals till then; for I have promised to take them up where you leave off, to divert our friends in these parts. There will be presumption! But yet I will write nothing but what I will shew you, and have your consent to send: For I was taught early not to tell tales out of school; and a school, the best I ever went to, will be your charming conversation.

We have been greatly diverted with the trick put upon that *barbarian* Sir Jacob. His obstinacy, repentance, and amendment, followed so irresistibly in one half hour, from the happy thought of the excellent lady countess, that I think no plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a lucky mine in a siege, that blew up twenty times more than was expected from it, and answered all the besiegers' ends at once.

Mr. B——'s defence of his own conduct towards you, is quite noble: and he judges with his usual generosity and good sense, when, by adding to your honour, he knows he enhances his own. Mr. Pitt's fine diamond met with a world of admirers; but all turned upon this reflection, What a happy man is Mr. Pitt, who can call such a jewel his own!—How greatly do you excel this diamond! and how much does Mr. B—— outdo Mr. Pitt!—who has contributed to give so rich a jewel a polish so admirable;

and then has set it in so noble a light, as makes its beauty conspicuous to every eye!

You bid me skim over your writings lightly; but 'tis impossible. I will not flatter you, my dear Mrs. B——, nor will I be suspected to do so; and yet I cannot find words to praise, so much as I think you deserve: So I will only say, that your good parents, for whose pleasure you write, as well as for mine, cannot receive or read them with more delight than I do.—Even my sister Nancy (judge of their effect by this!) will at any time leave Mr. Murray, and forget to frown or be ill-natured, while she can hear read what you write—And, angry as she makes me sometimes, I cannot deny her this pleasure, because possibly, among the innumerable improving reflections they abound with, some one may possibly dart in upon her, and illuminate her, as your conversation and behaviour did Sir Jacob.

But your application in P. S. to my papa pleased him, and confirmed his resolution to let me go—He snatched the sheet that contained this: That's to me! said he:—I must read this myself. He did—and said—I'faith she's a sweet one!—*Do, dear good Sir Simon,* repeated he aloud, *let Miss Polly add to our delights!*—So she shall then; if that will do it!—And yet this same Mrs. B—— has so many delights already, that I should think she might be contented. But, Dame Darnford, I think I'll let her go. These sisters then, you'll see how they'll love at a distance, though always quarrelling when together. He read on—*The new affair will divert you—Lady Darnford has consented—Miss is willing; and her sister can spare her*—Very prettily put, faith—*And don't you be so cross*—Very sweet!—*to deny me!*

Why, dear Mrs. B——, I won't be so cross then; indeed I won't!—And so, Polly, let 'em send word when they set out for London, and you shall join 'em there with all my heart: But I'll have a letter every post, remember that, girl.

Any thing, any thing, dear papa, said I; so I can but go! He called for a kiss, for his compliance. I gave it most willingly, you may believe.

Nancy looked envious, although Mr. Murray came in just then.—She looked almost like a great glutton, whom I remember, one Sir Jonathan Smith, who killed himself with eating: He used, while he was heaping up his plate from one dish, to watch the others, and follow the knife of every body else, with such a greedy eye, as if he could swear a robbery against any one who presumed to eat as well as he. This is a gross simile: But all greedy and envious folks look alike about the eyes; and, thinking of Nancy on this occasion, (who envied a happiness she knew I preferred to that she has in prospect,) I could not but call to mind Sir Jonathan at the same time.

Well, let's know when you set out, and you shan't have been a week in London, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my tongue, as now by my pen, how much I am

Your obliged admirer and friend,

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XXXVII.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NOW proceed with my Journal, which I had brought down to Thursday night.

Friday.

THE two ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my *benevolent round*, (as they, after we returned, would call it,) which I generally take once a week, among my poor and sick neighbours; and finding I could not get off, I set out with them, my lady countess proposing Mrs. Worden to fill up the fourth place in the coach.

We talked all the way of charity, and the excellency of that duty; and my Lady Davers took notice of the text, that it would hide a *multitude of faults*. And if, she was pleased to say, there was to be any truth in the popish doctrine of supererogation, what abundance of *such* merits would arise from the life and actions of our dear friend here! kindly looking at me.

I said, That when we had the pleasure to reflect that we served a master, who exacted no hard terms from us, but in every case almost that could be thought of, only required of us to do justice, and shew mercy, to one another, and gave us reason to think he would judge us by those rules, it must be a mighty inducement to acts of charity and benevolence. But indeed, added I, were there not that inducement, the pleasure that attends such acts, is a high reward; and I am sure the ladies I have the honour to speak to, must have found it in an hundred instances.

The countess said, she had once a much better opinion of herself, than she found she had reason for, within these *few days* past: And, indeed, Mrs. B——, said she, when I get home, I shall make a good many people the better for your example. And so said Lady Davers; which gave me no small inward pleasure: and I acknowledged, in suitable terms, the honour they both did me.

The coach set us down by the side of a large common, about five miles distant from our house; and we alighted, and walked a little way, choosing not to have the coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little notice of as possible; and they entered with me into two mean cots with great condescension and goodness; one belonging to a poor widow, and five children, who had been all down in agues and fevers; the other to a man and his wife bed-rid with age and infirmities, and two honest daughters, one a widow with two children, the other married to an husbandman, who had also been ill, but now, by comfortable cordials, and good physic, were pretty well, to what they had been.

The two ladies were well pleased with my demeanour to the good folks: to whom I said, That, as I should go soon to London, I was willing to see them before I went, to wish them better and better, and to tell them, that I should leave orders with Mrs. Jervis concerning them, to whom they must make known their wants; and that Mr. Barrow would take care of 'em, I was sure; and do all that was in the power of physic for the restoration of their healths.

Now you must know, miss, that I am not so good as the old ladies of former days, who used to distil cordial waters, and prepare medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I were so inclined, my dear Mr. B—— would not have been pleased with it, because, in the approbation he has kindly given to my present method, he has twice or thrice praised me, that I don't carry my charity to extremes, and make his house a dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the opportunity of doing any good at all in these respects; and, besides, as the vulgar saying is, One must creep before one goes. But this is my method:

I am upon an agreement with this Mr. Barrow, who is deemed a very skilful and honest apothecary, and one Mr. Simmonds, a surgeon of like character, to attend all such cases and persons as I shall recommend; Mr. Barrow to administer physic and cordials, as he shall judge proper; and even, in necessary cases, to call in a physician. And now and then by looking in upon them one's self, or sending a servant to ask questions, all is kept right.

Besides, one can take this method without the ostentation, as some would deem it, which would attend the having one's dear friend's gate always crowded with unhappy objects, and with some who deserve no countenance, perhaps, and yet would possibly be the most clamorous: And then one does not subject the poor neither to the insolence of servants, who sometimes in one's absence, might, were they some servants, shew, that they were far from being influenced by the same motives as their principals: Besides, the advantage the poor have from the skill and experience which constant practice gives to the gentlemen I employ; and with whom I agree but by the quarter, because, if there were a just foundation of complaint, for negligence, or hardness of heart, I would not be tied down from changing; for, in such cases, in a crisis, the poor people depending on the assistance of those gentlemen, might look no farther, and so my good intentions might not only be frustrated, but do harm.

My Lady Davers observed a Bible, a Common Prayer Book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each cot, in leathern outside cases, to keep them clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the children; and was pleased to say, it was right: And her ladyship asked one of the children, a pretty girl, who learnt her her catechism? And she courtesied, and looked at me; for I *do* ask the children ques-

tions, when I come, to know how they improve. 'Tis as I thought, said my lady; my sister provides for both parts. God bless you, my dear! said she, and tapped my neck.

My ladies left tokens of their bounty behind them to both families; and all the good folks blessed and prayed for us, at parting: And, as we went out, my Lady Davers, with a serious air, was pleased to say to me, Take care of your health, my dear sister; and God give you, when it comes, a happy hour; for how many real mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the fruits of your piety!

God's will must be done, my lady, said I. The same Providence that has so wonderfully put it in my power to do a little good, will raise up new friends to the honest hearts that rely upon him.

This I said, because some of the good people heard my lady, and seemed troubled, and began to redouble their prayers for my safety and preservation.

We walked thence to our coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two farmers' families, about a mile distant from each other. One had the mother of the family, with two sons, just recovering, the former from a fever, the latter from tertian agues; and I asked, When they saw Mr. Barrow? They told me, with great commendations of him, that he had but just left them. So having congratulated their hopeful way, and wished them to take care of themselves, and not go too early to business, I said, I should desire Mr. Barrow to watch over them, for fear of a relapse, and should hardly see 'em again for some time; and so, under the notion of my foy, I slid a couple of guineas into the good woman's hand: For I had had an hint given me by Mrs. Jervis, that their illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other farm, where the case was a married daughter, who had had a very dangerous lying-in, and a wicked husband, who had abused her, and run away from her: But she was mending apace, by good comfortable things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent her. Her old father had been a little unkind to her, before I took notice of her; for she married against his consent; and indeed the world went hard with the poor man, and he could not do much; and, besides, he had a younger daughter, who had lost all her limbs, and was forced to be tied in a wicker chair, to keep her up in it; which (having expended much to relieve her) was a great *pull-back*, as the good old woman called it. And having been a year in arrear to a harsh landlord, who, finding a good stock upon the ground, threatened to distress the poor family, and turn them out of all, I advanced the money upon the stock; and the poor man has already paid me half of it; (for, miss, I must keep within compass too;) which was fifty pounds at first; and is in a fair way to pay me the other half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. Barrow, and he gave me an account of the success of two other cases I had recommended to him; and told me, that John Smith, a poor man, who, in thatching a barn, had tumbled down, and broken his leg, and bruised himself all over, was in a fair way of recovery.

This poor creature had like to have perished by the cruelty of the parish officers, who would have passed him away to Essex, where his settlement was, though in a burning fever, occasioned by his misfortune: but hearing of the case, I directed Mr. Simmonds to attend him, and provide for him, at my expense; and gave my word, if he died, to bury him.

I was glad to hear he was in so good a way; and told Mr. Barrow, I hoped to see him and Mr. Simmonds together at Mr. B——'s, before I set out for London, that we might advise about the cases under their direction, and that I might acquit myself of some of my obligations to them.

You are a good man, Mr. Barrow, added I: God will bless you for your care and kindness to these poor destitute creatures. They all praise you, and do nothing but talk of your humanity to them.

O my good lady! said he, who can forbear following such an example as you set? Mr. Simmonds can testify as well as I, (for now and then a case requires us to visit together,) that we can hardly hear any complaints from our poor patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the praises and blessings they bestow upon you.

It is good Mr. B—— that enables and encourages me to do what I do. Tell them, they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr. Simmonds: We all join together, you know, for their good.

The countess and Lady Davers asked the poor lying-in woman many questions, and left with her, and for her poor sister, a miserable object indeed!—(God be praised, that I am not such an one!)—marks of their bounty in gold, but I saw not how much; and looking upon one another, and then upon me, and lifting up their hands, could not say a word, till they were in the coach: And so we were carried home, after we had just looked in upon a country school, where I pay for the learning of eight children.

And here (—I hope I recite not this with pride, though I do with pleasure) is a cursory account of my *benevolent weekly round*, as my ladies will call it.

I know you will not be displeased with it; but it will highly delight my worthy parents, who, in their way, do a great deal of discreet good in their neighbourhood: For, indeed, miss, a little matter, *prudently* bestowed, and on true objects of compassion, (whose cases are soon at a crisis, as are those of most labouring people,) will go a great way, and especially if laid out properly for 'em, according to the exigencies of their respective cases.—For such poor people, who live generally low, want very seldom any thing but reviving cordials at first, and good wholesome kitchen physic afterwards; and then the wheels of nature being unclogged, new oiled, as it were, and set right, they will go round again with pleasantness and ease, for a good while together, by virtue of that exercise which their labour gives them; while the rich and voluptuous are forced to undergo great fatigues to keep theirs clean and in order.

This is well remarked in a manuscript poem in Mr. B——'s possession, written in answer to a friend, who recommended a poor man of genius to the favour of the author, in order to induce the benevolent gentleman to lift him into a higher life than that to which he was born; and as I am sure you will be pleased with the lines, I will transcribe them for your entertainment.

Warmly, once more, this rustic's cause you press,
Whom genius dignifies, amidst distress:
All, that you wish, my friendship renders dear,
And weeping industry demands a tear.
Ease we his pangs,—but let the means be weighed;
Lest anguish meet him, in the form of aid.
—Where'er kind help can want's bleak waste repair,
Whate'er touch'd pity owes to chill despair,
That shall be his.—For he who claims your grief,
To mine brings title, that commands relief.

Premising this, permit me to maintain,
That wishing happiness, you purpose pain:
What, tho' he sweats along the scorching soil,
Till every aching sinew burns with toil?
Health, and contempt of spleen—and sleep's soft call—
And unobstructed spirits—balance all.

Nor let fatigue, like his, presume complaint,
Where exercise, of choice, out-works constraint.
What length'ning furrow, turn'd with tott'ring fall,
Heats like the racket when it hunts the ball?
What lab'rer toils like him, o'er hill or dale,
Whose triumph is the fox's ear or tail?
All un-inured to bear—in life's weak dawn,
Boy-sportsmen tire and shame those sons of brawn.

'But, shall a fire, like his, want room to flame?
And what is peace, to one who pants for fame?'

Bless'd in his low-born quiet, would he dare
Adopt distinction, to induce despair?
Would he, for envy, give up safe neglect?
And hazard calumny, to gain respect?
Blow up ambition's storm, to blast his race?
And scorn obscurity, to court disgrace?

True he is poor,—and so are kings no less:
They want, whate'er they wish, and not possess:
While swains, who scorn to feel by others' sense,
Are rich in their own right, of competence.
Bread, and self-satisfied, is wealth, within;
Nor call that gain—which wisdom shuns to win.

From what proud root could this vain error grow,
That poverty is want? and rest is woe?
Weigh—but let reason hold th' impartial scale,
When peace is purpos'd, what does rank avail?
Is it, to live in noise, that makes us bless'd?
Is it, to hear our flatter'd faults caress'd?

Is it, in idle ease to yawn untaught,
And, fatt'ning folly, pine the famish'd thought?
True happiness, disdaining all extreme,
Is measur'd continence—and reas'ning phlegm.
This if your rustic knows, confess him great,
Beyond the proudest slave, that guides a state.
This if he knows not, should he empire gain,
'Twere sharpen'd appetite, for strengthen'd pain.

'But wit like his, you say, by nature grac'd,
To charm in cities, is in shades misplac'd.'

Shines he so bright, within his rural sphere?
There let him still shine out—and still shine clear!
Superior genius, there, may gain him weight
To polish rudeness, civilize debate,
Warn the too easy heart, excite the cold,
Impel the backward, and repulse the bold;
Compose small jars, ere bitterness increase;
And smile the factious cottage into peace:
Wipe out each spot that fades the flow'ry plains,
And reign, pacific father of the swains.

Remote from cities, peaceful nature dwells;
There, exil'd justice sits, in silent cells,
There truth, in naked plainness, dares be seen:
There, pride provokes no envy,—shame no spleen,
There, unsupported worth can reverence draw;
And probity disdains the help of law;
There, maids no caution need!—for man is just:
There, love is tenderness, and friendship trust.
There, infelt flushes tinge the conscious heart;
And modest semblance is not, yet, an art.

How weak a judge, dear friend, is human pride;
To loathe known good, and long for ills untried!
Stretching our greedy eye to distant height,
The bless, beneath us, lies too low for sight;
Impatient thirst of pow'r but little thinks
What troubled waters fev'rish greatness drinks:

Nor dreams distrustless vanity, what cares,
What weights, what torments, rash distinction bears,
Hence, fears no awkward actor to sustain
His part of danger, in those scenes of pain:
Yet, out of character, mistakes his cue,
And hiss'd unheard, bawls on—and blunders through.

Or, grant him safe, behind some guardian skreen,
Some patron's transient int'rest push'd between;
Grant, that his suppliant soul can sense destroy,
Can bear dependence, with unfeeling joy:
Yet comes a time, when all his props decay,
And each dishonour'd ruin drops away.
Then the bleak tott'rer shakes, in every blast;
Dreads the dim future; wishes for the past:
Finds his first loss; and, with corrected view,
Envies the humble cot, from which he flew.

And yet, perhaps, 'twas Heav'n's commission'd plan,
That passion's restless whirl should actuate man;
That pride, by envy plagu'd, should pity know;
And wealth and joy, take birth from want and woe.
Were hush'd content to stop the busy swing,
The stagnant virtues all might lose their spring:
One tideless lake of life ingulf mankind:
And the still mass corrupt—for want of wind.

Th' Almighty, then,—who sees beyond our sense,
Did various parts, for various minds, dispense.
The meanest slave, who lives to hedge and ditch,
Is useful, in his rank, to feed the rich.
The rich, in retribution, wastes his store,
And streams refreshful floods, to float the poor;
Nor let the peer the peasant's lot disdain;
Each link, howe'er remote, connects the chain;
Both but two diff'rent marks, in one great view,
Extend God's landscape, and adorn it too:
And both, without distinction,—king and slave,
At last lie level'd, in the silent grave.

This known, your choice directs my ready will.
Say,—Shall your rustic be a rustic still?
With ease augmented, hold his safe degree?
Live, and grow old, in pangless poverty?
Or, shall he tread the world's great wild of hope?
Despise his danger—and enlarge his scope?—

Choose for his wish whate'er his virtues claim:
And tax *my* fortune—or restrain *his* aim.

I don't remember ever to have read any thing of this subject placed in these natural, easy, and, I therefore think, uncommon lights, and believe you'll allow them to be right lights: For there are certainly no cases in the world that require more judgment and distinction than charitable ones. And except a casual distress among those who make a trade of begging, such persons (especially if I see them often and so much in the same place, as if they were as tenacious of their stand as others of their freehold,) move not my compassion or notice. They cannot be lower in spirit, nor (being frequently brought up to it) do they often wish to be higher in calling, or to change their idle state for a laborious one: But the poor industrious souls, who are reduced by sickness or misfortune, or even mistake, not wilful or persisted in, who sigh in secret, and cannot make known what they suffer; such unhappy objects are worthy of one's *pains* to find out, and relieve.

Saturday morning.

It is hardly right to trouble either of you, my honoured correspondents, with an affair that has vexed me a good deal, and indeed *should* affect me more than any other mistress of a family, for reasons which will be obvious to you, when I tell you the case. And this (it is so at present with me) I cannot forbear doing.

A pretty genteel young body, my Polly Barlow, as I call her, having been well recommended, and indeed behaved with great prudence till this time, is the occasion.

My dear Mr. B—— and the two ladies agreed with me to take a little airing in the coach, and to call in upon Mr. Martin, who had a present made him for his menagerie, in which he takes great delight, of a rare and uncommon creature, a native of the East Indies. But just as Sir Jacob was on horseback to accompany them, and the ladies were ready to go, I was taken with a sudden disorder and faintishness; so that Lady Davers, who is very tender of me, and watches every change of my countenance, would not let me go with them, though my disorder was going off, and my dear Mr. B—— was pleased to excuse me; and just meeting with Mr. Williams as they went to the coach, they took him with them, to fill up the vacant place. So I retired to my closet, and shut myself in.

They had asked Mr. H—— to go with them, for company to Sir Jacob; but he (on purpose, as I believe, by what followed) could not be found, when they set out: So they supposed he was upon some ramble with Mr. Colbrand his great favourite.

I was writing to you, being pretty well recovered, when I heard Polly, as I supposed, and as it proved, come into my apartment; and down she sat, and sung a little catch, and cried hem! twice; and presently I heard two voices. But suspecting nothing, I wrote on, till I heard a kind of rustling and struggling, and Polly's voice crying, Fie!—How can you do so!—Pray, sir.

This alarmed me much, because we have such orderly folks about us; and I looked through the key-hole, and, to my surprise and concern, saw Mr. H——, foolish gentle-

man!—taking liberties with Polly, that neither became him to offer, nor, more foolish girl! her to suffer. And having reason to think, that this was not their first interview and freedom—and the girl sometimes encouragingly laughing, as, at other times, inconsistently struggling and complaining, in an accent that was too tender for the occasion, I forced a faint cough. This frightened them both: Mr. H—— swore, and said, Who can that be?—Your lady's gone with them, i'n't she?

I believe so! I hope so! said the silly girl—Yet that was like her voice!—Me'm, are you in your closet, me'm?—said she, coming up to the door, Mr. H—— standing like a poor thief, half behind the window curtains, till he knew whether it was I.

I opened the door; away sneaked Mr. H——, and she leaped with surprise, not hoping to find me there, though she asked the question.

I thought—Indeed—Me'm—I thought you were gone out.

It is plain you did, Polly—Go and shut the chamber-door, and come to me again.

She did, but trembled, and was so full of confusion, that I pitied the poor creature, and hardly knew how to speak to her, or what to say.—For my compassion got the upper hand of my resentment; and as she stood quaking and trembling, and looking on the ground, with a countenance I cannot describe, I now and then cast my eye upon her, and was as often forced to put my handkerchief to it.

At last I said, How long have these freedoms passed, Polly, between you and Mr. H——?

She said never a word.

I am loath to be censorious, Polly: but 'tis too plain, that Mr. H—— would not have followed you into my chamber if he had not met you at other places before.

Still the poor girl said never a word.

Little did I expect, Polly, that you would have shewn so much imprudence. You have had instances of the vile arts of men against poor maidens: Have you any notion, that Mr. H—— intends to do honourably by you?

Me'm—Me'm—I believe—I hope—I dare say Mr. H—— would not do otherwise.

So much the worse, that you believe so, if you have not very good reason for your belief.—Does he pretend he will marry you, Polly?

She was silent.

Tell me, Polly, if he does?

He says, he will do honourably by me.

But you know there is but one word necessary to explain that other precious word *honour*, in this case. It is *matrimony*. That word is as soon spoken as any other; and if he *means* it, he will not be shy to *speak* it.

She was silent.

Tell me, Polly, (for I am really greatly concerned for you,) what you think *yourself:* Do you *hope* he will marry you?

She was silent.

Do, good Polly, I hope I may call you *good* yet!—answer me.

Pray, madam! and she wept, and turned from me, to the wainscot—Pray, madam, excuse me.

But, indeed, Polly, I cannot *excuse* you. You are under my protection. I was once in as dangerous a situation as

you *can* be in. And I did not escape it, child, by the language and conduct I heard from you.

Language and conduct, me'm!

Yes, Polly, language and conduct. For you have heard my story, no doubt: All the world has. And do you think, if I had sat me down in my lady's bed-chamber, and sung a song, and hem'd twice, and Mr. B—— had come to me, upon that signal, (for such I doubt it was,) and I had kept my place, and suffered myself to be rumpled, and only, in a soft voice, and with an encouraging laugh, cried, How can you do so? that I should have been what I am?

Me'm, I dare say my lord (so all the servants call him, and his aunt often, when she puts Jackey to it) means me no hurt.

No hurt, Polly! What, and make you cry *fie!*—Or do you intend to trust your honour to his mercy, rather than to your own discretion?

I hope not, me'm!

I hope not too, Polly!—But you know he was free enough with you, to make you say, *fie!*—And what might have been the case, who knows? had I not coughed on purpose; unwilling, for your sake, Polly, to find matters so bad as I feared, and that you would have been led beyond what was reputable.

Reputable, me'm!

Yes, Polly, reputable: I am sorry you oblige me to speak so plain. But your good requires it. Instead of flying from him, you not only laughed all the time you cried out, *Fie!* and *How can you do so?* but had no other care than to see if any body heard you; and you observe how he slid away, like a guilty creature, as soon as I

opened my door—Do these things look well, Polly? Do you think they do?—And if you hope to emulate my good fortune, do you think *this* is the way?

I wish, me'm, I had never seen Mr. H——: For nobody will look upon me, if I lose your favour!

It will still, Polly, (and I took her hand, with a kind look,) be in your own power to keep it; and I will not mention this matter, if you make me your friend, and tell me all that has passed.

Again she wept, and was silent.

This made me more uneasy. Don't think, Polly, said I, that I would envy any other person's preferment, when I have been so much exalted myself. If Mr. H—— has talked to you of marriage, tell me.

No, me'm, I can't say he has *yet*.

Yet, Polly! Then he *never* will. For when men *do* talk of it, they don't always *mean* it: But whenever they *mean* it, how can they confirm a doubting maiden, without *mentioning* it? But, alas! alas for you, poor Polly!—The freedoms you have permitted to him, no doubt, previous to those I heard, and which would have been greater, possibly, had I not surprised you with my cough, shew too well that he *need* not make any promises to you.

Indeed, me'm—Indeed, said she, sobbing, I might be too little upon my guard; but I would not have done any ill for the world.

I hope you would not, Polly: but if you suffer these freedoms, you can't tell what you'd have permitted—Tell me, do you love Mr. H——?

He is a very good-humoured gentleman, madam, and is not proud.

No, 'tis not his business to be proud, when he hopes to humble you—Humble you, indeed! beneath the lowest person of your sex, that is honest.

I hope——

You *hope!* interrupted I—You *hope* too much; and I *fear* a *great deal* for you, because you fear *so little* for yourself—But tell me, How often have you been in private together?

In private, me'm!—I don't know what your ladyship calls *private!*

Why that is *private*, Polly, when, as just now, you neither imagined nor intended any body should see you.

She was silent; and I saw, by this poor girl, how true lovers are to their secret, though, perhaps, their ruin depends upon keeping it. But it behoved *me*, on more accounts than it would any body else, as I hinted before, to examine this matter narrowly; because, if Mr. H—— should marry her, it would have been laid upon Mr. B——'s example.—And if Polly should be ruined, it would be a sad thing; and people would have said, Ay, she could take care enough of herself; but none at all of her servant: *Her* waiting-maid had a much more remiss mistress than Pamela found, or the matter would not have been thus.

Well, Polly, I see, continued I, that you will not speak out to me. You may have *several* reasons for it, possibly, though not *one* good one. But as soon as Lady Davers comes in, who has a great concern in this matter, as well as Lord Davers, and are answerable to Lord H——, in a matter of so much importance as this, I will leave it to her ladyship's consideration, and shall no more concern myself to ask you questions about it—For then I must

take her ladyship's directions, and part with you, to be sure.

The poor girl, frightened at this, (for every body fears Lady Davers,) wrung her hands, and begged, for God's sake, I would not acquaint Lady Davers with it.

But how can I help it?—Must I not connive at your proceedings, if I do not? You are no fool, Polly, in other cases. Tell me, how is it possible for me, in my situation, to avoid it?

I will tell your ladyship the whole truth; indeed I will —if you will not tell Lady Davers. I am ready to sink at the thoughts of Lady Davers's knowing any thing of this.

This looked sadly. I pitied her, but yet was angry in my mind; for I saw too plainly that her conduct could not bear a scrutiny, not even in *her own* opinion, poor creature!

I said, Make me acquainted with the whole.

Will your ladyship promise——

I'll promise nothing, Polly.—When I have heard all you think proper to say, I will do what befits me to do; but with as much tenderness as I can for you—and that's all you ought to expect me to promise.

Why then, madam—But how can I speak it?—I can speak sooner to any body, than to Lady Davers and you, madam—For her ladyship's passion, and your ladyship's virtue—How shall I?—And then she threw herself at my feet, and hid her face with her apron.

I was in agonies for her almost; I wept over her; I raised her up, and said, Tell me all—You cannot tell me worse than I apprehend; nor, I hope, so bad! O, Polly, tell me soon—For you give me great pain——

And my back, with grief and compassion for the poor girl, was ready to open, as it seemed to me—In my former distresses I have been overcome by fainting next to death, and was deprived of sense for some moments—But else I imagine I must have felt some such affecting sensations, as the unhappy girl's case gave me.

Then, madam, I own, said she, I have been too faulty.

As how!—As what!—In what way!—How faulty?—asked I, as quick as thought: You are not ruined, are you?—Tell me, Polly?

No, madam, but——

But what?—Say, but what?

I had consented——

To what?

To his proposals, madam.

What proposals?

Why, madam, I was to *live* with Mr. H——.

I understand you too well—But is it too late to break so wretched a bargain?—Have you already made a sacrifice of your honour?

No, madam; but I have given it under my hand.

Under your *hand!*—Ah! Polly, it is well if you have not given it under your *heart* too. But what foolishness is this! What consideration has he made you?

He has given it under his hand, that he will always love me, and when his lordship's father dies, he will own me.

What foolishness is this on both sides!—But are you willing to be released from this bargain?

Indeed I am, madam, and I told him so yesterday. But, he says, he will sue me, and ruin me, if I don't stand to it.

You are ruined, if you do!—And I wish—But tell me, Polly, Are you not ruined as it is?

Indeed I am not, madam.

I doubt then you were upon the brink of it, had not this providential indisposition kept me at home—You met, I suppose, to conclude your shocking bargain.—O poor unhappy girl!—But let me see what he has given under his hand?

He has 'em both, madam, to be drawn up fair, and in a strong hand, that shall be like a record.

Could I have thought, miss, that a girl of nineteen could be so ignorant in a point so important, when in every thing else she has shewn no instances like this stupid folly?

Has he given you money?

Yes, madam, he gave me—he gave me—a note. Here it is. He says any body will give me money for it.

And this was a bank note of fifty pounds, which she pulled out of her stays.

I instantly thought of those lines of Cowley, which my dear lady several times made me read to her; though these supposed an infinitely more excusable case—*Marriage* for money.

> Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid!
> Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd!
> Thyself for money! O let no man know
> The price of beauty fall'n so low!
> What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
> When Love, that's blind, is by blind Fortune led!

The result was, he was to settle one hundred pounds a year upon her and *hers;* poor, poor girl—And was to *own* her, as he calls it, (but as wife or mistress, she stipulated not,) when his father died, and he came into the title and estate.

I told her it was impossible for me to conceal the matter from Lady Davers, if she would not, by her promises to be governed entirely by me, and to abandon all thoughts of Mr. H——, give me room to conclude, that the wicked bargain was at an end.

And to keep the poor creature in some spirits, and to enable her to look up, and to be more easy under my direction, I blamed *him* more than I did *her:* Though considering what virtue requires of a woman, and custom has made shameless in a man, I think the poor girl inexcusable, and shall not be easy while she is about me. For she is more to blame, because, of the two, she has more wit than the man.

But what can I do? thought I. If I put her away, it will be to throw her directly into his hands. He won't stay here long; and she *may* see her folly. But yet her eyes were open: she knew what she had to trust to—And by their wicked beginning, and her encouraging repulses, I doubt she would have been utterly ruined that very day.

I knew the rage Lady Davers would be in with both. So this was another difficulty. And yet, should my good intentions be frustrated, and they should conclude their vile bargain, and it appeared that I knew of it, but would not acquaint her, then should I have been more blamed than any mistress of a family, circumstanced as I am.

Upon the whole, as to the girl, I resolved to comfort her as well as I could, till I had gained her confidence, that my advice might have the more weight with her, and, by degrees, be the more likely to reclaim her: For, poor soul! there would be an end of her reputation, the most precious of all jewels, the moment the matter was known; and that would be a sad thing.

And as to the man, I thought it best to take courage (and you, that know me, will say, I must have a good deal more than usual) to talk to Mr. H—— on this subject.

And the poor body consenting I should, and, with great protestations, declaring her sorrow and repentance, begging to get her note of hand again, on which she laid a foolish stress, and desiring me to give him back his note of fifty pounds, I went down to find him.

He shunned me, as a thief would a constable at the head of a hue and cry. As I entered one place or room, he went into another, looking with conscious guilt, but yet confidently humming a tune. At last I fixed him speaking to Rachel, bidding her tell Polly, he wanted to send a message by her to her lady. By which I doubted not he was desirous to know what she had owned, in order to govern himself accordingly.

His back was towards me; and I said, Mr. H——, here I am myself, to take your commands.

He gave a caper half a yard high—Madam, I wanted—I wanted to speak to—I would have spoken with——

You wanted to send Polly to me, perhaps, Mr. H——, to ask if I would take a little walk with you in the garden.

Very true, madam!—Very true, indeed!—You have guessed the matter.—I thought it was pity, this fine day, as every body was taking an airing.——

Well then, sir, please to lead the way, and I'll attend you.

Yet I fancy, madam, the wind is a little too high for you —Won't you catch cold?

No, never fear, Mr. H——, I am not afraid of a little air.

I will attend you presently, madam: You'll be in the great gravel walk, or on the terrace—I'll wait upon you in an instant.

I had the courage to take hold of his arm, as if I had like to have slipt; for, thought I, thou shalt not see the girl, worthy friend, till I have talked to thee a little, if thou dost then—Excuse me, Mr. H——, I hope I have not hurt my foot—I must lean upon you.

Will you be pleased, madam, to have a chair? I fear you have sprained your foot.—Shall I help you to a chair?

No, no, sir, I shall walk it off, if I hold by you.

So he had no excuse to leave me, and we proceeded into the garden. But never did any thing look so silly—So like a *foolish fellow*, as his aunt calls him. He looked, if possible, half a dozen ways at once, hem'd, coughed, wriggled about, turned his head behind him every now and then, and started half a dozen silly subjects, in hopes to hinder me from speaking.

I appeared, I believe, under some concern how to begin with him; for he would have it I was not very well, and begged he might step in one minute to desire Mrs. Jervis to attend me.

So I resolved to begin with him; lest I should lose the opportunity, seeing my eel so very slippery: And placing myself on the seat, at the upper end of the gravel walk, I asked him to sit down. He declined it, and would wait upon me presently, he said, and seemed going. So I began—It is easy for me, Mr. H——, to penetrate the reason why you are so willing to leave me: but 'tis for your *own* sake, that I desire you to hear me, that no mischief may ensue among friends and relations, on an occasion to which you are no stranger.

Laud, madam! what can you mean?—Surely, madam, you don't think amiss of a little innocent liberty or so!

Mr. H——, replied I, I want not any evidence of your inhospitable designs upon a poor unwary young creature, whom your birth and quality have found it too easy a task to influence.

Inhospitable designs, madam!—A harsh word, by Gad! —You very nice ladies cannot admit of the least freedom in the world!—Why, madam, I have kissed a lady's woman before now, in a civil way or so, and never was called to an account for it, as a breach of hospitality.

'Tis not for me, Mr. H——, to proceed to *very nice* particulars with a gentleman who can act as you have done, by a poor girl, that could not have had the assurance to look up to a man of your quality, had you not levelled all distinction between you, in order to level the weak creature to the common dirt of the highway. I must tell you, that the poor girl heartily repents of her folly; and, to shew you that it signifies nothing to deny it, she begs you will give her back the note of her hand you have extorted from her foolishness; and I hope you'll be so much of a gentleman, as not to keep in your power such a testimony of the weakness of any of the sex.

Has she told you that, madam?—Why, may be—indeed —I can't but say—Truly it mayn't look so well to you, madam: But young folks will have frolics—It was nothing but a frolic—Let me *be hanged*, if it was!

Be pleased then, sir, to give up her note to me, to return to her—Reputation should not be frolicked with, sir; especially that of a poor girl, who has nothing else to depend upon.

I'll give it to her myself, if you please, madam, and laugh at her into the bargain. Why, 'tis comical enough,

if the little pug thought I was in earnest. I must have a laugh or two at her, madam, when I give it her up.

Since 'tis but a frolick, Mr. H——, you won't take it amiss, that when we are set down to supper, we call Polly in, and demand a sight of her note, and that will make every one merry as well as you.

Not so, madam, that mayn't be so well neither!—For, perhaps, they will be apt to think it is in earnest; when, as I hope to live, 'tis but a jest: Nothing in the world else, upon honour!

I put on then a still more serious air—As you *hope to live,* say you, Mr. H——? and *upon your honour?*—How fear you not an instant punishment for this appeal!—And what is the *honour* you swear by?—Take that, and answer me, sir; Do gentlemen give away bank-notes for *frolicks,* and for *mere jests,* and *nothing in the world* else?—I am sorry to be obliged to deal thus with you. But I thought I was talking to a gentleman who would not forfeit his veracity; and that in so solemn an instance as this!

He looked like a man thunderstruck. His face was distorted, and his head seemed to turn about upon his neck, like a weathercock in a hurricane, to all points of the compass; his hands clenched as in a passion, and yet shame and confusion struggling in every limb and feature.

At last he said, I am confoundedly betrayed. But if I am exposed to my uncle and aunt, (for the wretch thought of nobody but himself,) I am undone, and shall never be able to look them in the face. 'Tis true, I had a design upon her; and since she has betrayed me, I think I may say, that she was as willing, almost, as I.

Ungenerous, contemptible wretch! thought I.—But such of our sex as can thus give up their virtue, ought to expect no better: for he that sticks not at *one* bad action, will not

scruple *another*, to vindicate himself: and so, devil-like, become the tempter, and the accuser too!

But if you will be so good, said he, with hands uplifted, as to take no notice of this to my uncle, and especially to my aunt and Mr. B——, I swear to you, I never will think of her as long as I live.

And you'll bind this promise, will you, sir, by *your honour*, and as you *hope to live?*

Dear, good madam, forgive me, I beseech you; don't be so severe upon me. By all that's——

Don't swear, Mr. H——: but, as an earnest that I may believe you, give me back the girl's foolish note, that though 'tis of no signification, she may not have *that* to witness to her folly.

He took out his pocket-book: There it is, madam!—And I beg you'll forgive this attempt. I see I ought not to have made it. I doubt it was a breach of the laws of hospitality, as you say. But to make it known, will only expose me, and it can do no good; and Mr. B—— will perhaps resent it, and my aunt will never let me hear the last of it, nor my uncle neither—And I shall be sent to travel again—And (added the poor creature) I was once in a storm, and the crossing the sea again would be death to me.

What a wretch art thou! thought I.—What could such an one as thou find to say to a poor creature, that, if put in the scale against considerations of virtue, should make the latter kick the beam?—Poor, poor Polly Barlow! thou art sunk indeed! Too low for excuse, and almost beneath pity!

I told him, If I could observe, that nothing passed between them, that should lay me under a necessity of revealing the matter, I should not be forward to expose him,

nor the maiden neither: but that he must, in his own judgment, excuse me, if I made every body acquainted with it, if I were to see the correspondence between them likely to be renewed or carried on: for, added I, in that case, I should owe it to myself, to Mr. B——, to Lord and Lady Davers, and to you, and the unhappy body too, to do so.

He would needs drop down on one knee to promise this; and, with a thousand acknowledgments, left me, to find Mr. Colbrand, in order to ride to meet the coach on its return.

I went in, and gave the foolish note to the silly girl, which she received eagerly, and immediately burnt: and I told her, I would not suffer her to come near me but as little as possible, when I was in company, while Mr. H—— staid; but consigned her entirely to the care of Mrs. Jervis, to whom only, I said, I would hint the matter, as tenderly as I could: and for this, I added, I had more reasons than one; first, to give her the benefit of a good gentlewoman's advice, to which I had myself formerly been beholden, and from whom I concealed nothing: next, to keep out of Mr. H——'s way: and, lastly, that I might have an opportunity, from Mrs. Jervis's opinion, to judge of the sincerity of her repentance: for, Polly, said I, you must imagine, so regular and uniform as all our family is, and so good as I thought all the people about me were, that I could not suspect, that she, the duties of whose place made her nearest to my person, was the farthest from what I wished.

I have set this matter so strongly before her, and Mrs. Jervis has so well seconded me, that I hope the best: for the grief the poor creature carries in her looks, and expresses in her words, cannot be described; frequently accusing herself, with tears, saying often to Mrs. Jervis, She

is not worthy to stand in the presence of a mistress, whose example she has made so bad an use of, and whose lessons she had so ill followed.

I am sadly troubled at this matter, however; but I take great comfort in reflecting, that my sudden indisposition looked like a providential thing, which may save one poor soul, and be a seasonable warning to her as long as she lives.

Mean-time I must observe, that at supper last night, Mr. H—— looked abject, and mean, and like a poor thief, as I thought; and (conscious of his disappointed folly, though I seldom glanced my eye upon him) had less to say for himself than ever.

And once my Lady Davers laughing, said, I think, in my heart, my nephew looks more foolish every time I see him, than the last.

He stole a look at me, and blushed; and my lord said, Jackey has some grace!—He blushes! Hold up thy head, nephew!—Hast thou nothing at all to say for thyself?

Sir Jacob said, A blush becomes a young gentleman:—I never saw one before, though, in Mr. H——. What's the matter, sir?

Only, said Lady Davers, his skin or his conscience is mended, that's all.

Thank you, madam, was all he said, bowing to his aunt, and affecting a careless, yet confused air, as if he whispered a whistle.

O wretch! thought I, see what it is to have a condemning conscience! while every *innocent* person looks round, easy, smiling, and erect!——But yet it was not the shame of a bad action, I doubt, but being discovered and disappointed, that gave him this confusion of face.

What a sad thing it is for a person to be guilty of such

actions, as shall put it into the power of another, even by a look, to mortify him! And if poor souls can be thus abjectly struck at such a discovery as this, by a fellow-creature, how must they appear before an unerring and omniscient Judge, with a conscience standing in the place of a thousand witnesses! and calling in vain upon the *mountains to fall upon them*, and the *hills to cover them!*

How serious this subject makes one!

Saturday evening.

I AM just retired from a kind of fatiguing service; for who should come hither to dine with Mr. B——, but that sad rake Sir Charles Hargrave, and Mr. Walgrave, Mr. Sedley, and Mr. Floyd, three as bad as himself; inseparable companions, whose whole delight, and that avowedly, is drinking, and hunting, and lewdness; but otherwise, gentlemen of wit, and large estates. Three of them broke in upon us, at the Hall,* on the happiest day of my life, to our great regret; and they had been long threatening to make this visit, in order to see me, as they told Mr. B——.

They whipt out two bottles of champaigne instantly, for a whet, as they called it; and went to view the stud, and the kennel, and then took a walk in the garden till dinner was ready; my Lord Davers, Mr. H——, and Sir Jacob, as well as Mr. B——, (for they are all acquainted,) accompanying them.

Sir Charles, it seems, as Lord Davers told me afterwards, said, He longed to see Mrs. B——: She was the talk wherever he went, and he had conceived a high opinion of her beforehand.

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* See Vol. II. p. 178.

Lord Davers said, I defy you, gentlemen, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take mind and person together.

Mr. Floyd said, he never saw any woman yet, who came up to what he expected, where fame had been lavish in her praise.

But how, brother baronet, said Sir Charles to Sir Jacob, came *you* to be reconciled to her?—I heard that you would never own her.

Oons, man, said Sir Jacob, I was taken in—I was, by my soul!—They contrived to clap her upon me, as Lady Jenny C——, and pretended they'd keep t'other out of my sight; and I was plaguily bit, and forced to get off as well as I could.

That was a bite indeed! said Mr. Walgrave: and so you fell a praising Lady Jenny, I warrant, to the skies.

Ye—s,—by my soul; (drawling out the affirmative monosyllable;) I was used most scurvily; 'faith I was. I bear 'em a grudge for it still, I can tell 'em that; for I have hardly been able to hold up my head like a man ever since—but am forced to sneak about, and go and come, and do as they bid me. By my troth, I never was so manageable in my life.

Your Herefordshire neighbours, Sir Jacob, said Mr. Sedley, with an oath, will rejoice to hear this; for the whole county there cannot manage you.

I'm quite cow'd now, by my soul, as you will see by and by: Nay, for that matter, if you can set Mrs. B—— a talking, there's ne'er a puppy of you all will care to open your lips, except to say as she says.

Never fear, old boy, said Sir Charles, we'll bear our parts in conversation. I never saw the woman yet who could give me either awe or love for six minutes together. What

think you, Mr. B——? Have you any notion, that your lady will have so much power over us?

I think, Sir Charles, I have one of the finest women in England; but I neither expect, nor desire, you rakes should see her with my eyes.

You know, if I have a mind to love her, and make court to her too, Mr. B——, I will: and I am half in love with her already, although I have not seen her.

They came in when dinner was near ready, and the four gentlemen took each a large bumper of old hock for another whet.

The countess, Lady Davers, and I, came down together. The gentlemen knew our two noble ladies, and were known to them in person, as well as by character. Mr. B——, in his usual kind and encouraging manner, took my hand, and presented the four gentlemen to me, each by his name. Sir Charles said, pretty bluntly, That he hoped he was more welcome to me now, than the last time he was under the same roof with me; for he had been told since, that *that* was our happy day.

I said, Mr. B——'s friends were always welcome to me.

'Tis well, madam, said Mr. Sedley, we did not know how it was. We should have quartered ourselves upon Mr. B—— for a week together, and kept him up day and night.

I thought this speech deserved no answer, especially as they were gentlemen who wanted no countenance, and addressed myself to Lord Davers, who is always kindly making court to me: I hope, my good lord, you find yourself quite recovered of your headach?—(of which he complained at breakfast.)

I thank you, my dear sister, pretty well.

I was telling Sir Charles, and the other gentlemen, niece, said Sir Jacob, how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady Jenny.

It was a very lucky cheat for me, Sir Jacob; for it gave you a prepossession in my favour, under so advantageous a character, that I could never have expected otherwise.

I wish, said the countess, my daughter, for whom Sir Jacob took you, had Mrs. B——'s qualities to boast of.

How am I obliged to your ladyship's goodness, returned I, when you treat me even with greater indulgence than you use to so beloved a daughter!

Nay, now you talk of treating, said Sir Charles, When, ladies, will you treat our sex with the politeness which you shew to one another?

When your sex deserve it, Sir Charles, answered Lady Davers.

Who is to be judge of that? said Mr. Walgrave.

Not the gentlemen, I hope, replied my lady.

Well then, Mrs. B——, said Sir Charles, we bespeak your good opinion of *us;* for you have *ours*.

I am obliged to you, gentlemen; but I must be more cautious in declaring *mine*, lest it should be thought I am influenced by your kind, and perhaps too hasty, opinions of me.

Sir Charles swore they had *seen* enough of me the moment I entered the parlour, and *heard* enough the moment I opened my lips, to answer for *their* opinions of me.

I said, I made no doubt, when *they* had as good a subject to expatiate upon, as I had, in the pleasure before me, of seeing so many agreeable friends of Mr. B——'s, they would maintain the title they claimed to every one's good opinion.

This, said Sir Jacob, is binding you over, gentlemen, to your good behaviour.—You must know, my niece never shoots flying, as *you* do.

The gentlemen laughed: Is it shooting flying, Sir Jacob, returned Sir Charles, to praise that lady?

Ads-bud, I did not think of that.

O Sir Jacob, said the countess, you need not be at a fault;—for a good sportsman always hits his mark, flying or not: and the gentlemen had so fair an one, that they could not well miss it.

You are fairly helped over the stile, Sir Jacob, said Mr. Floyd.

And, indeed, I wanted it; though I limped like a puppy before I was lame. One can't think of every thing, as one used to do at your time of life, gentlemen.

This flippant stuff was all that passed, which I *can* recite; for the rest, at table, and after dinner, was too polite by half for me: such as, the quantity of wine each man could *carry off*, that was the phrase; dogs, horses, hunting, racing, cock-fighting, and all accompanied with swearing, and cursing, and that in good humour, and out of wantonness; (the least excusable and most profligate sort of swearing and cursing of all;) loud laughing, with a little touching now and then on the borders of Sir Simon's beloved subject, to try if they could make a lady shew she *understood* their hints by her *blushes*;* a certain indication, that those who seek a blush in others, are past it themselves; and, by their turning it into ridicule when they find it in their friends, that they would not for the world have it imputed to them; talking three or four at once,

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* See Vol. II. p. 110.

and as loud as if they were in the field pursuing their game, at a quarter of a mile's distance from one another.

These were the subjects, and this the entertainment, which held the ladies and me for one hour after a tedious dinner; when we retired; and glad we were to do so. The gentlemen liked the wine so well, that we had the felicity to drink tea and coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B——, (upon our inviting the gentlemen to partake with us,) sliding in for a few minutes to tell us, they would stick by what they had, and taking a dish of coffee with us.

I should not omit one observation: that Sir Jacob, when they were gone, said, They were *pure company:* and Mr. H——, That he never was so delighted in his *born days*— While the two ladies put up their prayers, that they might never have such another entertainment. And being encouraged by their declaration, I presumed to join in the same petition.

Yet, it seems, these are men of wit! I believe they must be so—because I could neither like nor understand them. —Yet, if their conversation had much wit in it, I should think my ladies would have found it out.

However, this they did find out, and agree in, that these gentlemen were of the true modern cast of libertines and fox-hunters, and, indifferently as they liked them, could not be easily outdone by any of the same stamp in England.

God defend my dear Miss Darnford, and every worthy single lady, from such a husband as a gentleman of this character would make!

I wonder really how Mr. B——, who chooses not this sort of conversation, and always (whatever faults he had besides) was a *sober* gentleman, can sit for hours so easy

and cheerful in it; and yet he never says much when they are in their high delight.

When all's done, miss, there are very unpleasant things, which persons in *genteel* life are forced to put up with, as well as those in *lower;* and were the one to be balanced with the other, the difference, as to true happiness, would not perhaps be so great, as people in the latter imagine;—if it did not turn in their favour.

The gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry, to ride ten miles by owl-light; for they would not accept of beds here. They had two French horns with them, and gave us a blast, or flourish or two, at going off. Each had a servant besides: but the way they were in would have given me more concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. B——, and less used to it. And, indeed, it is a happiness, that such gentlemen take no more care, than they generally do, to interest any body intimately in their healths and preservation; for these are all single men. Nor is the public, any more than the private, under any necessity to be much concerned about them; for let such persons go when they will, if they continue single, their next heir cannot well be a worse commonwealth's man; and there is a great chance he may be better.

You know I end my Saturdays seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford,

Your faithful and affectionate

P. B——.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

[In answer to Letters XXXV. and XXXVI.]

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I SKIP over the little transactions of several days, to let you know how much you rejoice me, in telling me* Sir Simon has been so kind as to comply with my wishes. Both your most agreeable letters came to my hand together, and I thank you a hundred times for them; and I thank your dear mamma, and Sir Simon too, for the pleasure they have given me in this obliging permission. How happy shall we be together!—But how long will you be permitted to stay, though? All the winter, I hope:—And then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for Lincolnshire: and so pass most of the summer likewise in each other's company. What a sweet thought is this! Let me indulge it a little while.

Mr. B—— read your letters, and says, You are a charming young lady, and surpass yourself in every letter. I told him, that he was more interested in the pleasure I took in this favour of Sir Simon, than he imagined. As how, my dear? said he. A plain case, sir, replied I: For endeavouring to improve myself by Miss Darnford's conversation and behaviour, I shall every day be more worthy

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* See this Vol. p. 353.

of your favour. He kindly would have it, that nobody, no, not Miss Darnford herself, excelled me.

'Tis right, you know, miss, that Mr. B—— *should* think so; though I must know nothing at all, if I was not sensible how inferior I am to my dear Miss Darnford: and yet when I look abroad now and then, I could be a proud slut, if I would, and not yield the palm to many others.—But don't let every body know how vain I am. Yet they may, too, if they take in, at the same time, the grounds of my vanity; for they must then allow, that I have no small reason to be proud, in having so happily won the favour of two such judges, as Mr. B—— and Miss Darnford; and have the good fortune, likewise, to rejoice in that of Lady Davers, and the Countess of C——.

Well, my dear miss,

Sunday

Is past and gone, as happily as the last; the two ladies, and, at *their* earnest request, Sir Jacob bearing us company, in the evening part. My Polly was there morning and evening, with her heart broken almost, poor girl!—I put her in a corner of my closet, because her concern should not be minded. Mrs. Jervis gives me great hopes of her:—And she seems to abhor the thoughts of Mr. H——. But as there proves to be so little of real love in her heart, (though even, if there had, she would have been without excuse,) is she not the wickeder by half for that, miss? To consent, and take *earnest*, as I may say, to live with a man, who did not pretend to marry her!—How inexcusable this!—What a frailty!—Yet so honestly descended, so modest in appearance, and an example so much better—forgive me to say—before her—Dear, dear, how could it be!

Sir Jacob was much pleased with our family order, and

said, 'Twas no wonder I *kept* so good myself, that was his word, and made others so; and he was of opinion, that the four rakes (for he run on, how much they admired me) would be converted, if they saw how well I passed my time, and how cheerful and easy every one, as well as myself, was under it. He said, When he came home, he thought he must take such a method himself in *his* family; for, he believed, it would make not only better masters and mistresses, but better children, and better servants too. But, poor gentleman! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in *himself*, before he can begin such a practice with efficacy in his *family*.

Monday.

In the afternoon, Sir Jacob took his leave of us, highly satisfied with us both, and *particularly*—so he said—with me; and promised that my *two cousins*, as he called his daughters, and his sister, an old maiden lady, if they went to town this winter, should visit me, and be improved by me; that was his word. Mr. B—— accompanied him some miles on his journey; and the two ladies, and Lord Davers, and I, took an airing in the coach.

Mr. B—— was so kind, as to tell me, when he came home, with a whisper, that Miss Goodwin presented her duty to me.

I have got a multitude of fine things for the dear little creature; and Mr. B—— promises to give me a dairy-house breakfast, when our guests are gone.

I enclose the history of this little charmer,* by Mr.

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* See Vol. II. p. 359, et seq.

B——'s consent, since you are to do us the honour, as he (as well as I) pleases himself, to be one of our family—But keep it to yourself, whatever you do. I am guarantee, that you will; and have put it in a separate paper, that you may burn it as soon as you have read it.—For I shall want your advice, it may be, on this subject, having a great desire to get this child into my possession; and yet Lady Davers has given me an hint,* that dwells a little with me. When I have the pleasure I hope for, I will lay all before you, and be determined and proceed, as far as I have power, by you. You, my good father and mother, have seen the story in my former papers.

Tuesday.

You must know, I pass over the days thus swiftly; not that I could not fill them up with writing, as ample as I have done the former: but intending only to give you a general idea of our way of life and conversation, and having gone through a whole week and more, you will be able, from what I have recited, to form a judgment how it is with us, one day with another.—As, for example, Now and then neighbourly visits received and paid. Needle-work between whiles. Music. Cards sometimes, though I don't love them.—One more benevolent round—Improving conversations with my dear Mr. B——, and my two good ladies—A lesson from him, when alone, either in French or Latin: a new pauper case or two—A visit from the good dean—Mr. Williams's departure, in order to put the new-projected alteration in force, which is to deprive

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* See this Vol. p. 101.

me of my chaplain—(By the way, the dean is highly pleased with this affair, and the motives to it, Mr. Adams being a favourite of his, and a distant relation of his lady)—Mr. H——'s and Polly's mutual endeavour to avoid one another.—My lessons to the poor girl, and cautions, as if she were my sister.

These, my dear Miss Darnford; these, my honoured father and mother, are the pleasant employments of our time; so far as we females are concerned: for the gentlemen hunt, ride out, and divert themselves in their way, and bring us home the news and occurrences they meet with abroad, and now and then a straggling gentleman they pick up in their diversions.—And so I shall not enlarge upon these articles, after the tedious specimens I have already given. Yet the particulars of one conversation, possibly, I may give you another time, when I have least to do, because three young ladies, relations of Lady Towers and Mrs. Arthur, were brought to visit me, for the benefit of my instructions; for that was the kind compliment of those ladies to me.

Wednesday, Thursday.

Could you ever have thought, my dear, that husbands have a dispensing power over their wives, which kings are not allowed over the laws? I have this day had a smart debate with Mr. B——, and I fear it will not be the only one upon this subject. Can you believe, that if a wife thinks a thing her duty to do, and her husband does not approve of her doing it, he can dispense with her performing it, and no sin shall lie at her door? Mr. B—— maintains this point. I have great doubts about it; particularly one; That, if a matter be my duty, and he dispenses with

my performance of it, whether, even although that were to clear *me* of the sin, it will not fall upon *himself?* And, to be sure, miss, a good wife would be as much concerned at this as if it was to remain upon *her*. Yet he seems set upon it. What can one do?—Did you ever hear of such a notion before, miss? Of such a prerogative in a husband? Would you care to subscribe to it?

This is one of Mr. B——'s particularities. He has several of them; the effects, as I take it, of his former free life. Polygamy, as I have mentioned heretofore, is another. That is a bad one indeed. Yet he is not so determined on this, as he seems to be on the other, in a certain case, that is too *nice* for me, at present, to explain to you; and so I might as well have taken no notice of it as yet—Only the argument was so present to my mind; held within this hour; and I write a journal, you know, of what passes.

But I will, some time hence, submit it, at least to *your* judgments, my father and mother. You are well read in the Scriptures, and have gone through the occasion often; and both Mr. B—— and I build our arguments on Scripture, though we are so different in our opinions. He says, the ladies are of his opinion. I'm afraid they are, and so will not ask them. But, perhaps, I mayn't live, and other things may happen; and so I'll say no more of it at present.*

Friday.

Mr. H——, and my Lord and Lady Davers, and the excellent Countess of C——, having left us this day, a good

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* For the sequel of this matter, see Vol. IV. p. 9.

deal to my regret, and, as it seemed, to their own, the former put the following letter into my hands, with an air of respect, and even reverence. You will observe in it, that he says he spells most lamentably; and this obliges me to give it you *literally*.

' DEARE GOOD MADAM,

' I CANNOTT contente myselfe with common thankes, on ' leaving youres and Mr. B——'s hospitabel house, be- ' cause of *thatt there* affaire, which I neede not mention; ' and truly am *ashamed* to mention, as I *have been* to ' looke you in the face, ever since it happen'd. I don't ' knowe *how itt came aboute*, butt I thought butt att first ' of *joking* a littel, *or soe;* and seeing Polley heard me ' with more attentiveness then I expected, I was encou- ' raged to proceede; and *soe*, now I recollecte, itt *came* ' *aboute.*

' But shee is innosent for me: And I don't know how ' *thatt* came aboute neither; for we were oute one moone ' lighte nighte together in the gardin, walking aboute, and ' afterwardes took a *napp* of two houres, as I beliefe, in ' the summer-house in the littel gardin, being over-powered ' with sleepe; for I woulde make her lay her head uppon ' my breste, till, before we were awar, wee felle asleepe ' together. Butt before thatt, we hadd agreed on whatt ' you discovered.

' Thiss is the whole truthe, and all the intimasies wee ' ever hadd, *to speake off*. But I beleefe we shoulde have ' been better acquainted, hadd you nott, luckily *for mee!* ' prevented itt, by being att home, when we thought you ' abroad. For I was to come to her when shee hemm'd

'*two or three times;* for having made a contract, you 'knowe, madam, it was naturall enough to take the first 'occasion to putt itt in force.

'She coulde not keepe her owne secritt, and may have 'told you more, perhapps, then is true. So what I write 'is to *cleare myselfe;* and to tell you, how sorry I am, in 'such a good house as youres, and where there is so much 'true godliness, that I shoulde ever be *drawne away* to 'have a thoughte to dishonour itt. But I will take care 'of being over-famillier for the future with *underlings;* 'for, see how a man may be *taken in!*—If shee hadd 'resented itt att first, when I begun to kisse her, *or soe,* '(for, you knowe, we younge fellows will take libertis 'sometimes where they don't become us, to our owne 'disparagements chiefly, *that's true,*) I shoulde have hadd 'an *awe* uppon me; or iff shee had *told you,* or butt *said* 'shee woulde, I shoulde have *flowne,* as soon as had any 'thoughtes further aboute *the matter.*—But what had one 'of oure sexe to do, *you knowe,* madam, when they finde '*littel* resistence, and that shee woulde *stande quietly* and '*telle no tales,* and make no *great struggell,* and not 'keepe out of *one's way* neither, butt to *dilly-dally* on, 'till one broughte itt to more then one at first intended?

'Poor Polley! I pity her too. Don't think the worse 'of her, deare madam, so as too turn her away, because it 'may bee her ruin. I don't desire too see her. I mought 'have been *drawne in* to do strange foolish things, and been 'ruin'd at the long run; for who knows where this thing 'mought have ended? My *unkell* woulde have never 'seene me. My *father* too (his lordshipp, you have 'hearde, madam, is a very *crosse man,* and never loved '*mee much*) mought have cutt off the intaile. My *aunte* 'would have dispis'd mee, and scorn'd mee. I should

'have been her foolishe fellowe in *earneste*, nott in *jeste*, 'as now. *You* woulde have resented itt, and Mr. B——, 'who knowes? mought have called me to account, (for 'he is *bloody passionate*, I saw thatt att the Hall, and has 'foughte two or three duells, as I have hearde,) for abus-'ing the *freedome of his house*, and breaking the lawes of 'hospitality, as you tolde mee; and so, it is nott unlikely, 'I mighte have dy'd *like a dogge in a ditche;* and there 'would have been an ende of a noble family, that have 'been peeres of the realme time out of minde. What a 'sadd thing would this have been! A *publicke* as well as '*private* losse: For you knowe, madam, whatt my lady 'countess said, and nobody says better thinges, or knowes 'more of the matter, then her ladyshipp, that every peere 'of the realme is a jewel in the crowne. A fine saying! 'God grante I may keepe itt in minde, when my *time* 'comes, and my father shall *happen to die!*

'Well, butt, good madam, cann you forgive mee? You 'see how happy I am in my disapointment. But I must 'take another sheete of paper.—I did nott think to write 'so much;—for I don't love itt: Butt on this occasion, 'know not how too leave off.—I hope you cann reade my 'letter. I knowe I write a *clumsy* hand, and *spelle moste* '*lamentabelly;* for I never had a tallent for these thinges. 'I was readier by halfe to admire the *orcherd robbing* '*picture* in Lilie's Grammer, then any other parte of the 'book: Excuse my nonsense, madam: butt many a time 'have I help'd to fill a *sachil;* and always supposed that 'picture was putt there on purpose to tell boyes whatt 'diversions are *alowed* them, and are *propper* for them. 'Several of my schoole-fellows tooke it for granted, as 'well as I, and wee coulde never reconcile itt to oure

'reason, why wee shoulde bee punished for *practissing* 'a lesson *taughte* us by our Grammers.

'Butt, hey, whether am I running! I never writt to 'you before, and never may againe, unlesse you, or Mr. 'B——, commande itt, for youre servise. So pray excuse 'me, madam.

'I knowe I neede give no advise to Polley, to take care 'of *first* encouragements. Poore girl! shee mought have 'suffer'd sadly, as welle as I.—For iff my father, and my 'unkell and aunte, had requir'd mee to turne her off, you 'knowe itt woulde have been undutifull too have refus'd 'them, notwithstanding our bargaine. And want of duty 'to them woulde have been to have added faulte too 'faulte: As you once observed, I remember, that one 'faulte never comes alone, but drawes after itt generally 'five or six, to hide or vindicate itt, and *they* every one 'perhapps as many more *eache*.

'I shall never forgett severall of youre wise sayinges. 'I have been vex'd, may I be *hang'd* if I have not, many 'a time, thatt I coulde not make such observations as 'you make; who am so much *older* too, and a man 'besides, and a *peere's son*, and a *peere's nephew!* But 'my tallents lie *another way;* and by that time my father 'dies, I hope to improve myselfe, in order to *cutt* such a 'figgure, as may make me be no disgrase to my *name* or '*countrey;* for I shall have one benefitt over many 'younge lordes; thatt I shall be more fond of makeing '*observasions* then *speeches,* and so shall improve of 'course, you knowe.

'Well, butt whatt is all this to the purpose?—I will 'keepe close to my texte; and thatt is, to thank you, 'good madam, for all the favours I have received in your

'house; to thank you for disappointing mee, and for 'convinsing mee, in so *kinde*, yet so *shameing* a manner, 'how wrong I was in the matter of *that there* Polly; and 'for not exposing my folly to any boddy but *myself;* '(for I should have been ready to *hang* myselfe, if you 'hadd;) and to begg youre pardon for itt, and to assuer 'you, that I will never offerr the like as long as I breathe. 'I am, madam, with the greatest respecte,

'Youre most obliged, moste faithful, and

'Moste obedient humbell servante,

'J. H——.'

'Pray excuse blotts and blurrs.'

Well, Miss Darnford, what shall we say to this fine letter?—You'll allow it to be an original, I hope. Yet, may be not. For how does one know, but it may be as well written, and as sensible a letter, as this class of people generally write?—But what then shall we be able to say for such poor creatures of our sex as are *taken in*, as Mr. H—— calls it, by such pretty fellows as this: who, if they may happen to *write* better, hardly *think* better, or design to *act* better, and are not so soon brought to repentance, and promises of amendment?

Mr. H—— dresses well, is not a contemptible figure of a man, laughs, talks, where he can be heard, and his aunt is not present; and *cuts*, to use his own words, a considerable figure in a country town—But see—Yet I will not say what I might—He is Lord Davers's nephew; and if he makes his *observations*, and *forbears* his *speeches*, (I mean, can be silent, and only laugh when he sees somebody of

more sense laugh, and never *approve* or *condemn* but in *leading-strings*,) he may, possibly, pass in a crowd of gentlemen.—But poor, poor Polly Barlow! What *can* I say for Polly Barlow?

I have a time in view, when possibly my papers may fall under the inspection of a dear gentleman, to whom, next to God, I am accountable for all my actions and correspondencies; so I will either write an account of the matter, and seal it up separately, for Mr. B——, or, at a proper opportunity, will break it to him, and let him know, (under secrecy, if I can engage him to promise it,) the steps I took in it; for fear something should arise hereafter, when I cannot answer for myself, to render any thing dark or questionable in it. A method, I believe, very proper to be taken by every married lady; and I presume the rather to say so, having had a good example for it. For I have often thought of a little sealed-up parcel of papers, my lady made me burn in her presence about a month before she died.—They are, Pamela, said she, such as I have no reason to be concerned about, let who will see them, could they know the springs and causes of them: but, for want of a clue, my son might be at a loss what to think of several of those letters, were he to find them, in looking over my other papers, when I am no more.

Let me add, that nothing could be more endearing than our parting with our noble guests. My lady repeated her commands for what she often engaged me to promise, that is to say, to renew the correspondence begun between us, so much (as she was pleased to say) to her satisfaction.

I could not help shewing her ladyship, who was always inquiring after my writing employment, most of what passed between you and me; and she admires you much,

and wished Mr. H—— had more wit, that was her word: She should, in that case, she said, be very glad to set on foot a treaty between you and him.

But that, I fancy, can never be tolerable to you; and I only mention it *en passant*—There's a French woman for you!

The countess was full of her kind wishes for my happiness; and my Lady Davers told me, that, if I could give her timely notice, she would be present on a *certain* occasion.

But, my dear miss, what could I say?—I know nothing of the matter!—Only, that I am a sad coward, and have a thousand anxieties, which I cannot mention to any body.

But, if I have such in the honourable estate of matrimony, what must those poor souls have, who have been seduced, and have all manner of reason to apprehend, that the crime shall be followed by a punishment so *natural* to it! A punishment, *in kind*, as I may say; which, if it only ends in forfeiture of life, following the forfeiture of fame, must be thought merciful and happy beyond expectation; for how shall they lay claim to the hope that is given to persons in their circumstances, that *they shall be saved in child-bearing*, since the condition is, *if they* CONTINUE *in faith and charity, and* HOLINESS *with* SOBRIETY?

Now, my honoured mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, since I am upon this affecting subject, does not this text seem to give a comfortable hope to a good woman, who shall die in this circumstance, that she shall be happy in the divine mercies? For the apostle, in the context, says, That *he suffers not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.*—And what is the reason he gives? Why, a reason that is a natural conse-

quence of the curse on the first disobedience, that she shall be in subjection to her husband.—For, says he, *Adam was* NOT *deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression.* As much as to say, 'had it not been for 'the woman, Adam had kept his integrity, and therefore 'her punishment shall be, as it is said, *I will greatly mul-* 'tiply thy sorrow in thy conception: in sorrow shalt thou 'bring forth children,—and thy husband shall rule over 'thee. But, nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the 'sharpness of thy sorrow, thy death shall be deemed to be 'such an alleviation of thy part of the entailed transgres-'sion, that thou shalt *be saved,* if thou hast CONTINUED 'in faith, and charity, and HOLINESS with SOBRIETY.'

This, my honoured parents, and my dear friend, is *my* paraphrase; and I reap no small comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself; and, my dear friend, perhaps frighten you from entering into a state, in which our poor sex suffer so much from the bridal morning, let it rise as gayly as it will upon a thoughtful mind, to that affecting circumstance, (throughout its whole progression,) for which nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy husband can make them any part of amends.—And when one *is* so blessed, one has so many fears added to one's sorrows; and so much apprehension, through human frailty, of being separated from so beloved a partner, that one had need of the greatest fortitude to support one's self. But it may be I am the weakest and most apprehensive of my sex—It may be I am!—And when one sees how common the case is, and yet how few die in it; how uneasy many women are, *not* to be in this circumstance, (my good Lady Davers particularly, at times,) and Rachel and Hannah in holy writ; and then how a childless estate

might lessen one in the esteem of one's husband; one ought to bring these considerations in balance, and to banish needless fears. And so I will, if I can.

But a word or two more, as to the parting with our honoured company. I was a little indisposed, and they all would excuse me, against my will, from attending them in the coach some miles, which their dear brother did. Both ladies most tenderly saluted me, twice or thrice a piece, folding their kind arms about me, and wishing my safety and health; and charging me to *think* little, and *hope* much; for they saw me thoughtful at times, though I endeavoured to hide it from them.

My Lord Davers was pleased to say, with a goodness of temper that is peculiar to him, My dearest, dear sister—May God preserve you, and multiply your comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, though I have so much more need of it!—I *must* leave you—But I leave one whom I love and honour next to Lady Davers, and ever shall.

Mr. H—— looked consciously silly.—I can say nothing, madam—but (saluting me) that I shall never forget your goodness to me—Adding, in his frothy way, and with as foppish an air, Now can I say, I have saluted an angel, if ever there was an angel on earth.

I had before, in Mrs. Jervis's parlour, taken leave of Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, my ladies' women: they each stole, as it were, at the same time, a hand of mine, and kissed it, begging pardon, as they said, for the freedom. But I answered, taking each by her hand, and kissing her, I shall always think of you with pleasure, my good friends; for you have encouraged me constantly by your presence in my private duties; and may God bless you, and the

worthy families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!

They turned away with tears; and Mrs. Worden would have said something to me, but could not.—Only both taking Mrs. Jervis by the hand, Happy, happy Mrs. Jervis! said they, almost in a breath.—And happy, happy I too, repeated I, in my Mrs. Jervis, and in such kind and worthy wellwishers as Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley! Wear this, Mrs. Worden; wear this, Mrs. Lesley; for my sake:—And I gave each of them a ring, with a crystal and brilliants set about it, which Mr. B—— had bought a week before, for this very purpose; for he has a great opinion of both the good folks, and often praised their prudence, and their quiet and respectful behaviour to every body, so different from the impertinence, that was his word, of most ladies' women, who are favourites.

Mrs. Jervis said, I have enjoyed many happy hours in your conversation, Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley: I shall miss you very much.

I must endeavour, said I, taking her hand, to make it up to you, my good friend, as well as I can. And of late we have not had so many opportunities together as I should have wished, had I not been so agreeably engaged as you know.—So we must each try to comfort the other, when we have lost, I such noble, and you such worthy companions.

Mrs. Jervis's honest heart, before touched by the parting, shewed itself at her eyes—Wonder not, my good friends, said I, to the two gentlewomen, wiping with my handkerchief her venerable cheeks, that I always endeavour thus to dry up all my good Mrs. Jervis's tears; and then I kissed her, thinking of *you*, my dear mother; and

I was forced to withdraw a little abruptly, lest I should be too much moved myself, because I was going up to our departing company, who, had they inquired into the occasion, would perhaps have thought it derogatory (though I should not) to my present station, and too much retrospecting to my former.

I could not, in conversation between Mr. B—— and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable characters of our noble guests, and of their behaviour and kindness to me, help observing, that I had little expected, from some * hints which formerly dropt from Mr. B——, to find my good Lord Davers so polite and so sensible a man.

He is a very good-natured man, replied Mr. B——. I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful words of him: but it was the effect of passion, at the time, and with a view to two or three points of his conduct in public life; for which I took the liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory excuses. One of these, I remember particularly, was in a conference between a committee of each house of parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a man so nearly allied to me by marriage; for all he could talk of, was the dignity of their house, when the reason of the thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my lot to answer what he said; which I did with some asperity; and this occasioned a coolness between us for some time.

But no man makes a better figure in private life than Lord Davers; especially now, that my sister's good sense

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* See Vol. II. p. 154.

has got the better of her passions, and she can behave with tolerable decency towards him. For, formerly, Pamela, it was not so; the violence of her spirit making him appear in a light too little advantageous either to his quality or merit. But now his lordship improves upon me every time I see him.

You know not, my dear, continued Mr. B——, what a disgrace a haughty and passionate woman brings upon her husband, and upon herself too, in the eye of her own sex, as well as ours. Nay, even those ladies, who would be as glad of dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the man *most* who suffers it.

And let me tell you, my Pamela, said the dear man, with an air that shewed he was satisfied with his own conduct in this particular, that you cannot imagine how much a woman owes to her husband, as well with regard to *her own* peace of mind, as to *both* their reputations, (however it may go against the grain with her sometimes,) if he be a man, who has discretion to keep her encroaching passions under a genteel and reasonable control!

How do you like this doctrine, miss?—I'll warrant you believe, that I could do no less, than drop Mr. B—— one of my best courtesies, in acknowledgment of my obligation to him, for so considerately preserving to me *my* peace of mind, and *my* reputation, as well as *his own*, in this case.

But after all, when one duly weighs the matter, I can't tell but what he says may be right in the main; for I have not been able to contradict him, partial as I am to my sex, when he has pointed out to me instances in the behaviour of certain ladies, who, like children, the more they have been humoured, the more humoursome they have grown;

which must have occasioned as great uneasiness to themselves, as to their husbands. Will you excuse me, my dear?—This is between ourselves; for I did not own so much to Mr. B——. For one should not give up one's sex, you know, if one can help it; for the men will be as apt to impose, as the women to encroach, I doubt.

Well, but here, my honoured father and mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, at last I end my journal-wise letters, as I may call them; our noble guests being gone, and our time and employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in past days, of which I have given an account.

If any thing new or uncommon, or more particularly affecting to me than usual, occurs, I shall not fail to trouble you with it, as I have opportunity. But I have now my correspondence with Lady Davers to resume; and how shall I do about that?—Oh! I can easily tell: It is but trespassing a little on your indulgent allowance for me, my ever-honoured parents—And you, my dear miss, will find it a relief, instead of an occasion for regret, to be eased of a great many impertinencies, which I write to you in my heart's confidence, and in the familiarity of friendship.—Besides, I shall have the happiness of changing our paper-correspondence into personal conversation with you, when at London.—And what a sweet change for me will that be!—I will end with the joyful thought; and with the assurance, that I am,

My dearest father and mother,
And best beloved Miss Darnford,
Your dutiful and affectionate
P. B——.

LETTER XXXIX.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I HEAR that Mrs. Jewkes is in no good state of health. I am very sorry for it. I pray for her life, that she may be a credit (if it please God) to the penitence she has so lately assumed.—For if she die, it will look discouraging to some thoughtless minds who penetrate not far into the methods Providence takes with its poor creatures, that as soon as she had changed her manner of living, and was in a reformed state, she was taken away: Though 'tis certain, that a person is fittest to die, when worthiest to live. And what a mercy will it be to her, if she should *not* live long, that she saw her errors, and repented before 'twas too late!

Do, my dear *good* Miss Darnford, vouchsafe to the poor soul the honour of a visit: She may be low-spirited—She may be too much sunk with the recollection of past things. —Comfort, with that sweetness which is so natural to Miss Darnford, her drooping heart; and let her know, that I have a true concern for her, and give it her in charge to take care of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her health, or peace of mind.

You'll pardon me, my dear, that I put you upon such an office; an office, indeed, unsuitable to a lady in your station, to a person in hers; but not to your piety and charity, where a duty so eminent as that of visiting the sick, and cheering the doubting mind, is in the question.

I know your condescension will give her great comfort: and if she should be hastening to her account, what a pleasure will it give such a lady as you, to have illuminated a benighted mind, when it was tottering on the verge of death!

But I hope she will get the better of her indisposition, and live many years a thankful monument of God's mercies, and to do more good by her example in the latter part of her life, than she may possibly have done evil in the former.

I know she will want no spiritual help from good Mr. Peters: but then the kind notice of so generally esteemed a young lady, will raise her more than can be imagined; for there is a tenderness, a sympathy, in the good persons of our sex to one another, that (while the best of the other seem but to act as in office, saying to one those things, which, though edifying and convincing, one is not certain proceeds not rather from the fortitude of their minds, than the tenderness of their natures) mingles from one woman to another with one's very spirits, thins the animal mass, and runs through one's heart, in the same lify current (I cannot clothe my thought suitably to express what I would express), giving assurance, as well as pleasure, in the most arduous cases, and brightening our misty prospects till we see the Sun of Righteousness rising on the hills of comfort, and dispelling the heavy fogs of doubt and diffidence.

This it is makes me wish and long as I do, for the company of my dear Miss Darnford. O when shall I see you? When shall I?—To speak to my present case, it is *all* I *long for;* and, pardon my freedom of expression, as well as thought, when I let you know in this instance, how

early I experience the *ardent longings* of one in the way I am in.

But I ought not to set my heart upon any thing that is not in my own power, and which may be subject to accidents and the control of others. But let whatever interventions happen, so I have your will to come, I must be rejoiced in your kind intention, although your power should not prove answerable.

And now, my dearest honoured mother, let me tell you, that I build no small consolation in the hope, that I shall, on a certain occasion, have your presence, and be strengthened by your advice and comfortings. For this was a proposal of the best and most considerate of men, who is every day, if he sees but the least thoughtful cloud upon my brow, studying to say or to do something to dispel it. But I believe it is the grateful sense I have of his goodness to me, that makes me thus over-anxious: For the apprehensions of a separation from such an excellent husband, from hopes so cheering, prospects so delightful, must, at times, affect one, let one's affiance and desires be ever so strong where they ought to be preferably placed.—Then one would live to do a little more good, if one *might!*

I am a sad weak, apprehensive creature; to be sure I am! How much better fitted for the contingencies of life, are the gay, frolic minds, that think not of any thing before it comes upon them, than such thoughtful *futurity pokers* as I am!

But why should I trouble you, my honoured and dear friends, with my idle fears and follies—just as if nobody was ever in my case before!—Yet weak and apprehensive spirits will be gloomily affected sometimes; and how can one help it?—And if I may not hope for the indulgent

soothings of the best of parents, and of my Miss Darnford, in whose bosom besides can one disburden one's heart, when oppressed by too great a weight of thought?

You *will* come, and be in the house with me, my dear mother, for some time, when my best friend sends to you: Won't you?—And you will *spare* my dear mother, my best of fathers: Won't you?—Yes, yes, I am sure you will—And I am sure my Miss Darnford will be with me, if she can; and these are my comforts. But how I run on! —For I am so much a novice, that—

But I will say no more, than that I am, my honoured father and mother, your ever dutiful daughter; and, my dear Miss Darnford,

Your affectionate and obliged

P. B——.

LETTER XL.

MISS DARNFORD, TO MRS. B——.

MY DEAR MRS. B——,

We are greatly obliged to you for every particular article in your entertaining Journal, which you have brought, sooner than we wished, to a conclusion. We cannot express how much we admire you for your judicious charities, so easy to be practised, yet so uncommon in the manner; and for your inimitable conduct in the affair of your frail Polly, and the silly Mr. H——.

Your account of the visit of the four rakes, of your parting with your noble guests; your verses, and Mr.

H——'s letter, (an original indeed!) have all greatly entertained us, as your prerogative hints * have amused us: But we defer our opinion of those hints, till we have the case more fully explained.

But, my dear friend, are you not in danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter part of your last letter, we are afraid you are; and my mamma, and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peters, enjoin me to write, to caution you on that head. But there is the less need of it, because your prudence will always suggest to you reasons, as it does in that very letter, that must outbalance our fears. *Think* little, and *hope* much, is a good lesson in your case, and to a lady of your temper; and I hope Lady Davers will not in vain have given you that caution. After all, I dare say, your thoughtfulness is but symptomatical, and will go off, in proper time.

Mean-time, permit me to choose you a subject, that will certainly divert you. You must know, that I have been a diligent observer of the conduct of people in the married life to each other; and have often pronounced, that there cannot be any tolerable happiness in it, unless the one or the other makes such sacrifices of their inclinations and humours as renders it a state very little desirable to free and generous minds. Of this I see an instance in our own family; for though my papa and mamma live very happily, it is all owing to one side; I need not say which. And this, I am sure, must be the case between Mr. B—— and you: For you must, even through fire, if required, sacrifice to Moloch. I know your prudence will oblige you to make the best of it: and, like a contented good wife, you

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* See this Vol. p. 393, 394.

will say, you have your own will in every thing: A good reason why, because you make your own will his. This, long ago, we all agreed, any lady must do, be her quality ever so great, who would be happy with Mr. B——. Yet my sister once hoped (*entre nous*) to be the person. Fine work would there have been between two such spirits, you may believe!

But to wave this; Let me ask you, Mrs. B——, Is your monarch's conduct to you as *respectful*, I do not mean fond, when you are alone together, as when in company? —Forgive me, madam—But you have hinted two or three times, in your letters, that he always is most complaisant to you in company; and you observe, that *wisely* does he act in this, because he thereby does credit with every body to his own choice. I make no doubt, that the many charming scenes which your genius and fine behaviour furnish out to him, must, as often as they happen, inspire him with joy, and even rapture; and must make him love you more for your mind than for your person:—But these rapturous scenes last very little longer than the present moment. What I want to know is, Whether in the *steadier* parts of life, when you are both nearer the level of us common folks, he gives up any thing of his own will in compliment to yours? Whether he acts the part of a respectful, polite gentleman in his behaviour to you; and breaks not into your retirements, in the dress and with the brutal roughness of a fox-hunter?—Making no difference, perhaps, between the field or his stud, I will not say kennel, and your chamber or closet?—Policy, for his own credit sake, as I mentioned, accounts to me well, for his complaisance to you in public. But his regular and uniform behaviour to you in your retirements, when the conversation between you turns upon usual and common sub-

jects, and you have not obliged him to rise to admiration of you, by such scenes as those of your two parsons, Sir Jacob Swynford, and the like; are what would satisfy my curiosity, if you please to give me an instance or two of it.

Now, my dearest Mrs. B——, if you can give me a case, partly or nearly thus circumstanced, you will highly oblige me.

First; where he has borne with any infirmity of your own; and I know of none where you can give him such an opportunity, except you get into a vapourish habit, by giving way to a temper too thoughtful and apprehensive:

Next; that, in complaisance to *your* will, he recedes from his *own* in any one instance:

Next; whether he breaks not into your retirements unceremoniously, and without apology or concern; as I hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. B——, all I mean, by what I have said; and if you have any pretty conversation in memory, by the recital of which, this my bold curiosity may be answered, pray oblige me with it; and we shall be able to judge by it, not only of the inborn generosity, which all that know Mr. B—— have been willing to attribute to him, but of the likelihood of the continuance of both your felicities, upon terms suitable to the characters of a fine lady and fine gentleman; and, of consequence, worthy of the imitation of the most delicate of our own sex.

This is the task your Polly Darnford presumes to set her beloved Mrs. B——. And why? For your own diversion, in the *first* place. For my edification, in the *next*. And that when I have the pleasure, I hope for, of attending you in London, I may see what there is in the conduct of you both, to admire, or to remonstrate against in the *third*.

For, where there is so little wanting to perfection between you, I shall be very free with you both, in my censures, if he imposes, through prerogative, or you permit, through an undue compliance, what I shall imagine ought not to be in either case. I know you will excuse me for what I have said; and well you may, since I am sure I shall have nothing to do, when I am with you, but to admire and to imitate *you;* and to wish, if ever I marry, I may have just such a husband (though not quite so haughty, perhaps) as Mr. B——. But pray let not the lordly man see this letter, nor your answer, nor the copy of it, till you may conclude I have the latter, if then; that you may not be under any undue influences.

Your obliging *longings*, my beloved dear lady, for my company, I hope, will be soon, very soon, answered. My papa was so pleased with your sweet earnestness on this occasion, that he joined with my mamma; and both, with equal cheerfulness, said, You should not be many days in London before me. Murray and his mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one quarrel. The only person, he, of either sex, that ever knew Nancy so intimately, and so long, without one!

This is all I have to say, at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. B——, how much I am

Your obliged and affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

I must add, however, that I expect from you almost as many letters as there are post days, between this and the time I see you; for I will not part with my correspondent for any body; no, not for Lady Davers.

But I must insist upon your giving me the conversation with the young ladies, related to Lady Towers and Mrs. Arthur.

I will observe every thing you say in relation to Mrs. Jewkes; who is much as she was; but not better.

LETTER XLI.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I WAS afraid I ended my last letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly notice you take of it. It was owing to a train of thinking which sometimes I get into, of late; I hope, only symptomatically, as you say, and that the cause and effect will soon vanish together.

But what a task, my dear friend, I'll warrant you think you have set me! I thought, in the progress of my Journal, and in my letters, I had given so many instances of Mr. B——'s polite tenderness to me, that no new ones would be required at my hands; and when I said he was always *most* complaisant before company, I little expected, that such an inference would be drawn from my words, as would tend to question the uniformity of his behaviour to me, when there were no witnesses to it. But I am glad you give me an opportunity to clear up all your doubts on this subject. To begin then;

You first desire an instance, where Mr. B—— has borne with some infirmity of mine:

Next; that, in complaisance to my will, he has receded from his own:

And, lastly, Whether he breaks not into my retirements unceremoniously, and without apology or concern, making no difference between the field or the stud, and my chamber or closet?

I know not, my dear, what the distance is, at which the polite ladies, and those of rank, think it proper to endeavour to keep their husbands: but I will give you, by and by, the subject of one conversation only, which will answer all you mean, as I apprehend, and at the same time acquaint you with the notions and behaviour of us both, with respect to this distance, and my retirements; and then leave you to judge as you think fit.

As to the first, his bearing with my infirmities, he is daily giving instances of his goodness to me on this head; and I am ashamed to say, that of late I give him so much occasion for them as I do: But he sees my apprehensiveness, at times, though I endeavour to conceal it; and no husband was ever so soothing and so indulgent as Mr. B——. He gives me the best advice, as to my malady, if I may call it one; treats me with redoubled tenderness; talks to me upon the subjects I most delight to dwell upon; as of my worthy parents; what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended journey to London; of the diversions of the town; of Miss Darnford's company; and, when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. Jervis to me, because I should not be alone: At other times takes me abroad with him; brings this neighbour and that neighbour to visit me; and carries me to visit

them: talks of our journey to Kent, and into Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's, to Bath, to Tunbridge, and I cannot tell whither, when the apprehended time shall be over.—In fine, my dear Miss Darnford, you cannot imagine one half of his tender goodness and politeness to me! Indeed you cannot!—Then, as to what you call *respectful*, he watches every motion of my eye, every turn of my countenance; seldom gives his opinion upon subjects that he kindly imagines within my capacity, till he has heard mine; and I have the less fear of falling into mean compliances, because his generosity is my guardian, and never fails to exalt me more than I can debase myself, or than it is possible I can deserve. Then he hardly ever goes out to any distance, but he brings me some pretty present, that he thinks will be grateful to me: When at home, he is seldom out of my company; delights to teach me French and Italian, and reads me pieces of manuscript poetry, in several of the modern tongues; (for he speaks them all;) explains to me every thing I understand not; delights to answer all my questions, and to encourage my inquisitiveness and curiosity; tries to give me a notion of pictures and medals, and reads me lectures upon them, for he has a fine collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my questions and observations.

What say you to these things, my dear? Do they come up to your first question? or do they not? Or is not what I have said a full answer, were I to say no more, to *all* your inquiries? Can there be any such thing as *undue compliances* to such an husband, on my side, think you? And when I have charmed to sleep, by my grateful duty, that watchful dragon, *prerogative*, as Lady Davers in one

of her letters calls it;* and am resolved not to awake it, if I can help it, by the least disobliging or wilful perverse act, what have I to apprehend from it?

O my dear, I am thoroughly convinced, that half the misunderstandings among married people are owing to trifles, to petty distinctions, to mere words, and little captious follies, to overweenings, or unguarded petulances: And who would forego the solid satisfactions of life, for the sake of triumphing in such poor contentions, if one could triumph?

Are such foibles as these to be dignified by the name of *inclinations* and *humours*, which, to be given up, would be making such a *sacrifice, as shall render the married life little desirable to free and generous minds?*

But say not, my dear, to *free* and *generous minds:* for every high spirit deserves not these epithets: Nor think what I say a partiality in behalf of my own conduct, and an argument for tameness of spirit, and such an one as would lick the dust; for, let me tell you, my dear friend, that, dearly as I love and honour my Mr. B——, if he were to require of me any thing that I thought it was my duty not to comply with, I should be the unhappiest creature in the world; because I am sure I should withstand his will, and desire him to excuse my non-compliance.

But then I would reserve my strength for these *greater* points, and would never dispute with him the *smaller*, although they were not entirely to my liking: And this would give both force and merit to the opposition, when I found it necessary: But to contest every little point, where

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* See this Vol. p. 105.

nothing but one's stubborn will was in the question, what an inexcusable perverseness would that be! How ready to enter the lists against an husband, would it make one appear to him! And where, besides, is the merit of obliging, were we only to yield to what will oblige ourselves?

But you next require of me an instance, where, in complaisance to *my* will, he has receded from *his own?* I do not know what to say to this. When Mr. B—— is all tenderness and indulgence, as I have said, and requires of me nothing that I can have a material objection to; ought I *not* to oblige him? *Can* I have a will that is not his? Or would it be excusable if I *had?* All little matters, as I have said, I cheerfully give up: Great ones have not yet occurred between us, and I hope never will. One point, indeed, I have some apprehension *may* happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, we have had a debate or two on the subject (which I maintain) of a mother's duty to nurse her own child; and, I am sorry to say it, he seems more determined than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far as to awaken the sleeping dragon I mentioned, *prerogative*, by name; but I doubt I cannot give up this point very contentedly. But as to lesser points, had I been a dutchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my husband.

Upon the whole of this question, then, I have really had no will of my own to contend for, so generous is Mr. B——, and so observant and so grateful have I thought it my duty to be: yet I could give you many respectful instances, too, of his receding, when he has desired to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begged to be excused. One such instance I can give since I began this letter. This is it.

I put it in my bosom, when he came up: He saw me do so.

Are you writing, my dear, what I must not see?

I am writing to Miss Darnford, sir; and she begged you might not, at present.

This augments my curiosity, Pamela. What can two such ladies write, that I may not see?

If you will not be displeased, sir, I had rather you would not, because she desires you may not see her letter, nor this my answer, till the latter is in her hands.

Then I will not, returned Mr. B——.

Will this instance, my dear, come up to your demand for one, where he recedes from his own will, in complaisance to mine?

But now, as to what both our notions and our practice are on the article of my retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniously, and without apology, let the conversation I promised inform you, which began on the following occasion:

Mr. B—— rode out early one morning, within a few days past, and did not return till the afternoon; an absence I had not been used to of late; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing with me, I had such an impatience to see him, having expected him at dinner, that I was forced to retire to my closet, to try to divert it, by writing; and the gloomy conclusion of my last, was then the subject. He returned about four o'clock, and indeed did *not* tarry to change his riding-dress, as your politeness, my dear friend, would perhaps have expected; but came directly up to me, with an impatience to see me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon inquiry, that I was in my closet.

I heard his welcome step, as he came up stairs; which generally, after a longer absence than I expect, has such an effect upon my fond heart, that it gives a responsive throb for every step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer and nearer, till tapping my breast, I say to it sometimes, Lie still, busy fool as thou art! Canst thou not forbear letting thy discerning lord see thy nonsensical emotions? I love to indulge thee in them, myself, it is true, but then let nobody else observe them; for, generous as thy master is, thou may'st not, perhaps, meet with such favourable interpretations as thou deservest, when thou art always fluttering thus, as he approaches, and playest off all thy little joyful frolics into the glowing cheek and brightened eye of thy mistress; which makes her look as if she were conscious of some misdemeanour; when, all the time, it is nothing in the world but grateful joy, and a love so innocent, that the purest mind might own it.

This little flutter and chiding of the busy simpleton, made me meet him but at the closet door, instead of the entrance of my chamber, as sometimes I do.—So, my dear love, how do you? folding his kind arms about me, and saluting me with ardour. Whenever I have been but a few hours from you, my impatience to see my beloved, will not permit me to stand upon the formality of a message to know how you are engaged; but I break in upon you, even in my riding-dress, as you see.

Dear sir, you are very obliging. But I have no notion of *mere* formalities of this kind (How unpolite this, my dear, in your friend!) in a married state, since 'tis impossible a virtuous wife can be employed about any thing

that her husband may not know: and so need not fear surprises.

I am glad to hear you say this, my Pamela; for I have always thought the extraordinary civilities and distances of this kind, which I have observed among several persons of rank, altogether unaccountable. For, if they are exacted by the lady, I should suspect she had reserves, which she herself believed I could not approve of. If not exacted, but practised of choice by the gentleman, it carries with it, in my opinion, a false air of politeness, little less than affrontive to the lady, and dishonourable to himself; for does it not look as if he supposed, and *allowed*, that, probably, she might be so employed that it was necessary to apprise her of his visit, lest he should make discoveries not to her credit, or his own?

One would not, sir, (for I thought his conclusion too severe,) make such a harsh supposition as this neither: for there are little delicacies and moments of retirement, no doubt, in which a modest lady would be glad to be indulged by the tenderest husband.

It may be so, in an *early* matrimony, before the lady's confidence in the honour and discretion of the man she has chosen, has disengaged her from her bridal reserves.

Bridal reserves! dear sir; permit me to give it, as my humble opinion, that a wife's behaviour ought to be as pure and circumspect, in degree, as that of a bride, or even of a maiden lady, be her confidence in her husband's honour and discretion ever so great. For, indeed, I think a gross or a careless demeanour little becomes that modesty, which is the peculiar excellency and distinction of our sex.

You account very well, my dear, by what you now say,

for your own over-nice behaviour, as I have sometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a practice we make our own, because we *do* make it our own, rather than from the reason of the thing?

I hope, sir, that is not the present case with me; for, permit me to say, that an over-free or negligent behaviour of a lady in the married state, must be a mark of disrespect to her consort; and would shew, as if she was very little solicitous about what appearance she made in his eye. And must not this beget in him a slight opinion of her, and her sex too, as if, supposing the gentleman had been a free liver, she would convince him there was no other difference in the sex, but as they were within or without the pale; licensed by the law, or acting in defiance of it?

I understand the force of your argument, Pamela. But you were going to say something more.

Only, sir, permit me to add, that when, in my particular case, you enjoin me to appear before you always dressed,* even in the early part of the day, it would be wrong if I was less regardful of my behaviour and actions, than of my appearance.

I believe you are right, my dear, if a precise or unnecessary scrupulousness be avoided, and where all is unaffected, easy, and natural, as in my Pamela: for I have seen married ladies, both in England and France, who have kept a husband at greater distance than they have exacted from some of his sex, who have been more entitled to his resentment, than to his wife's intimacies.

But to wave a subject, in which, as I can with pleasure

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* See Vol. II. p. 207, 213.

say, neither of us have much concern, tell me, my dearest, how you were employed before I came up? Here are pen and ink: here too is paper; but it is as spotless as your mind. To whom were you directing your favours now? May I not know your subject?

Mr. H——'s letter was a part of it; and so I had put it by, at his approach; and not choosing he should see that, I am writing, replied I, to Miss Darnford: but I think you must not ask me to see what I have written *this* time. I put it aside, that you should not, when I heard your welcome step. The subject is our parting with our noble guests; and a little of my apprehensiveness, on an occasion upon which our sex may write to one another; but, for some of the reasons we have been mentioning, gentlemen should not desire to see.

Then I will not, my dearest love—(So here, my dear, is another instance—I could give you an hundred such—of his receding from his own will, in complaisance to mine) —Only, continued he, let me warn you against too much apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine; for such a mind as my Pamela's, I cannot permit to be habitually overclouded. And yet there now hangs upon your brow an over-thoughtfulness, which you must not indulge.

Indeed, sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my subject, before you came; but your presence, like the sun, has dissipated the mists that hung upon my mind. See you not, and I pressed his hand with my lips, they are all gone already? smiling upon him, with a delight unfeigned.

Not quite, my dearest Pamela; and, therefore, if you have no objection, I will change my dress, and attend you in the chariot for an hour or two, whither you please, that

not one shadow may remain visible in this dear face; tenderly saluting me.

Whithersoever you please, sir. A little airing with you, will be highly agreeable to me.

The dear obliger went and changed his dress in an instant; and he led me to the chariot, with his usual tender politeness, and we had a charming airing of several miles; returning quite happy, cheerful, and delighted, with each other's conversation: without calling in upon any of our good neighbours: for what need of that, my dear, when we could be the best company in the world to each other?

Do these instances come up to your questions, my dear? or, do they not?—If you think not, I could give you our conversation in the chariot; for I wrote it down, at my first leisure, so highly was I delighted with it: for the subject was my dearest parents; a subject started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But, being tired with writing, I may reserve it, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, if you think it worth asking for. And so I will hasten to a conclusion of this long letter.

You will perceive, my dear, by what I have written, in what sense it may be *justly* said, that Mr. B—— is *most* complaisant to me before company; perhaps politically, as you say, to do credit to his own generous choice:—But that he is more tender, yea, *respectfully* tender, (for that is the word with you,) and not less polite to me, in our retired hours, you will have no doubt, from what I have related; and could further relate, if it were necessary: for every day produces instances equal to what I have given you.

Then, my dear, let me say to you, what I could not so

freely say to any other young lady; that I never could have hoped I should be so happy as I am, in other particulars, from a gentleman who has given himself the liberties Mr. B—— has done: for I never hear from him, in company, or when alone, the least shocking expression, or such frothy jests, as tend to convey impure ideas to the most apprehensive mind. There is, indeed, the less wonder in this, and that we can glory in a true conjugal chastity, as I have the vanity to think, his love, as well as my own, is the love of the mind, rather than that of person; and our tenderest and most affecting moments, are those which lift us up above sense, and all that sense can imagine. But this is a subject too delicate to be dwelt upon, even to you: and you will better comprehend all I mean, when your pure mind meets with a gentleman of exalted sense, like Mr. B——, whom, if you *find* him not so good as you wish, your example will *make* so.

Permit me to add, for the sake of you, my dear parents, as well as for the sakes of my much respected friends, who have joined in the kind caution you so obligingly give me, against getting into too thoughtful and gloomy a way, that there is no great fear I should continue long in it, when I have so kind and so generous a comforter as Mr. B——. For, at his presence, all my fearful apprehensions are dissipated, and vanish like a morning dream. And, depend upon it, that so sure as the day succeeds to the night, so sure will my mind, while capable of the least sense of gratitude, be illuminated the moment he shines out upon me, let it be ever so overcast in his absence, through imaginary doubts, and apprehended evils.

I have only farther to add, for my comfort, that next Thursday se'nnight, if nothing hinders, we are to set out for London. And why do you think I say *for my com-*

fort? Only that I shall then soon have the opportunity to assure you personally, as you give me hope, how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford,

Your truly affectionate

P. B——.

I will shew you, when I see you, the conversation you require about the young ladies.

LETTER XLII.

MRS. B——, TO MISS DARNFORD.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

ONE more letter, and I have done for a great while; because I hope your presence will put an end to the occasion. I shall now tell you of my second visit to the dairy-house, where we went to breakfast, in the chariot and four, because of the distance, which is ten pretty long miles.

I transcribed for you, from letters written formerly to my dear parents, an account* of my former dairy-house visit, and what the people were, and whom I saw there; and, although I besought you to keep that affair to yourself, as too much affecting the reputation of my Mr. B—— to be known any farther, and even to destroy that account, when you had perused it; yet, I make no doubt,

* See Vol. II. p. 359.

you remember the story, and so I need not repeat any part of it.

When we arrived there, we found at the door, expecting us, (for they heard the chariot wheels at a distance,) my pretty Miss Goodwin, and two other misses, who had earned their ride, attended by the governess's daughter, a discreet young gentlewoman. As soon as I stepped out, the child ran into my arms with great eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the parlour, asked her abundance of questions about her work and her lessons; and, among the rest, If she had merited this distinction of the chaise and dairy-house breakfast, or if it was owing to her uncle's favour, and to that of her governess? The young gentlewoman assured me it was to both, and shewed me her needle-works, and penmanship; and the child was highly pleased with my commendations.

I took a good deal of notice of the other two misses, for their school-fellow's sake, and made each of them a present of some little toys; and my miss, of a number of pretty trinkets, with which she was highly delighted; and I told her, that I would wait upon her governess, when I came from London into the country again, and see in what order she kept her little matters: for, above all things, I loved pretty housewifely misses; and then I would bring her more.

Mr. B—— observed, with no small satisfaction, the child's behaviour, which is very pretty; and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been *more* than her *uncle*, and yet seemed under some restraint, lest it should be taken that he *was* more. Such power has secret guilt, poor gentleman! to lessen and restrain a pleasure, that would, in a happier light, have been so laudable to have manifested!

But how commendable is this his love to the dear child, compared to that of most wicked libertines, who have no delight, but in destroying innocence; and care not what becomes of the unhappy infants, or of the still more unhappy mothers!

I am going to let you into a charming scene, resulting from this perplexity of the dear gentleman. A scene that has afforded me high delight ever since: and always will, when I think of it: But I will lead to it as gradually as it happened.

The child was very fond of her uncle, and told him, She loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her such a good aunt.—You talked, madam, said she, when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you—Will you let me, madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my book and my needle; indeed I will.

Ask your uncle, my dear, said I; I should like your pretty company of all things.

She went to Mr. B——, and said, Shall I, sir, go and live with my aunt? Pray let me, when you come from London again.

You have a very good governess, child, said he; and she cannot part with you.

Yes, but she can, sir; she has a great many misses, and can spare me well enough: and if you please to let me ride in your coach sometimes, I can go and visit my governess, and beg a holiday for the misses, now and then, when I am almost a woman, and then all the misses will love me.

Don't the misses love you now, Miss Goodwin? said he. Yes, they love me well enough, for matter of that; but they will love me better when I can beg them a holiday.

Do, dear sir, let me go home to my new aunt, next time you come into the country.

I was much pleased with the dear child's earnestness; and permitted her to have her full argument with her beloved uncle, but was much moved; and he himself was under some concern, when she said—But you should, in pity, let me live with you, sir; for I have no papa, nor mamma, neither: they are so far off!—But I will love you both as if you were my own papa and mamma: so, dear now, my good uncle, promise the poor girl that has never a papa nor mamma!——

I withdrew to the door: It will rain, I believe, said I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almost a shower in my eye; and, had I kept my place, could not have refrained shewing how much I was affected.

Mr. B——, as I said, was a little moved; but for fear the young gentlewoman should take notice of it, How! my dear, said he, no papa nor mamma!—Did they not send you a pretty black boy to wait upon you, a while ago? Have you forgot that?—That is true, replied she: But what is the black boy, to living with my new aunt?—That is better a great deal than a black boy!

Well, your aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from London. Be a good girl, mean-time, and do as your governess would have you, and then you don't know what we may do for you. Well then, Miss Bett, said she to her young governess, let me be set two tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can to deserve to go to my aunt.

In this manner the little prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the scene I hinted at, opened as follows:

Mr. B—— was pleased to say, What a poor figure does the proudest man make, my dear Pamela, under the sense

of a concealed guilt, in company of the innocent who know it, and even of those who do not!—Since the casual expression of a baby shall overwhelm him with shame, and make him unable to look up without confusion. I blushed for myself, continued he, to see how you were affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me so much as with a look. Surely, Pamela, I must then make a most contemptible appearance in your eye! Did you not disdain me, at that moment?

Dearest sir! how can you speak such a word? A word I cannot repeat after you! For, at that very time, I beheld you with the more reverence, for seeing your noble heart touched with a sense of your error; and it was such an earnest to me of the happiest change I could ever wish for, and in so young a gentleman, that it was one half joy for that, and the other half concern at the little charmer's accidental plea, to her best and nearest friend, for coming home to her new aunt, that affected me so sensibly as you saw.

You must not talk to me of the child's coming home, after this visit, Pamela; for how, at this rate, shall I stand the reproaches of my own mind, when I see the little prater every day before me, and think of what her poor mamma has suffered on my account! It is enough, that in *you*, my dear, I have an hourly reproach before me, for my attempts on your virtue; and I have nothing to boast of, but that I gave way to the triumphs of your innocence: And what then is my boast?

What is your boast, dearest sir? You have every thing to boast, that is worthy of being boasted of:—Brought up to an affluent fortune, uncontrolled in your will, your passions uncurbed; you have, nevertheless, permitted the divine grace to operate upon your truly noble heart, and have

seen your error, at a time of life, when others are rushing into vices; in the midst of which, perhaps, they are cut off.

You act generously, and with a laudable affection, to a deserving baby, which some would have left friendless to the wide world, and have made more miserable, perhaps, than they had made the very miserable mother: and you have the comfort to think, that, through God's goodness, this mother is not unhappy; and that there is not a lost *soul*, any more than a lost *body*, to lay to your charge.

You have inspirited, by your generous example, and enabled, by your splendid fortune, another person, whom you have made the happiest creature in the world, to do good to the poor and destitute all around her; besides making every one who approaches you, easy and happy, with the bounty of your own hands.

You are the best of husbands, the best of landlords, the best of masters, the best of friends; and, with all these excellencies, and a mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more and more affected with the sense of its past mistakes, will you ask, dear sir, what is your boast?

O my dearest, dear Mr. B——! and then I pressed his hand with my lips, whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to reflections so hopeful, you are the glory and the boast of your grateful Pamela! And permit me to add, tears standing in my eyes, and holding his hand between mine, That I never beheld you in my life in a more amiable light, than when I saw that noble consciousness, which you speak of, manifest itself in your eyes, and your countenance—O sir! this was a sight of joy, of true joy! to one who loves you for your dear soul's sake, as well as for that of your person; and who looks forward to a companionship with you, beyond the term of this transitory life!

The dear gentleman looked down sometimes, and sometimes upon me, without offering to interrupt me; and when I had done speaking, I began to fear, by his silence, that I had offended him, remembering just then one of his former cautions to me,* not to throw a gloom upon his mind by my over-seriousness; and I said, putting my arms round his arm, as I sat, my fearful eye watching his, I fear, sir, I have been too serious! I have, perhaps, broken one of your injunctions! Have cast a gloominess over your mind! And if I have, dear sir, forgive me!

He clasped his arms around me: O my beloved Pamela! said he; thou dear confirmer of all my better purposes! how shall I acknowledge your inexpressible goodness to me? I see every day more and more, my dear love, what confidence I may repose in your generosity and discretion! You want no forgiveness: and my silence was owing to much better motives, than to those you were apprehensive of.

Judge ye, my honoured parents, what pleasure must overspread my heart, encouraged in a manner so agreeable to all my wishes, and at the hopeful prospect of a thorough reformation, which I had so often prayed for, and which so happily began to open to my delighted mind, on this occasion.

Indeed I could not find words to express my joy, and so was obliged to silence in my turn, being only able to raise my swimming eyes to his encouraging ones, and to press his hand between both mine, to my lips, which, by their quivering motion, shewed their readiness to perform their part of speech, could my backwarder tongue have given utterance to my meanings.

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* See Vol. II. p. 155.

He saw my grateful transport, and kindly said, Struggle not, my beloved Pamela, for words to express sentiments which your eyes and your countenance much more significantly express than any words *can* do. Every day produces new instances of your affectionate concern for my *future* as well as *present* happiness: and I will endeavour to confirm to you all the hopes which the present occasion has given you of me, and which I see, by these transporting effects, are so desirable to you.

If, my dear Miss Darnford, you are not at present able to account for this speechless rapture, as I may call it, I am confident you will, if it should be your lot to marry such a gentleman as Mr. B——; one who is capable of generous and noble sentiments, and yet has not been so good as you could wish; whenever it shall happen, that the divine grace, and your unaffected piety, shall touch his heart, and he shall give hopes like those I have the pleasure to rejoice in —Hopes so charming, that they must, if confirmed, irradiate many a gloomy appearance, which, at times, will cast a shadow over the brightest and happiest prospects.

The chariot brought us home sooner than I wished, and Mr. B—— handed me into the parlour. Here, Mrs. Jervis, said he, meeting her in the passage, receive your angelic lady. I must take a little tour without you, Pamela; for I have had *too much* of your dear company; and must leave you, to descend again into myself; for you have raised me to such a height, that it is with pain I look down from it.

He kissed my hand, and went into his chariot again; for it was but half an hour after twelve; and said, he would be back by two at dinner. He left Mrs. Jervis wondering at his words, and at the solemn air with which he uttered them. But when I told that good friend the occasion, I

had a new joy in the pleasure and gratulations of the dear good woman, on what had passed.

Were I, my dear friends, to recount to you every conversation that gives me delight, when we are *alone*, (my Miss Darnford,) as well as when we are in company, I should do nothing but write. Imagine the rest from what I have (but as so many specimens of my felicity) informed you of; and then think, if there can possibly be a happier creature on earth, than I am at present.

My next letter will be from London, and to you, my honoured parents; for to you, my dear, I shall not write again, expecting to see you soon. But I must now write seldomer, because I am to renew my correspondence with Lady Davers; with whom I cannot be so free, as I have been with Miss Darnford; and so I doubt, my dear father and mother, you cannot have the particulars of that correspondence; for I shall never find time to transcribe.

But every opportunity that offers, you may assure yourselves, shall be laid hold of by your ever-dutiful daughter.

And now, my dear Miss Darnford, as I inscribed this letter to you, let me conclude it with the assurance, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

P. B——.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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